



BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE FOR ADVENTUROUS READING ★ JUNE ★ 25 Cents

**THESE UNITED STATES... XXX
MAINE—Painted by John Fulton**

SHILOH

A complete book-length novel
by **SHELBY FOOTE**

**BUFFALO BILL
HOLDS FIVE KINGS**
by **ROBERT B. JOHNSON**

**HIT 'EM AGAIN,
HARDER!**
by **Lt. Comdr. E. L. BEACH**



THESE UNITED STATES XXX—MAINE

The Lexington of the Sea

WHEN Jeremiah O'Brien called for volunteers to strike a blow for liberty in June, 1775, the entire village of Machias, Maine—men, women, and children old enough to have a mind of their own—stood up to be counted. For at the dock lay two Boston sloops loading lumber for the use of the British army, then engaging our forces in Massachusetts. The presence of these ships was an intolerable affront to the patriots of Machias.

Leading forty of his townspeople, O'Brien marched on the sloop *Unity*, seizing her, unresisted; then, with the assistance of the entire village, they speedily proceeded to make ready for sea. Outside the harbor the four-gun British schooner *Margaretta* waited to escort her convoy back to Boston.

In short order *Unity* was ready to proceed against the enemy, and Jeremiah O'Brien put out of Machias with high hopes—only to find that the Britisher, sensing something amiss, had run. *Unity* gave chase, and her lumberman-skipper's sea-

manship proved more than equal to that of the *Ensign*, Royal Navy, commanding the *Margaretta*. In the engagement that followed, the *Margaretta* was captured. Each side lost seven men. To Jeremiah O'Brien's credit stands the first shot in the War of Independence to be fired at sea, the patriot victory that was later to be called "The Lexington of the Sea."

Within a few weeks of his first victory, O'Brien had captured two more British ships off the Maine coast. His success continued—for a year in command of the first ships in the "Massachusetts navy," later as a privateer-man. Captured with his vessel, the *Hannibal*, in 1780, he was imprisoned in New York and England, but escaped and returned to command two more American ships during the latter months of the Revolution. . . .

Visited by Sebastian Cabot in 1496, Maine was first settled in 1607 by 120 colonists under George Popham of the Plymouth Company of Virginia. Fort Saint George was built near the mouth of the Kennebec, and work was immediately started on the *Vir-*

ginia of Sagadahoc, the first ship to be built by Englishmen in North America. Although Popham's colony failed, because of internal dissension, it led the way toward extensive exploration and colonization later in the century.

As a repercussion of England's civil wars, in 1652 Anglican Maine was annexed by Puritan Massachusetts. It remained a part of that colony, later that State, until 1820, when it was admitted to the Union in its own right. . . .

Aroostock County, in the north, is famous for its potatoes, which produce about half the State's agricultural income. Lumbering and its allied industries are of great economic importance, as well as commercial fishing along the coast. West Quoddy Head on the Maine coast is the country's easternmost point, and Mount Katahdin, in the central part of the State, is said to be the first spot in the United States to greet the rising sun.

A rugged country, Maine—worthy of such sons as Jeremiah O'Brien and his "Pitch-Fork Marines."

Readers' Comment

About Those Crow Trials

I JUST recently became a reader of BLUE Book and think it is tops. Your wise choice of articles from the complete novel down through varied short stories to special facts and features meets the needs of men of all tastes and temperaments. The Washington cover picture on the February number is superb.

As to the fact stories in the above-mentioned issue, I liked the one titled "Birds Are Like That" by Simpson Ritter; but I would like to take issue with the author on a point or two of his facts. He tells in some detail how the crows gather in some safe place, an older crow acts as judge, and the erring crow steps forth before the court. Then if the accused one is found guilty the whole assemblage "jumps on the defendant and rips the unlucky bird to pieces in a couple of minutes."

This was a favorite yarn of the sentimental armchair naturalists who like to ascribe superior intelligence to birds and animals. In "Ways of Nature" the eminent naturalist John Burroughs decries the crow-trial as being fantastic, and explains the act as "a curious instinct which often prompts animals to fall upon, and destroy, a member of the flock that is sick, or hurt, or blind," rather than any conscious effort on the part of crows to simulate a judicial proceeding.

Charles L. Smith.

Their Own Damned Tune

REGARDS the article "Songs That Have Made History" by Fairfax Downey: I am quoting an excerpt about Ca Ira from the Journal of the West Yorkshire Regiment, Prince of Wales' Own.

"It was on a bright May morning in 1793 at the Battle of Famaro, that Colonel Doyle, commanding the Fourteenth, called out to his drummers at a critical moment: 'Come along, my lads, let's break the scoundrels to their own damned tune! Drummers, strike up Ca Ira!' Ever since that memorable occasion, the French Revolutionary air of Ca Ira has been the regimental march of the Fourteenth Foot. Presentations of silver statuettes of a drummer of the Fourteenth Foot, wearing the uniform worn at Famaro in 1793, were made by the Fourteenth to the Royal Montreal Regiment (Canada) and the Prahan Regiment (Australia) when these regiments became linked with the West Yorkshire Regiment in one of the regiment's proudest and most interesting traditions.

And they play Ca Ira yet
In the Old Fourteenth,
In memory of the glorious day
When they swept their foes away!
In memory of the right begun
When, beneath the Southern sun,
To the Frenchman's tune they won,
The Men of the Fourteenth."

I have done quite a bit of investigation into regimental histories, and find your articles of great interest. Other than a few minor technicalities they are wonderful, as is BLUE BOOK.

R. A. Kerr.

BLUE BOOK

June, 1949

MAGAZINE

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Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used it is a coincidence

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High Pasture

Man o' War meets Pegasus there, and is introduced to Marengo and Traveler, Bucephalus and Ronald and Cincinnati—and one other. . .

by

SANDY STUART

Illustrated by

JOHN COSTIGAN, N. A.



IT was quiet as I came over the knoll—so quiet that you could hear all the nice noises. There was no road or path, and yet I was sure I knew the way. It was strange, that feeling of confidence. I wasn't used to it, even after this much time. The turf was kind to my hoofs, and although the journey was all up-hill, I still had the soundness of wind and limb that I'd had when I was a colt.

When Pegasus finally made up his mind this morning and told me off-handedly that I could go to the High Pasture, I nickered like a mare. I knew that it was only because my name was Man o' War that I had been chosen for the elite company that

grazed in the High Pasture. I had heard all about them. Even on Earth men had erected statues to their honor, and to the honor of the great men whom they had carried.

I rounded a copse, and there was the Pasture before me. They must have known I was coming, because all of them were standing together and looking toward me. A small donkey stood off to one side of the group, and he too was looking at me. The horses were magnificent. I had always been amused at the word *steed*, but the beauty and stature of these animals set them apart. They *were* steeds: Robert E. Lee's Traveler, Wellington's Copenhagen. . . . That beautiful black with the white star on his forehead,

that must be Bucephalus. And all the rest—I felt a little dizzy as I walked among them.

A stately chestnut charger came up to me and said in a soft, sure voice: "You're Man o' War, aren't you? We were told that you were going to join us. It's been a long time since we've had a new companion."

I knew that he was Ronald, and had carried Lord Cardigan in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. When I told him that I knew him by reputation, he said: "That's gratifying, old fellow. Just make yourself at home, and later I'll be around to introduce you to the rest of the chaps. That lower part down there is a fine place for a roll."



I took the hint, and Ronald went back to grazing. I wasn't hungry, but when I started to graze after my roll, I found that each mouthful tasted like the first bite when you eat after a day's work.

THE following morning I joined the group, and Ronald took me around to introduce me. There was quite a lot of formality, as was fitting in such company, and I knew that I would have to get used to answering to Man o' War instead of my nickname. The pride they all took in the great generals and warriors they had carried made me feel that a race-horse with only a jockey for a rider was there on sufferance.

Later on Cincinnati—he had been given to General Grant by the citizens of that city—came over to me and said: "Man o' War, you and I should get better acquainted, because we're the youngest ones here. I came in 1874, and I know how I felt when everyone started to argue about who had carried the greatest warrior. I never say much, because I'm the youngest; but everyone knows that General Grant was made President in honor of his greatness as a soldier."

I said that yes, everyone knew that they had honored General Grant as a great man, and I felt proud that I too was an American.

"Here comes Marengo," said Cincinnati, as a light brown stallion

limped toward us. "He limps only when he thinks that someone is watching him. He probably wants to brag about being shot in the hip when Napoleon was riding him at Waterloo. I'll see you later, Man o' War," he finished, as he cantered away.

Sure enough, Marengo did tell me all about Napoleon, but it was new to me and I enjoyed hearing everything about it.

LATE that lovely afternoon Phil Sheridan's horse Winchester came out to where I was grazing and talked to me for a while. "You know," he said after we had exhausted all the small talk, "I think that Pegasus must have sent you up here for a purpose. You're

the only neutral one besides the donkey." He nodded over toward the brook where the little donkey stood in the shade. "And nobody ever talks to him."

"Who is he, Win-chester?" I had almost called him by a nickname.

"I really don't know, nor do any of the rest," he answered. "He's just here, and I guess he has been for a long time. Don't pay any attention to him."

BUT I was curious, so I excused myself on the pretext of being thirsty, and went down to the brook to get a drink. I didn't go right off to where the little donkey was browsing, because I didn't want to offend the grand ones. I took my drink and gradually sauntered over to where the little fellow stood.

When I got close enough to speak, he raised his long ears, looked up at me and in a kindly voice, said: "Hello, Big Red."

I was so surprised and pleased at hearing someone use my nickname that for a moment I was tongue-tied.

I finally stammered: "You—you know me?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "All of us knew that you were coming."

"Who are you?" I asked, though I knew it wasn't polite to be so abrupt.

"My name is Wistful, but you can call me Wisty if you like—you're the first one who ever asked me that. But you'll lose your social standing with your warrior friends if they see you talking to me."

Reluctantly I went back to the group; and as I approached, I heard Bucephalus saying to General Washington's charger: "After all, Nelson, Genghis Khan once said that horses were the equal of man, even more so than women."

"Better than that," answered Nelson. "There's Lee's comment, inspired by Traveler: 'There's many a warhorse who is more entitled to immortality than the man who rides him.'"

I could see the beginning of an argument, so I went down to the rolling place for some exercise. It felt so good just to stretch my legs that I took a sprint around the pasture. It was only a breeze, and it didn't wind me a bit, so I went right back to grazing.

I should have known that anything unusual would attract attention, but I was used to a daily work-out, so I didn't realize that it would be considered out of the ordinary. When I looked up, all the horses were standing together, looking my way and talking excitedly. I was afraid that I had offended their dignity, but I found out that it was something else entirely.

The very next morning everybody started to take work-outs—everybody,



that is, except Marengo, who chose to remember his wound. I had started something, but on reflection, I was glad I had; because if they used up all their energy that way, they might be too busy to argue about war. Although I was left alone most of the time, I felt that I was fulfilling my mission, and that Pegasus would be pleased.

Being alone so much, and the rest of the horses being so busy, gave me an opportunity to go down to the brook and have an occasional visit with Wisty. He really wasn't wise enough to tell me anything I didn't already know; but somehow, after Wisty said it, you were more sure of it yourself. I always felt better after one of these visits. Perhaps it was because the donkey was the only one in the Pasture who wasn't vain about what he was.

The days were long and pleasant, and often I would take a romp too. The other horses began to show the results of their exercise. Their coats were sleek; their eyes shone; and they held their heads even more erect. They didn't get into such lengthy arguments, but they were quicker to snap each other up. Bucephalus, especially, was on edge because he didn't have much chance to talk about himself. I guess that's why he came and told me some intimate things. I had just returned from the brook and a chat with Wisty when Bucephalus came out to meet me.

"Man o' War," he said, "I used to be an ardent follower of yours when you were on Earth, and I often said that you could have been a great warhorse if you had had the opportunity. I was thinking to myself today that it didn't seem fair that I should know all about you and that you should know so little about me. So I decided to tell you something about myself."

I FELT that it would do him good to let off a little steam, so I didn't interrupt him.

"At first," Bucephalus went on, "I didn't belong to Alexander. When I was a colt, I was given to Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon, by some friends of his. I was young then, and unruly, so Philip was going to have me destroyed, but young Alexander, who was thirteen, was impressed with my fire and spirit, and begged his father to give me to him.

"Alexander saw that I was afraid of my own shadow, so he kept my head turned toward the sun, and holding the reins, he stroked and caressed me until he had won my confidence. One day he leaped on my back, and I gradually accepted him. I served him faithfully all the rest of my days; and when I died, he had me buried on the banks of the River Hydaspes,

where he had fought his most glorious battle. A great city rose and was named Bucephala in my honor—a monument to the aid given by horses to men in the business of making war."

We had turned and were walking back toward the brook, and as we approached Wisty, he nodded to us and moved away. Bucephalus ignored him completely. I looked at Bucephalus and saw that he was really happiest when he was talking about the great conqueror, Alexander.

SOMETIME later Lexington, who had carried General Sherman through Georgia, came up to me and said: "Man o' War, we're going to have a race. We've all been training, and we feel that the best way to settle our differences, once and for all, is to let the best man win."

I started to interrupt, but Lexington cut me off with: "Oh, we know that you were considered the fastest horse of your time; but then, you were much older than the rest of us when you got here—thirty-one, wasn't it? The winner will be conceded to be the greatest warhorse of all time, and the rest of us will pay him the homage due him. Of course, at your age we don't expect you to win, but you can enter if you want to."

I told him that I would consider it an honor to compete against them, and we set the time for the following afternoon.

The day dawned bright and clear, and most of us loafed through the morning. I had made up my mind that I was going to lose, just staying off the pace until the leaders had crossed the wire. You could feel the tenseness as we got ready to line up at the barrier. Marengo was acting as starter, and the distance was twice around the Pasture, or about a mile and a half—my favorite distance.

Two false starts, and then we got off in a bunch. There was a scramble for the pole position, but I stayed out of it, easily keeping abreast of the pack on the outside. As we rounded the first turn, I began to feel the old thrill—the erratic hollow rhythm of the hoof-beats, the smell of saliva from the straining front runners, the hot breath on my flank of the horse behind me. It was just like Churchill Downs again, with little Clarence Kummer on my back. I could hear him rate me into the half: "Easy, Red, easy! This is just a breeze for us. Let those goats run themselves into the ground, and then we'll make our move."

I forgot everything except Clarence's voice. It was my life. At the three-quarter pole the field was strung out. Winchester was out in front by one length; Ronald was second on the rail and tiring rapidly. I stayed away

on the outside, running fifth, because I knew that pace would make someone falter, and I didn't want to pass a staggering horse. Bucephalus and Copenhagen started to make their bid and passed me on the inside. Ronald started to show his tongue as Copenhagen caught him. Sure enough, Winchester faltered and went off badly to the outside, and I had to run wide to avoid him. And then we came to the head of the stretch.

"Here it is, Red," I could hear Clarence's voice. "Take your head." And I did. I flattened my ears, stretched out my neck so I could feel the wind under my mane, and then I poured on the coal.

I won by six lengths; Copenhagen placed, and Bucephalus showed.

I could have kicked myself. Everybody sulked and was touchy. Me, because I had spoiled whatever chance I had of making a permanent peace—the rest because they just didn't know how to lose. They started to give me the silent treatment. If they spoke to me at all now, it was with only cold formality.

We were right back where we started, only worse—all of them bragging about past glories. Copenhagen, who beat the rest of them, was almost insufferable, boasting about his rare luck of first opening his eyes on the field of battle. Wasn't Marshal Lord Grosvenor riding his mare in the battle of Copenhagen, he bragged, when she dropped her foal? But in worse taste, he even bragged about the epitaph on his marble tombstone at Stratsfieldsaye: "*Here lies Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day at the battle of Waterloo. Born 1808—Died 1836. God's humbler instrument, though meaner clay, should share the glory of that day.*"

LATER ON, down at the brook, they all got into it at once. It was bedlam: Marengo telling about his skeleton in the place of honor at the United Service Institute at Whitehall, London; Traveler, about following Lee's coffin in the funeral cortège. They were all shouting at the same time. In fact, they were on the verge of coming to blows. I was just as glad I was out of it.

Finally, in desperation, Bucephalus turned to Wisty, who was standing off to one side, and shouted: "You settle it, Donkey. Who was the greatest warrior?"

Wistful raised his head and said: "I have no opinion, sir."

"Everybody has an opinion," roared Bucephalus. "Who are you, anyway, who has no opinion?"

"I have no opinion about the greatest warrior," said the donkey. "You see, I'm the one who gave up my manger for the Prince of Peace."

Lost River

AN AMERICAN OFFICER RUNS INTO A STRANGE AND HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE ON THE PERSIAN FRONTIER

by HAROLD LAMB

SINCE the beginning of time, Scandinavians have been far-wandering men. There was Leif Ericsson, who went out after timber and discovered America; and there was John Ericsson, who built the first ironclad and steamed her across the ocean. By the same token these Viking fellows have ever been great feuders and fighters—going berserk, at times, for some reason known only to Vikings.

Concerning these attributes of his remote ancestors, Lt. Eric Orsson had been lectured often enough by his paternal grandfather, who maintained that no other people were a match for the sons of Vikings. The day came, however, when Lt. Orsson found his grandfather to be mistaken on that point. One other people matched the Norse at feuding and wandering, both. And they were the Scots.

In the blistering hot afternoon of that day Eric Orsson stood—all the gangling six foot of him, and the bony sandy-haired head of him—before the shrine of a certain Imam Riza, which lies in the heart of the pilgrim city of Meshed, the last stopping place in Persia. This tomb of the holy Imam was guarded by a silver screen upon which the devout Islamic pilgrims rubbed their perspiring hands, while they hoisted up their children to clutch precious dust off the top of the shrine. At the same time they jostled and muttered angrily at the officer, who did not understand their muttering.

Lt. Orsson was gazing not at the shrine but at the slender foreign girl who kept discreetly apart from the crowd. Her bright hair looked unfastened, her shirtwaist out of style; yet to him she appeared trim and cool and quite oblivious of him.

Until she walked up to him quickly, her lips tense with inward amusement. "Please do not turn your back on the shrine," she said. "They do not like it."

Dimly, then, he was aware of the temper of the crowd, and of something else. For all its aloofness, this

girl's voice had a lilt in it. He wanted her to go on speaking. For a year, as the youngest member—aged twenty-one—of the American Mission for Aid to Turkey, U. S. Air Force Group, Lt. Eric Orsson had encountered no English-speaking girl; in all his life he had met none as remarkable as this one.

"Don't they?" he answered her now. "Thanks. But—well, how do we leave without showing our backs?"

"Oh, do like this." She stepped backward as if dancing, without turning her face. Executing a brisk about-face, he followed her example. The crowd of worshipers fell silent to watch, seemingly satisfied.

Now, Eric's brother officers upon this mission to Asia rated him highly as a mechanical fool. Eric, they granted, could nurse a sick plane or teach eager Turkish students its vital statistics, without thinking. Yet in their opinion he was socially underaged, and a loss with girls. Not understanding them, he tried teasing.

At the door of the mosque-shrine, he caught up with this one, putting on her sandals, where all the shoes had been parked. She was barefoot, and it did not occur to him that she might be saving up her stockings. "Thanks again," he repeated. "Would they have beaten me up?"

"Nonsense." Calmly she surveyed him, from well-shined O.D. shoes up to the collar of his civilian suit. "You're an American tourist, aren't you? Well, don't go around alone, and be careful in the bazaar at night."

Falling in step beside her, across the courtyard where they sold charms and pictures of the Imam in the sizzling sun, he tried to think of something important to say to her. She walked gracefully as if accustomed to it. No more than eighteen or so, he thought, this unknown girl had less right than he to be wandering alone among unpredictable Asiatics.

"Can't I give you a lift?" he asked.

"Thanks ever so. No."

"Mad dogs and Englishwomen go out in the noonday sun."

Somehow, that did not please her. "Midday," she corrected him. "And Scots, from the island of Skye, if you must know."

Silenced, he strode beside her, certain that she was angry, and not knowing what to do about it. Once he thought she was smiling. From the dusty avenue, she turned into one of the clay-walled streets, and stopped at a courtyard gate where a weathered sign bore the word MISSION. So, she was staying with the missionaries. "If you know the town," he asked desperately, "how's—could I take you to the bazaar tonight? I'm a stranger—"

"I couldn't, really." Curiously she glanced up at him. "I have to pack, to be ready to leave by the early bus at five o'clock tomorrow."

Eric thought that over. "Then I'll be seeing you," he said cheerfully, and swung away. For a moment she stared after him as if puzzled by the extraordinary American way of saying *au revoir*.

CERTAINLY Margaret McDonald did not expect to see him again so soon—at five the next morning, when she stumbled out into the dawn mist. Drowsy and struggling with her roped bag, shoulder carryall, box of sandwiches and thermos of boiled water, she found no ramshackle Persian bus filled with sleepy pilgrims awaiting her, but a smart powerful station wagon, military drab in color. Lt. Eric Orsson took her big valise and thrust it in upon neatly stacked tins of gasoline and blankets, then asked her: "Where do we go?"

Weary with hitchhiking in Gentile fashion to the east of Suez, Margaret did not relish this kind of a joke. "To Xanadu," she told him.

"Sounds familiar, lady. Didn't Kubla Khan live there? But for the moment," Eric admitted, "I can't place it, in Persia. Can you give me the map bearings?"

Margaret was fully awake now, and seething with resentment. "Longitude sixty-one east, latitude about thirty-seven north."

Glancing at the red glow over the mountain wall to the east, he whistled—as if actually thinking out the bearings. Exasperated, she cried, "Stop being a fool," and reached in for her bag, only to feel his touch on her shoulder. Under her skeptical eyes he held an open wallet showing his identification as an officer of the American Mission stationed at Ankara, and his travel orders for thirty days, route unspecified. While she reflected that he was far indeed from Ankara, he explained: "I'm on leave to see the sights of Asia, and it doesn't matter a hoot to me what sights I see. And I've six days left." The anxiety in his voice made her glance at him. "Your bus-drivers are still hitting the hay at the garage," he argued nervously, "and anyway, they won't finish repairing their so-called vehicle for hours. I looked it over. I—I really want to see this Xanadu of yours."

Margaret shook her head. "It's really beyond the frontier. Your pleasure car could not possibly get over the mountains."

In the dim light his eyes close to hers challenged her. "Couldn't it?" he boasted. And when she shook her head again— "Or are you afraid of the sexual behavior of the human male?"

To this impossible question Margaret McDonald answered neither yes or no. Quietly angry, she seated herself in the station wagon, and when he slipped in behind the steering wheel, she handed him some Persian coins. "My bus fare, hobbledehoy, for as far as I think you'll be able to go."

And speedily she realized her mistake. Far indeed did that shining purring car whirl her, up the blue face of the ridges, over the stony beds of ravines, slipping and sliding across mud spates, fording freshets and crawling out over sandbanks—turning hither and yon, following faint dotted lines on the great map he studied upon his knee. Stoically she hid her fear, tense at the danger this reckless driver escaped. The strength in his long body maneuvered the machine as deftly as a woman turns a baby in her arms.

He would not stop for sheep, which scattered at the sight of them. At a walled town he filled up the back of the car with more tins of fuel, and drove on.

"Are you afraid of the Afghans?" she demanded, exasperated because he seemed to have no more feeling in him than the machine beneath his hands. "Didn't you think I might want some lunch?"

Only out in a desert stretch, along a camel track in the thin shade of tamarisks, did he pull up at last, saying that he didn't like the looks of the Afghan guys. Over a primus stove he heated fresh vegetables and ham out of costly cans, and she made him share her sour-cream sandwiches. For the pride in young Margaret was the pride of the poverty of the McDonalds of Glenorg, since the war years. Of making do with the old things, putting out of mind the memory of pipes and family portraits in uniform—of the deft patch at the knee of the overlong skirt she wore, that had been her mother's.

This boisterous Yankee with the white-gold wrist watch would not understand about that, she thought. No doubt a rich man, he must be having a lark with her, because he insisted this desert was like his own where his family had a ranch under the Sangre de Cristo mountains in a place called New Mexico, where they irrigated the ground. Quite surely, Margaret knew, he did not understand women, being unmarried, without a sister or mother living. "What are you doing," he asked point-blank, "out here in this Xanadu place?"

She was going out to take care of Gwen, nine years old and her cousin, staying with her great-uncle Sir John McDonald, a brigadier general, retired. A Victorian, she explained concisely, who refused to retire as a man, who had gone to end his years at one of the outposts where he had served once as Resident, long ago before the first world war—in a valley that he called Xanadu because it was a river paradise walled around with mountains, and shaded incense-bearing trees. . . . *Where Alph the sacred river ran. . . .* He wanted to end his days doing his duty.

THROUGH the car window the light of an old moon shone. Margaret, half asleep, shivered in the night cold and curled her bare legs up under her coat. Over her she felt a blanket drawn, and she felt warm and protected. The tiredness went away. Only gradually in the deep warmth did she become aware that the car was no longer moving, and that new light shone in her eyes.

Stoically Margaret hid her fear, tense at the danger this reckless driver escaped.





Sunrise glowed over an earth of red clay, and wind-bent fields of barley. Beyond the hood of the car swayed luxuriant trees by the bank of a swift-running river. Eric, slumped in a doze, raised his head from his arms over the steering wheel when he heard her stir. "The river checks," he muttered. "Map bearings also check." He pointed ahead at a haze of smoke drifting with the wind. "But the incense trees or something seem to be burning in Xanadu."

WHEN disaster strikes a smiling valley, it is like a wound in a living thing. Sheltered between the lofty heights, moist with water flowing in its channels, warmed by the sun burning through the clear mountain air, this upland valley was indeed a paradise like the storied Xanadu of Kubla Khan. Lazy water buffalo, sleek cows, sturdy sheepskin-clad villagers obviously thrived and bred within it, under the care of the old Scottish soldier, who had only that interest in life—that and the girl-child Guinevere, called Gwen.

Disaster had come with the raiders from the desert below. The Red

Sands, Sir John McDonald called it. These raiders had struck the edge of the village, looting and burning three farms, leaving some lifeless bodies behind them.

"They made their dash through the pass"—John McDonald pointed out the break in the mountain wall to the north—"just at sundown, as the cattle were driven in. They drew off under cover of darkness. We damaged only a few."

A quiet stooping man he was, wearing shorts and a gray wool shirt from which the shoulder badges had been removed. A careful stubborn man with the tired eyes of a judge who has sat too long on the bench. . . . In the stinging incense of the smoke he was showing his peasants with their clumsy iron spades how to dig the graves in dry ground, where flies clustered thick on the blood specks.

Still a brigadier, Eric thought, giving orders and expecting salutes. Beyond the digging detail a score of bearded riflemen stood guard, wearing bits of uniform and even a sprinkling of medals. "Why aren't you giving the raiders a chase," he asked curiously, adding, "sir?"

Sir John glanced twice at the young American officer who seemed to be both rich and ignorant. "I have only twenty-three sepoys — time-expired men. They would follow me, of course"—a faint light came into his eyes—"but I could not take them down into the open desert against four hundred-odd well-mounted Tekke tribesmen. And then of course we have no motor vehicles like yours. Yours will be needed to drive Margaret back to the Meshed mission tomorrow. I trust you both will be able to rest here tonight."

He had his orders, Eric thought.

ONLY up in the Scotsman's house did he discover the hurt that the other had hidden from him. The house towered ramshackle and unpainted among the overgrown gardens where flaming bougainvillea climbed toward the sun from the shadow of the plane trees. This old house rustled when invisible women servants slipped away before him; the warped wood of its floors had been worn smooth and dark by generations of use. Yet there was a brightness in the house like a shaft of sunlight refracted against en-



"Can I go home now?" she asked.
"Will you take me, please?"

when the Tekke attacked again. Because he had too few men to defend the village, the stand must be made at the pass, with their score of Lee Enfields, and the pair of outmoded but serviceable Bren guns, and—most fortunately—a great stock of dynamite, surplus war material intended for construction work. With that dynamite and some batteries, his garrison was at work making mines to set in the road during the night.

"I'm counting on the mines," he mused. "Of course the Tekke raiders could work their way around us. But we have a good chance to hold them—an even chance, I should say."

Somehow Eric did not think the brigadier rated that chance as high as he said.

Impulsively Margaret spoke. "The old, old trial by battle! Must it be like that?"

Sir John said without emotion: "In this case, yes, Margaret."

The Tekke had tried it, he explained, twelve years before during a drouth. This year there had been no rain down in the Red Sands. Their wells were drying up, and water no longer flowed in the old bed of the river on the north side of the ridge, "I have reason to think they will make their attack tomorrow night."

"Then come away with us, Sir John! Before they—"

"And leave the valley to the Tekke? Their blood is up. They will carry off the stored grain and cattle and the younger children—"

Suddenly he stopped, straightening in his seat. "No, I am to blame. I should never have brought Gwen here."

He had wanted the child with him, for a while; she had been born here, when it had been a Residency; her parents had been killed in England during the raids of the last war. Was there any other home for her, or Margaret? "You shall go, Margaret, of course; but I can't, now. The Tekke Khan sent word to Rasham"—he nodded at the Pathan who hovered behind him with a pot of weak chicory coffee, listening—"offering to bring Gwen back if I would promise to leave the valley with her, taking all the weapons, before tomorrow night."

MARGARET's fingers brushed hastily at her eyes—the first sign she had given of strained nerves.

"How was that?" asked Eric, startled. "You mean they would send her back tomorrow?"

"Upon my pledge," said Sir John sharply, "to withdraw from the valley. Even if I am no longer officially Resi-

veloping dimness—by a stack of year-old London newspapers lay a crudely made doll with a necklace of smooth pebbles, in the small bedroom where Margaret moved about silently, picking things up, there were the belongings of a child, polished sticks and a toy dog lacking one glass eye.

"Gwen's room," said Margaret. "The raiders carried her off."

"What!"

"She was watching the water buffalo driven up from the river."

As she straightened up the room, she told him how John McDonald had reassured her. The Tekke tribesmen had not meant to kidnap the nine-year-old girl, and they would not harm her; they always took the young of the villages to add to their own families.

"But what is he doing to get her back?" Eric exploded.

"I don't know. What can he do?" Margaret looked at him helplessly, not angry now. And the sight of her drew his mind back through the years to the ranch cabin that had been his kingdom as a nine-year-old. The center of his bare house, the very throne, had been a huge mahogany

sideboard with a silver platter on it—Victorian, both of them, and oiled and polished with jealous care by his mother, who scolded him sharply when he scratched them in his playing. . . . The week that his father had been lost in the mesa country to the north, his mother had kept polishing the sideboard, going down on her knees to get at the back of the legs.

He wanted to say something on the cheerful side to Margaret, but he did not know how.

At table that night John McDonald explained his plan of operation. Evening brought a fantastic splendor to the rambling bungalow. Candles gleamed on the immaculate table. A straight-backed Pathan soldier whom Sir John called *dafardar* and Eric guessed to be a non-com, served them with small glasses of sherry. Evidently it was routine, to go with the brigadier's clean white drill suit, and Margaret's long dark evening dress. Her loveliness in such a setting made Eric feel awkward, and afraid to speak, when the Britisher demonstrated with napkin and fork and salt cellar how he meant to hold the one pass leading down to the Red Sands



*Impulsively
Margaret spoke.
"The old, old
trial by battle!
Must it be like
that?"*

dent, I have full responsibility for these people. Have you a suggestion, Mr. Orsson?"

"Yes. Let this Khan fellow send back Gwen. Then when you've got her, pull out fast in my car."

"And break my given word?"

"Under the circumstances, yes."

A hardness came into John McDonald's eyes, that had watched the passing of regiments for fifty years. "Rasham," he called to the Indian, ignoring Eric, "would you consent to do that?"

"Sahib, no."

"You see, Mr. Orsson? The Indian has a sense of honor."

Without another word to the young officer, whose mettle no doubt, he presumed, had been softened by luxurious living in the wealthy United States, Sir John went down to the courtyard where his engineers were hurriedly stringing wires to gasoline tins charged with dynamite, while a mob of villagers fantastic in the moonlight hung around, as if for protection. . . . A feudal lord, Eric, also watching, told himself savagely, a Victorian if there ever was one. Silent anger flooded through him. To Margaret at his side, he said: "Look, do you want to clear out as he said?"

She pulled the shawl tight about her slim shoulders. "No. I would hate myself afterward for doing it."

Morosely Eric considered her, and thought carefully about what to say to her. This Victorian girl was very quick to catch on to things. "Then you may miss your bus altogether, Margaret," he told her briskly, "I'm acting henceforth on my own responsibility, and I have no inhibitions. Will

you persuade Rasham to get into the car with me?"

Closer she stepped, to look into his face. Then, unexpectedly, her small fingers touched his hand. "Yes," she whispered, "if you think it best."

WHEN the old moon sank behind Xanadu, and the snow summits of the highest mountain peaks glowed against the sunrise, Eric slid the station wagon out of its parking place along the line of invisible hoof-marks that Rasham, a bearded silent skeleton at his side, pointed out to him. He coasted the car, so as not to wake the British lord of the manor, who held everyone around him to be bound by his word.

The anger in Eric drove him on, not thinking of the touch of Margaret's hand, but only of what he wanted to do—to find the girl Gwen in the desert and to snatch her away. He had no inhibitions whatever about dealing in this fashion with kidnapers, whether Indian or otherwise.

Rasham did not address him as sahib or even sir. When he switched on the lights to feel his way through the dawn dimness of the pass, the Pathan veteran of two wars leaned forward to snap off the switch. "The Tekke outriders will be watching," he said.

"If you feel that way," Eric snarled, "why did you come along?"

"To interpret for you. There is a proverb, Mr. Orsson—when intelligent men have spoken to no avail, a fool may find the answer."

And Eric began to understand what a fool chance he had taken. Out of the moist twilight of the gorge they dropped down and down into a red tortured land where the breath of

the Red Sands sifted in dust through the closed windows that turned hot to the touch at the first glint of sunlight.

The air cracked over the car, and the *thuck* of a rifle shot echoed faintly. Evidently the Tekke tribesmen were watching the trail. But Eric could see nothing of the sniper. On either side life was stirring over the dried-up land. Gray patches of sheep climbed the bare foothills; black goats threaded through the rocks of the ravines, searching, Eric knew, for water. The grass was brown; the poplars in the gullies showed only seared yellow leaves. Not even in the red mesas of the Southwest had Eric seen a depression as waterless as this.

Shots cracked, two almost together as one. "They sure do welcome an American tourist," snorted Eric.

Impatience edged Rasham's voice. "They do not know what an American is. They have mounted into their saddles for war. Drive faster! If you can reach the Khan in his house, he may protect you from being killed. He cannot kill the guest within his house."

Spoken like a book, Eric thought, speeding recklessly down the broken trail. In the haze of rising dust, blurred shapes of camels plunged away from the car. Then strange, sheepskin-wrapped horsemen began to appear, lashing their thin animals, racing toward him. Eric had to keep his eyes on the hummocks ahead of him.

He swerved, to circle a mass of sheep coming along the trail. The half-naked boys following the sheep hurled stones at the racing car. It left the ground with all wheels and thumped into the sand and smooth gray stones of a riverbed.

JOLTING among the rocks, Eric peered ahead for a way to climb the far side of the water-eroded channel. Ahead of him on the bank he saw clumps of brown skin tents and the roof of one clay building. He saw people in black flowing clothes running out to stare at him. And he saw near by the blue of a child's dress framed against a clump of live willows.

"*Hai!*" cried Rasham. "The miss-sahib!"

With a stab of hope, Eric swung the car over to her, and braked to a stop, tilted crazily among the boulders of the river bed. Rasham was out before him, running toward the slip of a girl.

Eric followed, for five steps. Then a flood of human beings, panting like animals, closed in around him. They dropped from the riverbank and from the saddles of racing horses, and clutched at him with their hands. Their hands were thin and gnarled as

dead twigs. Straining against them, he smelled stale sweat—

Rasham's voice screamed over their panting. Their hands loosened, and they stood back, shouting and jeering at him—lean men with thin wool cloth wrapped around their mouths.

"I have told them," the Pathan non-com cried, "that you are *ilchi*—ambassador from my Sahib." In his excitement he labored with the English words. "You bring message to their Tekke Khan."

"Do I?" Eric walked over to Gwen.

Rasham was patting her tousled head. Evidently he worshiped his small mistress, and perhaps that was why he had offered to come with the American.

Curiously she stared at Eric. "Can I go home now?" she asked cautiously. "Will you take me, please?"

SHE had been asleep on a bed of sheepskins. A pile of pretty purple and green stones showed that she had been playing with them. Only the quivering of her slight shoulders under the thin cotton dress revealed her anxiety to go. And Eric, glancing around at the solid wall of tribesmen, decided that the chance of getting her into the car and of taking off in the car was no chance at all.

"Yes, Gwen," he assured her. "But first we'll have to go tell the—*the Khan good-morning.*"

"Please," she begged, "I'm thirsty. The water was smelly. And the Khan gave me some tea."

"I'll give you grapefruit juice," Eric promised.

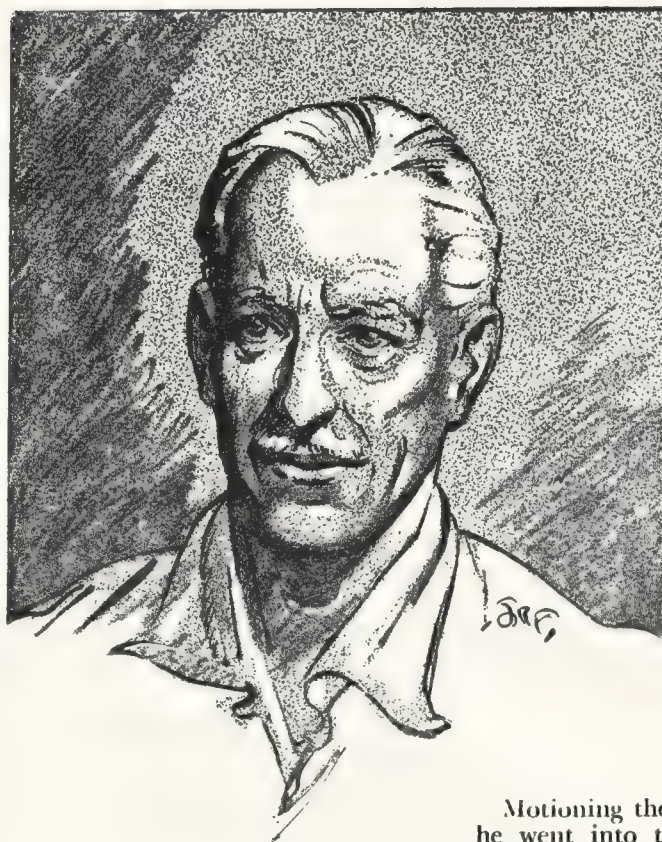
At once she took his hand, and he remembered the touch of Margaret's fingers. Pausing by the car he reached inside for one of the cans and a paper cup and opener. Rasham shook his head in warning. The rifles in the hands of the Tekke, Eric guessed, would blast them if he made a move to start the car.

As if it were a bad dream, he felt himself walking with the child between staring faces, into a courtyard smelling of horse dung, where two warriors with long knives in their belts and cartridge bandoliers draped around their shoulders took him by the arms. They led him up to a quiet old man wrapped in a padded silk coat who sat in an armchair by an stand on which a samovar steamed.

When the old man had surveyed Eric, he spoke. "His Highness the Tekke Khan," Rasham interpreted, "asks what message you bring from the *Inglesi Tura*. That means English lord."

To Eric, the Tekke chieftain appeared tough, with a good I.Q. Having no message, he sparred for time. "How about some tea first?"

At this, the lined face of the Tekke hardened.



Sir John said:
"In this case, yes,
Margaret. . . . I
think they will
make their at-
tack tomorrow
night."

"He says," the non-com explained, "that if he met you in the desert and you needed drink, he would give it you because that is God's law. But here you are his enemy, and because his young men may want to kill you, he will not give you food or drink."

"Um," said Eric. And Gwen tugged at his hand, whispering "Please."

Although the bodyguards gripped his arms, Eric managed to set his paper cup on the stand, and to open the can. When he poured the clear juice into the cup, the Tekke murmured, and the Khan bent closer to watch, surprised.

Then, as Gwen drank thirstily, a dust-coated urchin slipped between the legs of the tribesmen and rushed at her, clutching at the cup. Instantly a rifle butt swung against his head, knocking him to the ground. Bleeding, he crawled stubbornly toward the girl, pulling at her skirt.

She looked at him and held out the half-empty cup. "There," she said. Grabbing the cup, the child gulped from it.

ERIC had had a moment to think. Here in this caravan *serai* he himself counted for nothing; he was only a voice speaking against their hatred. So he tried to tell the Khan the truth. Gwen, thirsty herself, had realized the thirst of the Tekke boy. Why, he asked, did they risk attacking the *Inglesi* in the valley, where many of them would certainly be killed, and they might all be driven back?

"Why?" echoed the Tekke Khan.

Motioning the American to follow, he went into the door of the clay and rafter house behind him, up narrow dark stairs to the flat roof. There he swept his long arm around at the horizon. "Look, and you will not ask why," he said, with a laugh that was like a snarl.

Eric understood him. The wind had ceased. The horizon was clear to the white crest of snow above the purple ridges—that resembled the *Sangre de Cristo* range. Up there water ran. On the desert below, the land was desiccating, dying.

Where the herds of the Tekke moved, by blind instinct, toward the foothills, animals had fallen out exhausted, while above them, vultures circled and swooped.

"When death comes to the herds," said the Khan, "the Tekke also die. For two-years God has given no rain. The water of the river has failed. Yet up in the valley of the *Inglesi* there is water running to waste. What if ten or a hundred Tekke die in reaching the wealth of the valley? We will take back the children. We have made up our minds. We will not pour water on our swords. Nay, if I the Khan were to say to my people *turn back*, they would tear out my life with their hands. So it is."

Beneath them, the crowd had now thickened to a mass of silent up-turned faces. Beyond, women and children were running in, over the brown grassland. Fantastically, it looked as if these hundreds of human beings were waiting to hear their fate decided by himself and the Khan.

"Speak! What word do you bring me, Tura?"



The Tekke chieftain appeared tough, with a good I.Q.

For the first time, anxiety edged the Tekke's voice, while Rasham sounded tired and hopeless, now that they were cut off from escape.

BLANKLY Eric stared around him. Down in the riverbed a moment caught his eye. Clusters of camels and horses were nosing in the hollows where foliage still showed green. But higher up, a bevy of goats struggled to get at something beneath the rocks. That would be water, still seeping underground, Eric thought.

"How long since water flowed in this river?" he asked suddenly.

Surprised, the old man counted on his fingers. "Ten years and one, ten years and two."

Twelve years. Twelve years ago these Tekke had raided out. Eric's eyes swept up the indentation of the riverbed, passing the shoulders of the hills, rising into a narrow gorge. . . . Sir John had said the river changed from its old course, and this would be the old bed. "Did the water stop all at once?" he asked sharply.

"In a day God took away the water."

"How do you mean, took away?"

At the urgency in his voice, the old man pointed up to the snow line. "Up there the mountain moved, falling into the river."

Only a rock slide could move a mountain slope down. Eric had seen it happen. Fleeting he thought of the overflowing river in the valley on

the other side—and of this dry bed filled again—exhausted herds crowding down to it—channels irrigating the plain of brown grass. Anxiously he scanned the weathered face of the old Khan—a face that would not believe a promise or yield to an argument. But it might accept a dare.

"Well, listen," he exclaimed. "You saw me pour fruit juice out of a metal can. I think I can move the mountain again and bring the water back to the river."

Voiceless, the Tekke Khan stared.

"Will you hold off your men until I can try? You can always go on with the war. The *Inglisi* won't run away. I'll guarantee that."

Suspicion gleamed in the old eyes. "No."

"All right," Eric shouted. "Have it your way. Tell your army to come to the mountain top. Bring your bodyguards with you. I'll take you up where the river begins and show you what I'll do." Hastily he glanced at his watch and up the riverbed. "In three hours! Then if I can't bring water back into the river, I'll come back here."

He flung out the words on a chance. Deep within him, he understood that neither he nor this old man mattered so much against the suffering of thousands of human beings and animals. "That's my message," he told the Khan. "Will you give me forty hours to do it?"

Uncertainly, the Tekke said, "No man can climb the mountain in three hours."

"In my car, they can."

Weighing in his mind the expectancy of his people, and the eagerness of the young foreigner, the Tekke said: "Ay, Tura."

Catching up Gwen on his arm, Eric said to her: "We're going home now, by a long detour."

WHILE the old moon dropped low that night, Margaret McDonald waited on the veranda, with her legs drawn up under her coat against the cold, with the odor of burning still in her breathing. By the lighted lamp Sir John slept, because the mountain pass had been quiet until then, and no word had come from Rasham and the young American.

She watched the night passing, feeling within her the loneliness and the cruelty of a land that was not her own, where it did not matter if she were living or dead. . . . Until out of the dimness two men came walking toward her, and one was carrying a small girl.

"Gwen's tired," said Eric Orsson huskily. "We couldn't get the car all the way down this side."

Something sang with gladness in her mind when Margaret took the drowsy Gwen in her arm, upon the couch. Then John McDonald stood up, full awake. "Man," he cried, "what have you done?"

Eric had changed. His long body stooped; the eyes in his gaunt head were bleared, his fine suit torn and stained with mud. "General McDonald," he cried, "haven't you ever taken a look at the top of the divide? Don't you know the rock slide up there blocked the natural run of the river? And their herds are dying for lack of water?"

In the Scotsman the instinct of a judge and planter was strong. He knew the unwritten law that gives to herds the right to water on the land. "I have never been able to make the

climb," he admitted, to Margaret's surprise. Staring at the lamp, he said: "We could make-do with half the water. But how could we start any of it flowing into the old channel again?"

"Well," said Eric, hardly hearing, "I think your dynamite can clear that slide at the Y. It had better do it—within twenty hours—because the Tekke Khan and his riflemen will be watching to see it done."

"And if it can't be done?"

"I'll have to go back with them, with the car. I promised!"

Surprised, the brigadier studied the impulsive young subaltern.

"Will you keep your promise?" he asked curiously.

Eric slumped down on the couch, too weary to think. "I guess I'll have to."

Very slightly Sir John nodded, as if reassured. "Well done," he said, and: "I'll turn out all the villagers with their tools to help. We won't let you down, Eric."

When they were left alone on the veranda, Margaret watching him, said: "How long since you've had any sleep?"

He was looking at her uncertainly in the warm glow of lamplight. "How long?" Part of his mind answered. "I've forgotten the calendar." He

frowned uneasily. "Day after tomorrow I'll have to point back to Ankara with the car, to make it before my leave's up."

"Yes, Eric," she answered quietly.

Looking at her so close, he felt frightened, like crying and wanting to stretch out an arm to hold her, a woman. He felt frightened at what he was saying. "You see, it's only a few hours—from the Ankara field, by plane, that is. I'll wangle one, to—visit you here, if that's all right with you," he added hastily.

Without looking at him, but with a feeling of pride all through her, she answered gravely: "It will be well with me, Eric."

AND it was very well thereafter with Eric, the descendant of forgotten Vikings. For after the dynamite had shaken the summit of the mountain and the flow of the lost river had returned to its old bed, he eased his station wagon down the side of the mountain, aided by the men of Xanadu.

Behind the wheel he settled his long body, his mind picturing the hour when he could set down a training plane on the fields of Xanadu. Then perhaps he might even ask Margaret if she had ever thought she could marry a guy like him.

Songs That Have Made History

XII—ANNIE LAURIE

MANY a maiden has been wooed and won with a song. William Douglas must have lived in high hopes when in 1685 he wrote one of the loveliest songs ever composed to the Scottish lassie who was his heart's desire.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie

Where early fa's the dew,

And it's there that Annie Laurie

Gave me her promise true.

The beautiful Annie was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton. Surely she must have been thrilled by John Douglas' song. But did she give him "her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be"? If she did, alas, it was forgotten.

A Scot who knew the story of the course of Douglas' true love for Annie—which failed to run smooth—summed up the ending thus: "He didna get her after a'." Whether Annie Laurie actually was fickle, or that promise of hers, mentioned in the lyric, was only wishful singing, the fact is that she did wed another Scot named Ferguson. Douglas, after his rejection, also married. Some say

he was killed in a battle in Flanders and so came to "lay doon and dee"—not for Annie but for his country.

But the song was not destined to die. About 1838 its music and its words in part were revised by Lady Scott. It became so widely popular that British troops took it with them to the Crimean War. At the bitter siege of Sebastopol, where Russian shells, freezing cold, and disease, took heavy toll, the tender ballad cheered soldiers, longing for home and the girl they left behind them. The English and Irish refused to leave *Annie Laurie* to the Scots, but adopted her for their own, as a poem testifies:

They sang of love and not of fame;

Forgot was Britain's glory;

Each heart recalled a different name,

But all sang "Annie Laurie."

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,

For a singer dumb and gory;

And English Mary mourns for him

Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

They still sing of the bonnie lass who lived so long ago, and Annie Laurie still lends her name to any lover for his sweetheart.

—Fairfax Downey



She was just about the fightingest submarine of all; and her career under Commander Dealey is a saga of gallantry we should all remember.

WHEN the name *Harder* is mentioned or called to mind among submariners of our Navy, there is not a man present who does not figuratively bare his head in reverence and admiration. For no one in our wartime Submarine Force will ever forget that ship, nor her crew. And it is safe to say that they will be remembered for many years after those of us who knew them are gone also from the scene.

Hit 'em again, Harder! No one in the Submarine Force will ever forget that battle-cry. It is ringing still, in the halls of Dealey Center, and at the Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor. For the U.S.S. *Harder* was a fighter among fighters, and above all, a *submarine among submarines*. And when she and her fighting skipper were lost, the whole Navy mourned, for her exploits had become legendary. It was characteristic of her that she gave her life to save one of her fellows, for she in-

terposed herself before an attacking ship to give the other opportunity to escape—and in so doing received the final unlucky fatal depth charge.

Harder's record, after only three patrols, was already one to conjure with: First patrol, three ships sunk and one damaged. Second patrol, four ships sunk, one damaged. Third patrol, five ships sunk. And then it was April, 1944, and *Harder* and Sam Dealey, her skipper, were beginning their fourth patrol together.

Hit 'Em Again, *Harder!*



by LT. COMDR. EDWARD BEACH, U.S.N.

They had been ordered to stand by Woleai Atoll, one of the hundreds of small Pacific Islands taken over by the Japs after the first World War, for a few days while a carrier group worked it over. On the fourth day, at 08:40, they were informed that a downed pilot was drifting toward the reefs off the second island west of Woleai proper. Immediately all four main engines were started, and the submarine commenced hurrying at full power toward the position given.

Standing Life Guard watch during an air strike was never a duty calculated to keep a submariner's hair from turning gray, nor to afford much time for sleep. The sub has no means of fighting against aircraft, and except in the most extraordinary circumstances, will never try. Submarines have the perfect defense against them—that is, diving. When you're trying to outguess enemy air patrols, you dive before the planes can see you, and stay down until they are gone.

Submariners, then, are conditioned to diving for planes as soon as they are spotted, in the hope of getting down before being themselves spotted. That takes the most excruciating alertness and hair-trigger judgment. Yet here was a mission demanding just the opposite: that the submarine remain on the surface despite all aircraft activity, dive only when under actual attack—and then only as a last resort—and maintain radio guard on several so-called "Life Guard" fre-

The marooned aviator was in friendly hands again; part of the problem was solved.



quencies in order to be ready to rescue unlucky aviators.

These missions, in the beginning, were given only to veteran outstanding ships, those with skippers who were known to possess the necessary resiliency of mind and alertness of outlook to make a success of it. Later, nearly half of the submarine force was, at one time or another, employed on Life Guard. . . .

To rescue anybody, you have to get to him quickly, before somebody else, not so kindly disposed, gets to him. In this instance, therefore, a long "end run" out of sight and range of the Jap defenders of the island was out

of the question. Besides, Dealey had no way to know what shape the poor fellow might be in. So eighty men and six million dollars' worth of submarine raced straight for the northeast corner of the main island of Woleai, with the intention of passing it at close range and then squaring away for the second island west of there. Once the situation was evaluated and the decision made, a message went out to the planes on the Life-Guard circuit: "PASSING WOLEAI CLOSE ABOARD X COVER ME!"

Many of the planes pasting the Japanese stronghold had expended their loads of bombs, and were carrying out strafing runs while waiting for time to reform their formations and head for their carriers. Consequently, quick compliance with Sam Dealey's request was easy. But let Sam tell about it:

08:40. Made full speed on 4 engines. From here on the picture in the skies looked like a gigantic Cleveland Air Show. With dozens of fighters forming a comfortable umbrella above us, we watched a show that made the Hollywood "colossals" seem tame. We rounded the southeast coast of Woleai one to two miles off the beach and had the perfect ringside seat. The plastering that the airmen gave this Jap base was terrific! Bombs of all sizes rained on every structure on the island. Several buildings seemed to be lifted and thrown high in the air. Causeways between the various islands were bombed. Oil or gasoline storage tanks blew up, covering the island with heavy clouds of black smoke. The runway on the island was hit time and again with large and small bombs.

"It was hard to believe that anything could be left on the island after the first waves of planes had gone over, and yet some bursts of AA fire continued to meet the planes on each attack. The bombers hit Woleai from the south, waited for the smoke to clear, reformed, and then gave it the works from east-west courses! Fighters seemed to hit the place from all directions, peeling off from high above and diving straight into the AA fire that still persisted. Many looked as if they would go right on through the blanket of smoke and crash on the island, but all managed to pull out just above the trees. Fires blazed intermittently on Woleai and most of the adjacent islands, and gradually the AA defense was reduced to a few sporadic bursts.

REACHING the northeast corner of the triangular island of Woleai, *Harder* headed due west, passing within one mile of the coast of the enemy stronghold. The protection of the fighter planes overhead was, as Sam Dealey very plainly stated in his report, the only thing which made this at all possible. Although they were pretty busy with the anti-aircraft batteries at the strafing and bombing U. S. planes, and although their own planes (those they were able to get off the ground) were trying frantically to interfere with the continued success of the attack, the Japs would have been delighted to go after a target upon which there might be a fairly good chance of inflicting damage—in which category, a submarine which

refused to dive would most assuredly have been rated. Under the circumstances, however, any Jap airman who dared to attack *Harder* would have had to be downright insane, for those fighter planes overhead were bound and determined that Sam Dealey would have all the help he needed to rescue their buddy.

Good fortune does not always favor the brave, nor even the deserving. But in the case of Ensign John Galvin, USNR, the Fates were kind. His plane had been hit by anti-aircraft fire during one of his bombing runs over Woleai, and he had been forced to parachute into the water of Woleai Lagoon. More or less mechanically, with little real hope of rescue, he had laboriously swum toward shore, feeling in his own mind that eventual discovery by the Japs would be a certainty, and that it didn't really much matter just where or how soon he died. But while he was still in the water, a fighter plane from his task force had spotted him in his yellow Mae West life-jacket, and had radioed a report to *Harder*. Galvin had been in the water less than half an hour, when that redoubtable submarine had commenced heading at full "flat out" speed to his succor.

After weary hours of battling the sea, encumbered as he was by clothing and life jacket, the aviator reached his goal, the nearest bit of land, and crawled painfully out on the dazzling sand, where he collapsed, retching.

It was nearly noon when, guided by fighters circling the spot, the anxious watchers on the bridge of the submarine finally saw the lone figure of the man they were searching for, standing on the very tip of the second island to the west of Woleai proper. And what must have been the feelings of John Galvin, thus to find help virtually at hand!

At hand, but not there yet! Quite a heavy surf was running, and there



Galvin's plane had been hit during one of his bombing runs.

was no sheltered cove or anchorage where a deep-draft ship like a submarine could conceivably enter in order to receive a passenger. *Harder* carried a rubber boat as part of her equipment, but the problem still remained of getting that boat through the surf to the marooned man. With all hands at battle stations for surface action, all guns manned and ammunition ready, the approach to the surf-swept beach was begun.

IN order to minimize the results of going aground, *Harder's* bow was flooded down by venting the air from the ship's forward ballast tanks—thus, if she struck, blowing air into those tanks again would lift her higher in the water and enable her to clear easily. The fathometer was started to follow the depth of water as it shoaled; and slowly Sam Dealey commenced tooling his beloved boat into the shallow water—a simple enough operation for LST's, which were built for the job, and which were not required to be able to submerge and withstand depth-charge attacks im-

mediately afterward, nor to continue on a sixty-day war patrol!

At this juncture word was received from one of the planes that perhaps an easier approach might be possible from another direction. Anything would be better than this, thought *Harder's* skipper, and accordingly he backed the ship away to see if he could make a better approach with less risk.

When John Galvin saw his rescuers give up the attempt, and draw away from him, he must have thought that everything was lost, after all. With sympathy, the submarine captain saw him fall forward on the sandy beach and lie there outstretched and motionless. He was evidently so exhausted from the tremendous strain to which he had been subjected, that this new development was too much to bear!

But the words "Give up!" were not in *Harder's* lexicon. She moved away from the point of first approach, hoping to find a better, but having once pulled away from the surf, she received another message from the same plane to the effect that the first position seemed to be the best, after all. Cursing under his breath at the waste of time, Sam Dealey ordered full speed, and back went *Harder* to the spot where she had abandoned the first attempt. On the way, realizing that the flyer was doubtless so exhausted, not to mention the probability of a wound, that he could not be expected to swim through the surf to the submarine, Dealey called for volunteers to go through the surf and bring him back with them. It was typical of the spirited crew of the ship that almost every man on board volunteered. Lieutenant Logan, ship's-cook Thomason, and motor-machinist Ryan were given the nod, and went below to equip themselves in case they might become stranded with the man they had been trying to rescue.

In the meantime, Dealey commenced maneuvering his ship once



Failing to interpret correctly what he saw, he taxied directly over the line.

more into the shallow water. A man of firm decision, enterprising character, brilliant and forceful of execution, Commander Sam D. Dealey now resolved deliberately to run *Harder* aground, in order to expedite the rescue. With her bow well flooded down, nearly six feet deeper in the water forward, he anticipated no great difficulty in getting her off after blowing the tanks again. Closer and closer to the menacing surf moved the submarine, proceeding very slowly, so as to receive the minimum damage upon striking. In the control-room the fathometer was running continuously, and finally it simply ceased to record because the bottom was too close. Shortly after this the men in the forward torpedo-room, who had been ordered to report as soon as the ship hit bottom, heard a scraping noise beneath the keel. *Harder* was aground!

planned to take with them. Upon seeing the signal, they pushed the rubber doughnut to which the end of a long line had been attached, into the water, and all three dived over the side immediately after it. There were no paddles for the boat—an oversight which had not been discovered until it was inflated; consequently the rescuing party had to swim it ashore, pushing and pulling it with them. The line attached to the boat would, at least, enable their shipmates to pull it back.

Meanwhile, one of the planes had dropped a rubber boat to the flyer. This one evidently had paddles, for

Helped by the tide, which was on shore, the rescue party soon reached the end of the line paid out from the submarine. At this point, they found they could touch the sloping beach bottom, so Logan left Thomason with the raft, and taking Ryan, set out to reach Galvin, who was drifting away. Alternately swimming and wading across sharp jagged coral reefs, they finally got to him after a half-hour struggle in the surf, and found, as



With all hands on deck, the raft was slowly and carefully heaved in by hand.

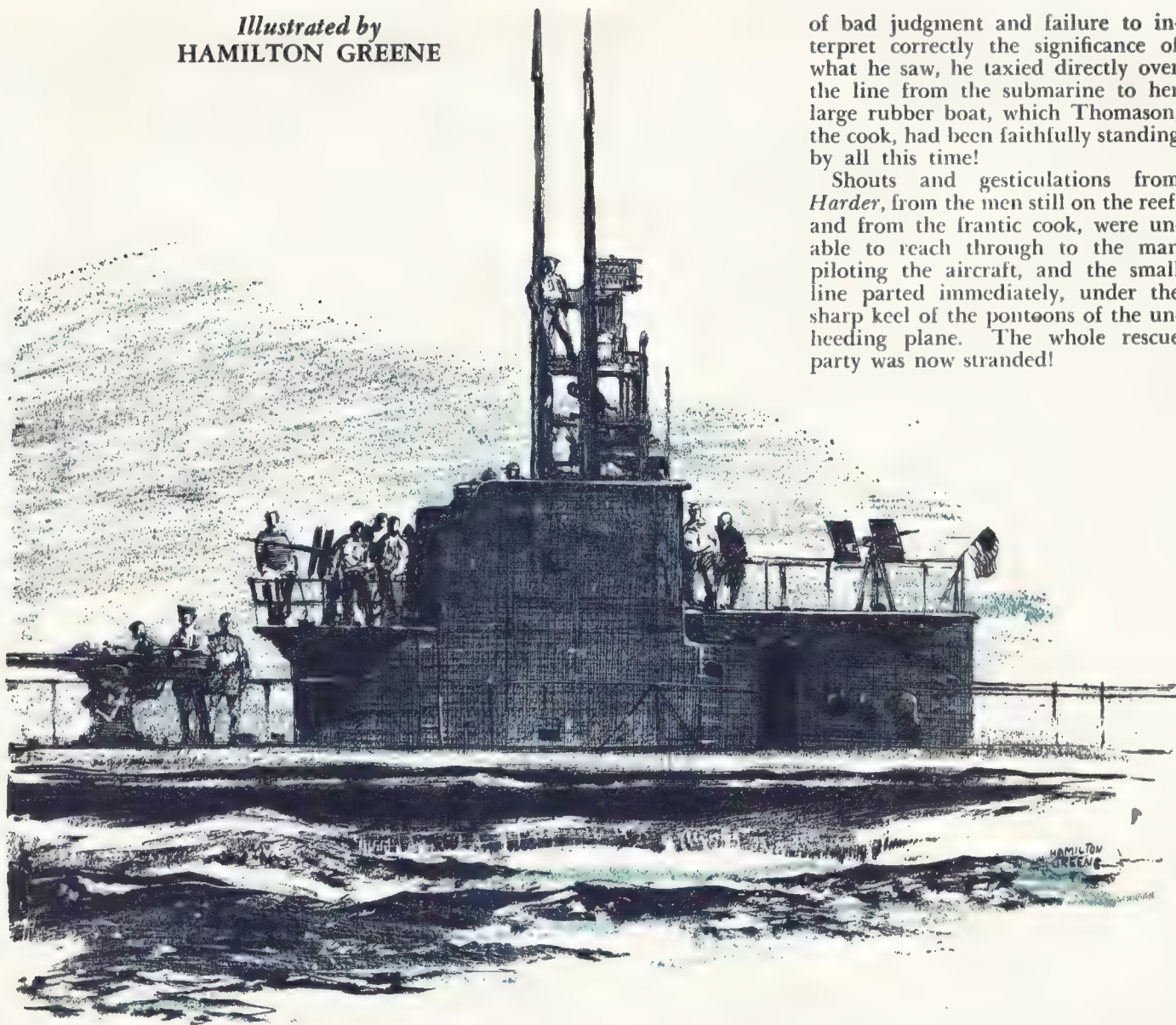
On the bridge, Captain Dealey had now one important thing to do—keep his screws from also going against the reef. It took nice handling and keen judgment to keep things under control. If once the ship were swept broadside to the waves, there was little that anyone could have done for her, and the *Harder* and her whole crew would have been at the mercy of the enraged Japs on Woleai.

As soon as Dealey decided that he was reasonably sure of holding the ship as he wished to, he motioned to the three volunteers who were standing on the bow, surrounded by a group of men assisting them with inflation of the rubber boat they

after inflating it with the carbon-dioxide inflation attachment, Galvin launched it and commenced paddling toward the submarine. It could be seen that he was having difficulty, however. His tiny rubber raft spun around completely several times, as he vainly tried to keep it going in the right direction, and he was making very little progress against the wind and sea. John Galvin's heart and determination were as great as ever, but his sorely taxed body could do no more.

they had expected, that he had expended all of his strength, and was completely done. He had, however, climbed out of his rubber raft and stood on the reef holding on to it, in order to keep from drifting farther away than he had already. Logan and Ryan were also suffering, by this time, from their exertions, and were bleeding steadily from many deep cuts they had received on feet and legs from the coral.

Illustrated by
HAMILTON GREENE



All this time, since they had left the submarine, neither rescuers nor rescuee had given much thought to the beach behind them. A sudden splash in the water alongside of them, not too far away, recalled it to them with a start. A rifle bullet! Snipers! Logan looked around quickly, and motioned to the men clustered on the decks and bridge of his ship. They had seen the splash also, however, and a stream of machine-gun bullets spoke *Harder's* furious answer to the sniper. Apparently there were Japs concealed in the foliage—not caring, of course, to risk a well-aimed shot from one of the guns probing for them from the decks of the submarine.

Sam Dealey had an answer for this situation, too. A word to the planes still forming a protective umbrella overhead, and an on-the-spot strafing attack was organized which effectively interfered with the snipers' operations. Nevertheless occasional bullets whined over the heads of the Americans, or plopped into the water along-

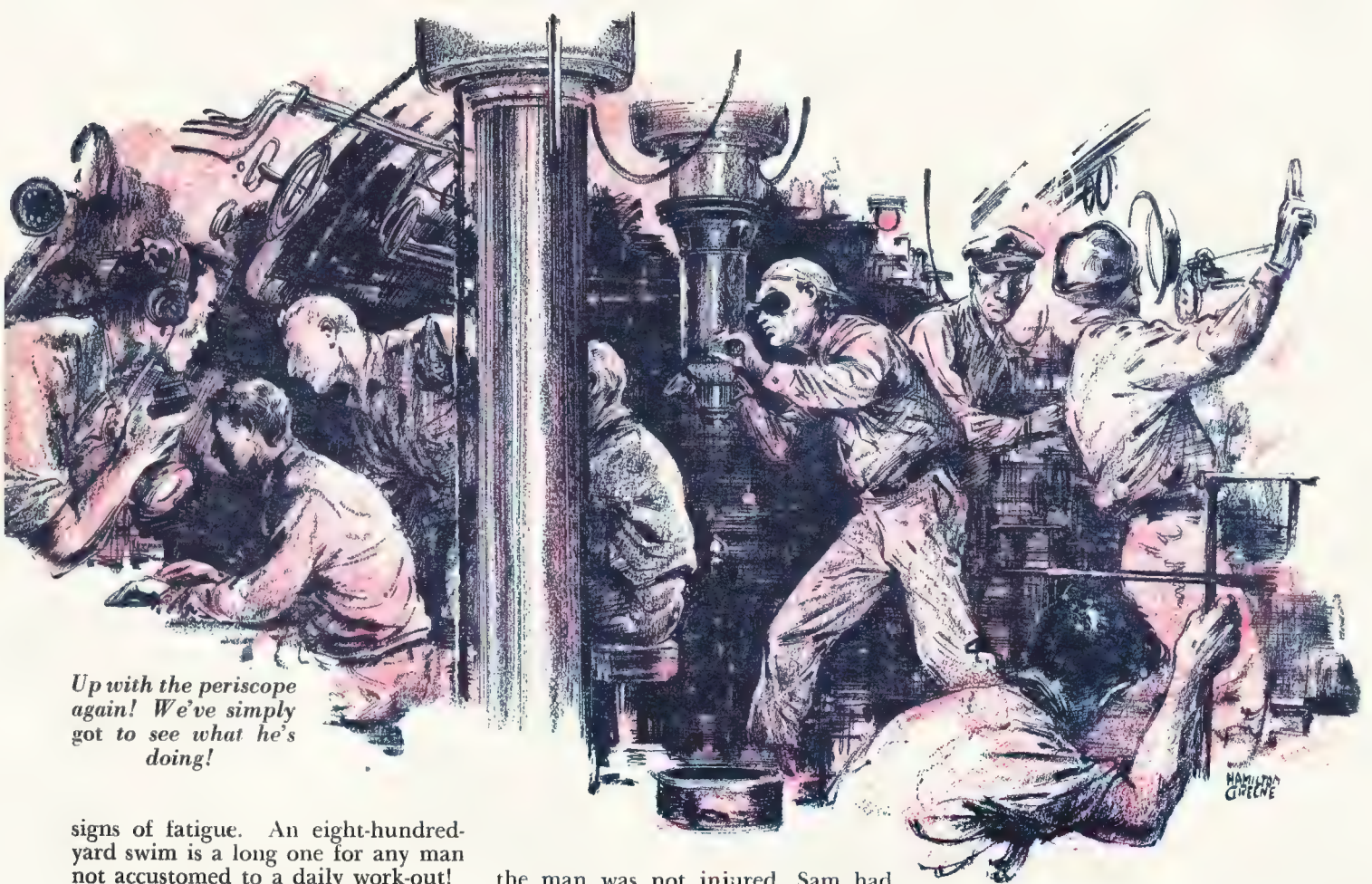
side of them. Though more than one Jap paid with his life under the fusillade of fire evoked each time he showed his position or fired his rifle, their presence, and their occasional shots, were not calculated to ease the situation of the men in the water.

Now that the marooned aviator was in friendly hands again, part of the problem was solved, or at least replaced with another. Pushing and pulling the aviator's rubber raft, into which they had hoisted their completely exhausted erstwhile "objective," Logan and Ryan set out to rejoin the *Harder*. But at this juncture a new element added to their difficulties. Having heard that a pilot was down in the water, one of the ships in the distant task force which had launched the attack had sent a float plane in hopes of finding him and picking him up. This plane arrived on the scene about the time the rescuers had started back to their ship. However, in the hope of being of some help, the pilot landed on the water; and then, because of a mixture

of bad judgment and failure to interpret correctly the significance of what he saw, he taxied directly over the line from the submarine to her large rubber boat, which Thomason, the cook, had been faithfully standing by all this time!

Shouts and gesticulations from *Harder*, from the men still on the reef, and from the frantic cook, were unable to reach through to the man piloting the aircraft, and the small line parted immediately, under the sharp keel of the pontoons of the unheeding plane. The whole rescue party was now stranded!

While all parties stared aghast at this unexpected turn of events, Dealey swung into action. Some of the men on *Harder's* bow commenced swiftly to haul in the now useless line. Others, by much shouting and many gestures, transmitted his order to Thomason to swim back to the ship, and to the others to proceed to the point on the reef nearest the submarine, and wait there. Thomason's fight against the sea and tide was a severe one, narrowly watched by an officer on the bridge of the ship detailed for the purpose. It was obvious that there was no possibility that Lieutenant Logan and Ryan could swim back, burdened as they were. Paquet, a gunner's mate, volunteered to swim another line to the stranded men, but Captain Dealey, playing his cards close to his chest, refused to allow him to leave until Thomason had returned. There was a strong possibility that it might be necessary to rescue the latter first, though the officer keeping his eyes on him reported that he continued swimming strongly with only a few



Up with the periscope again! We've simply got to see what he's doing!

signs of fatigue. An eight-hundred-yard swim is a long one for any man not accustomed to a daily work-out!

With Thomason once safely on board, assisted by a dozen men, some of whom climbed down over the side of the ship, hanging on precariously, using one hand for themselves, the other for their shipmate—thus to put a new twist into a well-known saying of the sea—Dealey gave permission for Paquet to try to swim a line to the reef. Paquet knotted around his waist the end of the same line which the float plane had parted, and dived over the side. Meantime, every piece of line which could be raked up in the ship was pressed into use. Most submarines do not carry twelve hundred yards of light strong line aboard—light enough for a swimmer to handle and haul with him. By using the heaviest pieces last, and handling it very carefully, however, enough was scared up to enable Paquet to swim all the way to the spot on the reef where Logan, Ryan, and Galvin waited. The tide, of course, helped, but it was a long, grueling swim.

The two rescuers still had their small rubber raft with them. To this the end of the line brought by Paquet was made fast; and then, with all hands on deck helping, it was slowly and carefully heaved in by hand, pulling all four men through the surf, against the tide, and finally alongside *Harder*. The whole operation, from start to finish, had taken one hour and twenty minutes.

However, glad as he was to have had a chance to rescue a fallen aviator, Dealey felt under no compulsion to return him to his ship or base. Since

the man was not injured, Sam had him assigned to a bunk in *Harder's* "Officers' Country," and continued on patrol.

It is a matter of record that John Galvin did his best to repay to his rescuers the trouble and risks he had caused them. He voluntarily assumed the whole burden of encoding and decoding messages sent and received by the ship, and in addition took his place on the watch list and became a thoroughly efficient Junior Officer of the Deck. Some of *Harder's* other junior officers were heard to remark that the relief from the coding duties was so welcome they contemplated asking Captain Sam to rescue at least one aviator on every trip! And as for our aviator friend, little did he think, when he blithely took off from U.S.S. *Lexington's* broad decks, that this trip was not to end for over a month, that it would terminate in Australia, and in the interim he would have participated in the sinking of two vessels and the damaging of another!

For when Sam Dealey brought *Harder* into Fremantle, he had sunk one destroyer and one freighter, and had damaged and probably sunk a second destroyer. As he himself chronicled it in his patrol report, his ship now had the pleasure of seeing her total tonnage record of enemy ships exceed the one-hundred-thousand-ton mark—a distinction attained by only a few of our undersea fighters. That it was due entirely to his own efforts, Sam would have indignantly denied, pointing to the outstanding

officers and men who served with him, who, he said, were responsible for making *Harder* what she was.

Frank Lynch, his executive officer, and Sam Logan, his torpedo officer, were his two mainstays, and to them he invariably tried to shift the credit. Frank, a huge behemoth of a man, had been regimental commander at the Naval Academy, as well as first string tackle on the football team. He combined qualities of leadership and physical stamina with a keen searching mind and a tremendous will to fight. Sam, slighter of build, less of an extrovert, was a mathematical shark and had stood first in his class at the academy. He also, under pressure of the war years, had discovered a terrible precise ferocity which possessed him whenever contact with the enemy was imminent.

"With those two madmen pushing me all the time," Dealey was wont to say, "there was nothing I could do but go along!"

It was, however, *Harder's* fifth war patrol which fixed her position, and that of Sam Dealey, for all time in the annals of the U. S. Submarine Force.

On May 26th, 1944, the *Harder* departed from Fremantle, Australia, on what many men have termed the most epoch-making war patrol ever recorded. There were ships which turned in bigger "bags," and there were ships which sank more vessels during a single run. But there were none who ever duplicated the performance of the *Harder* on her fifth

patrol. It must be remembered that Sam Dealey, Frank Lynch and Sam Logan were by now experts who had served long together. Their ship was a veteran, and organized to the peak of perfection in fighting ability. Who can blame Dealey, with this sort of help, for deliberately selecting the most difficult of accomplishments?

For the submarine is primarily a commerce-destroyer. It attacks merchant ships, and any moderate-to-large warship it encounters. But its principal objective is the lifeline of the enemy—its merchant carriers.

The submarine will, of course, similarly try to intercept enemy war vessels. But the destroyer or escort vessel is the bane of the sub's existence, for they are considered too small to shoot successfully, and too dangerous to fool around with.

But Sam Dealey, ever an original man, had a new thought. It was known that the Japanese Navy was critically short of destroyers of all types, first-line or otherwise. Intelligence reports were to the effect that those few they had were being operated week in and week out, without pause even for essential repairs, in their desperate effort to keep their sea-lanes open. Add to this the terrific screen necessary for a fleet movement, and the probability that it could be hamstrung—or at least, rendered extraordinarily vulnerable—if the number of destroyers or escort ships could be substantially reduced. In short, Dealey decided that the war against merchant shipping was entirely too tame for his blood; and he asked for, and received for his operating area, the waters around the major Japanese Fleet Operating Base of Tawi Tawi, in the Sulu Archipelago.

SIBUTU PASSAGE, in Dealey's area, provided a natural focal point for traffic to come through. He planned to strike his first blow there, leaving his calling cards in the bellies of a couple of fat targets, and then standing by for the Jap reaction. Since his initial blows were to be right on the doorstep of the Jap fleet, so to speak, he felt little doubt that there would be plenty of said reaction. On May 26, 1944, *Harder* left Fremantle, and in the morning of June 2 she passed through the Malay Barrier. The strait she used for the transit, Alas Strait, has a four-mile bottleneck at the northern end. Not insensible of the desirability of denying passage to enemy submarines, the Japanese had stationed three small patrol vessels at this point. *Harder's* radar picked them out of the black night well beyond possible visual contact, and they were easily left far astern. Sam Dealey was after bigger game.

During the remainder of that day and the next two, sometimes diving,

sometimes remaining on the surface, the *Harder* held steadily on her way toward the coast of Borneo—avoiding, as she did so, any chance of being seen by the many fishing boats with which the area abounded. Long acquaintance with these fishing boats had convinced most of the submarine skippers that occasionally one might have a radio set, and belong to the Jap Navy.

On June fifth Borneo came into sight, and *Harder* dived for a day's submerged patrolling. Nothing was seen, and that was enough for the impatient Dealey. On June sixth he spent all day on the surface, dodging into and out of rain squalls, working his way up to Sibutu Passage. He would attempt to pass through that very night. Surely that should bring some action!

SHORTLY after sunset on that day, the submarine commenced to run northward up the center of Sibutu Passage, but she was not permitted to continue her course very long.

"Radar contact!" The words never fail to spread to every man in the ship, be he asleep or awake! The ever-vigilant radar has picked up three large ships escorted by three destroyers, likewise coming through the strait, on the opposite course. The first contact worth bothering with, on patrol to date! Maybe this will give Sam the opportunity he needs to leave his calling-cards!

A radar contact and the ensuing maneuvers are by this time old stuff to Sam Dealey and his seasoned crew, but the thrill of the chase never seems to grow old. This appears, however, to be a rather easy situation, as convoy attacks go, for *Harder* finds that she is already on the bow of the group of ships, and has only to solve for course and speed before going in for an attack. The convoy is making pretty good speed, however, and the submarine is forced to work up to her full speed while Sam and his assistants maneuver into the best possible position from which to start the attack. The only fly in the ointment, one might say, is that there is a brilliant full moon, and visibility is excellent, even though by this time it is long after sundown. Plenty of clouds overhead, though; and if luck is with them, they'll attain their sought-for position and submerge on the convoy's track.

Not much longer to go, now! The situation looks good! Sam plans to dive in such a spot that the convoy and its escort will pass on opposite sides of him; thus he'll have a shot at tankers as well as destroyers.

But it is not to be so easy. The convoy changes course, just as it clears Sibutu Passage, and *Harder* is left out in right field. Nothing to do but dig

in, and try to regain what has been lost—but this opportunity is also denied to her! The moon, which has been cooperating beautifully, chooses this instant to come out from behind the clouds and floodlight the entire scene. A careful scrutiny of the convoy escorts confirms the worst suspicion. The submarine has been detected! The nearest destroyer has evidently put on full speed, and is headed directly for her! Great clouds of black smoke boil out of his stacks, as the firerooms are called upon for maximum power; his bow lifts slightly with the force of the thrust, and a huge bow wave, frothing from before his evil knife-like stem, advertises that he intends to have a look-see!

Nothing left to do but run for it. At "All ahead frantic," *Harder* can barely exceed nineteen knots, and it is soon evident that the blankety-blank tin-can astern is clipping them off at twenty-four knots or better. Dealey will have to think of another scheme. The range to the enemy is inexorably reduced to ten thousand yards, then nine thousand, then eighty-five hundred—at this point Sam pulls the plug out from under his ship, and down she goes, stopping neatly at periscope depth. A lesser man might have gone right on down to deep submergence and concentrated upon evasion, and there is little doubt that the Jap destroyer expects just that. It is monstrous bad luck for him that the sub he is after happens to be the *Harder*—for Dealey has no such defensive intentions!

All his fighting spirit has been aroused, and the skipper of the submarine strides the narrow deck of the conning tower as an old-time frigate captain might have paced his quarter-deck. The moment the ship is under water, "Left full rudder!" calls out the skipper.

OBEDIENTLY the submarine alters course to the left, and draws away from the path down which she has been running. A tricky stunt, this, fraught with danger. If the DD up there has enough sense to divine what has occurred, and suspect the trap which has been laid for him, things will be tough, and no mistake! He'll have little trouble in picking up the submarine broadside on with his supersonic sound equipment, and probably will be able to do plenty of damage with an immediate attack!

But he suspects nothing, comes on furiously down the broad wake left by the sub, blunders right across her stern, and is greeted with two torpedoes which hit him under the bow and under the bridge, and break his back.

With his bow torn nearly off and gaping holes throughout the stricken hull, the Jap's stern rises vertically in the air. Clouds of smoke, spray and

steam envelop him, mingled with swift tongues of red flame which feverishly lick at his sides and decks as though hurrying to consume as much as possible before the waters of the sea close over him. Depth charges, normally stowed aft in the depth-charge racks where they will be ready for immediate use, fall out the back of the racks and go crashing down upon the deck slanted beneath them. Some of them, reached by the flames, or perhaps merely detonated upon impact, go off with horrifying explosions which effectively nullify any chance that survivors of the holocaust might have had.

IN the meantime the brain of Sam Dealey has been clicking on all eight cylinders. When you get "on your horse" in a situation such as this, you are capable of almost anything. No sooner does he observe the success of his attack, than he utters one rasping command: "*Surface!*"

Three blasts ring out on the diving alarm—the standard surfacing signal—and the long black hull of *Harder* boils to the surface of the water, barely one thousand yards away and less than two minutes after the detonation of the torpedoes. Water cascades from her decks and bridge structure as the conning-tower hatch is opened and the skipper, followed by a few others, scramble up. He has two reasons for his hurry. First, there may be a chance of saving a Jap or two, and Dealey will do his best to give even a despicable enemy a chance for life. Second, there is a large convoy which this tin-can had been escorting, and there may yet be a chance of catching it.

A quick look around. The place where the destroyer had been is a mass of roiled-up water and oil, and there is a huge cloud of smoke over it all. Chunks of junk are still falling out of the skies—mute testimony to the violence of the explosion, which after all, occurred less than three minutes ago. Nothing whatever can be seen of the unfortunate ship; nor can any survivors be seen. The lure of the convoy is calling, but Sam resolves to give the Japs one more chance, if there are any of them around. A difficult decision to make, for the rules of war say: "Attack first, then save life." But Dealey, for all his astute bloodthirstiness, is a humane man, and he plays his hand as he see it.

"Answer bells on four main engines!" The order is relayed immediately by telephone to the maneuvering-room, where all the electrical and propulsion control of the ship is handled. The electrician's mates on watch in that compartment (normally three but now, at battle stations, increased to five) give the signal to start engines to the engine-rooms. As soon

as the "ready" signal is received from the engine-rooms, a complicated play on levers, switches and rheostats is commenced. Within a matter of seconds after the order was received from the bridge, four Diesel engines are rolling over at minimum speed, muttering their readiness to answer all demands made on them.

"All ahead one-third!" This is a surprise—why four engines to go only at one-third speed? The skipper has something up his sleeve, obviously. One-third speed it is, and there is hardly a change in the beat of the sixteen-cylinder V-type engines as they take up the easy load.

Up on the bridge, however, the Captain's object is immediately evident, as the rudder is put over to reverse course. *Harder* heads unhesitatingly back, at slow speed, toward the spot where the destroyer had sunk. Everyone on the bridge strains his eyes to see if there are any survivors floating about. Rescue gear, consisting of a life-ring made fast to a long piece of light line, two life jackets, a boat-hook and a grapnel are brought up, and one officer and one enlisted man prepare to go over the side to haul one aboard, if it should prove necessary.

Slowly, now, the submarine cruises through the area—nothing is to be seen, other than a rather heavy oil slick. Passing through, the rudder is put over again, and she reverses course once more, to pass through it a second time. Still no luck, and Sam Dealey feels he has done his best, certainly more than the Japs would have done for him and his crew, had the situation been reversed. A second command goes down to the maneuvering-room:

"All ahead flank! Make maximum full power!"

This is the order the electrician's mates have been waiting for. More working with rheostats, more shifting of levers. This time the even beat of the Diesels increases smoothly, but oh, so quickly, into the full-power roar which is the song of the Submarine Force. Engine revolutions go up to the maximum, and a little over, as the governors are brought up hard against their stops. The timbre of the engine beat grows deeper, as engine loading is also increased to the maximum. The needles on the cylinder temperature dials rise steadily under the increased demands made upon the engines; injector pressure rises; and a greatly increased volume of air is sucked into the engine-rooms to feed the greedy cylinders. With engines at slow speed and low power, there is a moderately strong suction, and the air currents from the main induction outlets in the compartments are fairly heavy; but when full power is called for, there is a veritable gale

of wind produced, which will sweep before it anything not securely tied down!

In the maneuvering-room, the result of all the activity in the engine-rooms shows itself merely as increased volts and amperes on some of the dials before the intent watchers. But that change in itself requires some adjustments—and the end result is that the two heavy propeller shafts beneath them in the motor-room increase their revolutions per minute, speeding up ever faster, until they are straining at their maximum full r.p.m. On the ends of the shafts, the great four-bladed propellers have increased their swishing beat until the whole after end of the ship trembles with the unleashed power of her. The reduction gears' whine has increased to a high-pitched shriek, and an atmosphere of tenseness and watchfulness has descended upon everything.

To the bridge watchers more than anyone, it is evident that *Harder* has darted ahead with surprising speed. Twenty knots, her designers built her for, and with the enemy practically in sight, she is doing every bit of that, and more. The trembling you feel on the bridge is probably partly the shaking of the structure of the ship, and partly the shaking of your own nerves. There is a rhythm and a cadence to it which set your pulses pounding and your heart racing, and your loins have tightened into a knot. There is a clearness to the air, and a straightness of the wake astern, and a positiveness and directness of everything you do. And there is a steadiness of your hand which belies the trembling in the pit of your stomach, a steadiness of your voice which belies the turmoil in your soul, a fierce joy of fighting and a fear of dying, for you are going into combat!

The convoy was last tracked on a course for Tarakan Island, not far from Sibutu Passage, where there was an anchorage presumably safe from submarine attack. It had developed into a race to see who could get to Tarakan first!

THE radar operator is watching his screen avidly, not only for information as to the whereabouts of the convoy, but in case the enemy happens to have had the foresight to detach another destroyer to make sure of the submarine attacked by the first. Indeed, since he should by this time have become suspicious at the lack of news, maybe he will have suspected what has happened. In that case, the second tin-can is a certainty.

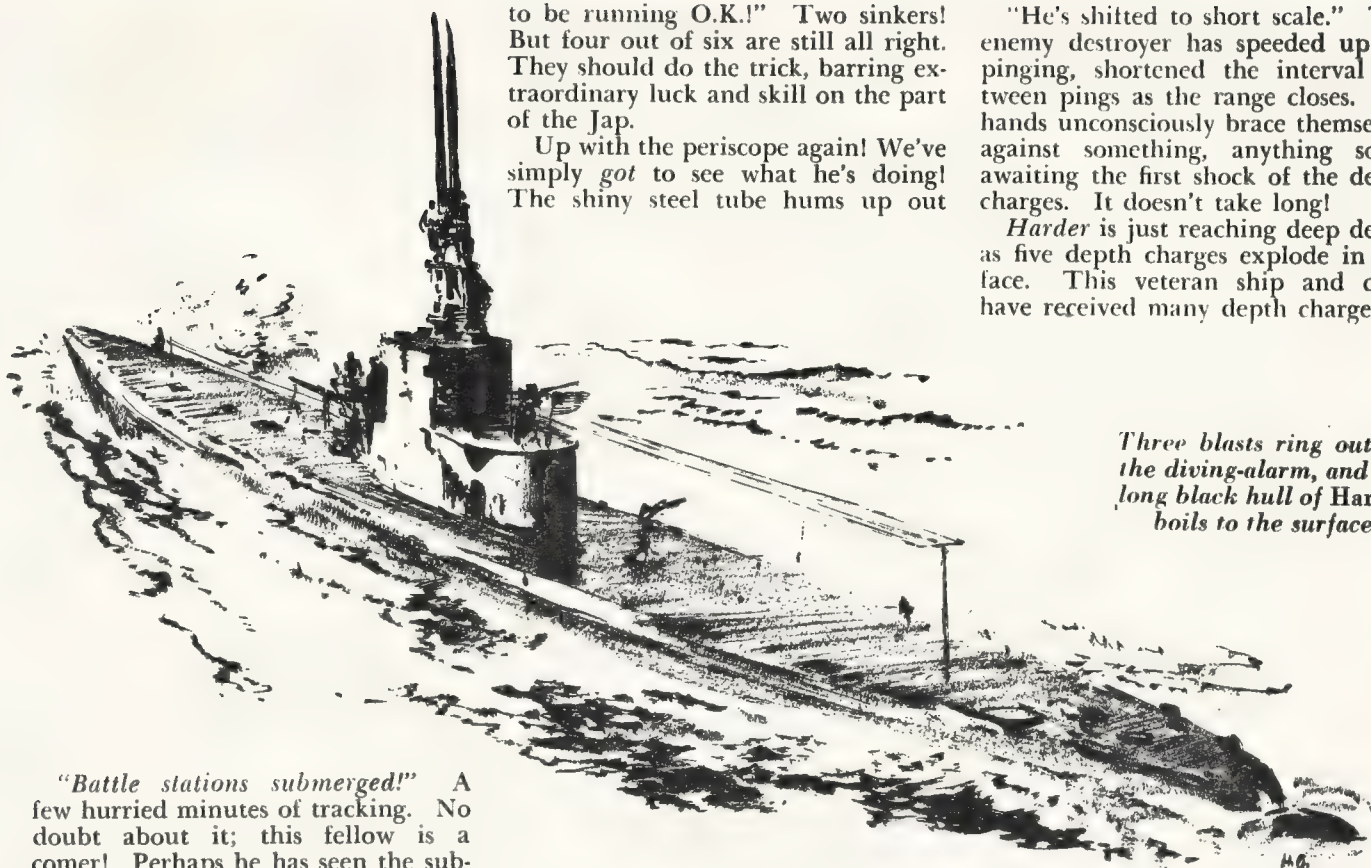
"Radar contact!" Sure enough! It was entirely too good to last! Another destroyer, and not far away! From the speed with which the range diminishes, it is obvious that he is heading directly for *Harder*!

to be running O.K.!" Two sinkers! But four out of six are still all right. They should do the trick, barring extraordinary luck and skill on the part of the Jap.

Up with the periscope again! We've simply got to see what he's doing! The shiny steel tube hums up out

"He's shifted to short scale." The enemy destroyer has speeded up his pinging, shortened the interval between pings as the range closes. All hands unconsciously brace themselves against something, anything solid, awaiting the first shock of the depth charges. It doesn't take long!

Harder is just reaching deep depth as five depth charges explode in her face. This veteran ship and crew have received many depth charges in



Three blasts ring out on the diving-alarm, and the long black hull of Harder boils to the surface.

"Battle stations submerged!" A few hurried minutes of tracking. No doubt about it; this fellow is a comer! Perhaps he has seen the submarine, although that seems hardly possible, since the sub, in that case, could be held liable for not having kept a proper lookout watch—on the face of it, and in the circumstances, unthinkable. Maybe he has radar information—we've been suspecting the Japs of this for some time; maybe this is the payoff. Or maybe he's merely running down the most probable bearing of the submarine, based on previous information. At any rate, *Harder* had better get out of the way!

"Take her down! Dive, dive!" There may still be a chance of going after the convoy, but this new fellow requires attention first. Again the approach. Not so easy as the last time. This bird is wary, and zig-zagging. He's alert, no question of it, and he no doubt is fully aware of what happened to his buddy. On he comes, weaving first one way, then the other. It is now fairly dark. Broken clouds obscure the moon, and deprive Sam Dealey of the light he sorely needs to make accurate observations. The destroyer is a dim blur in the periscope. Ranges are inaccurate, and estimations of enemy course difficult to make. Finally, with the best information he can set into the TDC, Sam gives the order to fire. Get the jump on the enemy! That's the Dealey creed. Six torpedoes flash out toward the oncoming destroyer!

Sound listens intently for the sound of the proper functioning of the deadly fish. A white-faced operator turns to the skipper. "Can't hear the first two!" he gasps. "Last four seem

of its well; the skipper's eye glues to it, his face presses tightly against the rubber buffer around the eyepiece. Time stands still for the members of the fire-control party—as it does, indeed, for every man aboard. You have no way of knowing what is going on except through the eyes of the Captain. From his attitude, and his actions, plus what few words of description he might remember to say, you make up your own picture of the "topside."

This time they do not have long to wait. The Captain's figure stiffens. "He's seen them! He's turning this way! Take her down!" As the submarine noses over in obedience to the command, Sam gets a last sight of the enemy ship twisting radically, first one way, then the other, as she avoids the torpedoes. Almost inaudibly, he mutters: "Good work, you so-and-so!"

AND that was as far as Dealey's accolade of the enemy's maneuvers went, for he had much to do, and a very short time in which to do it. *Harder* is immediately rigged for depth charges and for "silent running," which, as the term implies, means to stop all non-essential machinery.

The sound-man has suddenly become the most important man in the ship. All hands hang upon his words, as he deliberately turns his sound head control wheel. "Target is starting a run!" One might have thought the sound operator were reporting a drill, instead of a life-or-death battle.

the past, but a depth charge is something you never get used to. The whole ship shudders convulsively as the explosions rain upon her, and the vibration of the hull swiftly fills the air with clouds of dust particles and bits of debris from broken light bulbs and other fragile fixtures.

In the control-room a new man is on the stern planes. This is his first patrol, and he is doing the best he can, straining perhaps a little too hard in his anxiety to have everything perfect. The stern-plane indicators stop moving. He instantly deduces that the electrical control for the stern planes has been damaged. Quick as thought, he shifts into hand power, frantically tugging at the slow-moving change gear. Then, panting heavily and a little flustered, he rapidly spins the wheel—the wrong way! It takes less time to do than it does to tell about it. The power to the stern planes had not been lost; merely the indicating circuit; but the worst feature is that as *Harder* reaches maximum submergence, she has full dive on her stern planes instead of full rise!

In a second everyone realizes that something is wrong. Instead of gradually decreasing its angle, the ship tilts down even more, as though going into an outside loop. The deck slants at nearly an impossible angle and the depth-gauge needle goes unheedingly past the three-hundred-foot mark.

"All hands aft on the double!" The diving officer's harsh command starts everyone moving, with the exception of those who are required to remain at their stations. In the meantime he quickly looks the situation over, and, reaching over the struggling stern-planesman's shoulders, flips a tiny switch which cuts in the emergency stern-plane angle indicator—which should have been energized previously. The emergency indicator shows "Full Dive." Grasping the wheel, the diving officer puts his shoulder and whole body into countering the frenzied effort of the now frantic stern-planesman, wrests it away from him and commences to spin the wheel counter-clockwise. He works silently, with the furious speed of urgency. When he finally has the planes corrected to full rise, he turns them back again to the trembling sailor who caused the trouble.

"Watch this," he says, pointing to the emergency angle indicator. No time now for investigation or instruction. The angle is coming off of the ship. She finally levels off, far below her designed depth, and then commences to rise again. Forty-odd men huddled in the after parts of the ship create a rather large unbalanced weight. The stern planes in hand power are slow to turn; the bow of the ship continues to rise, and the deck tilts again in the opposite direction. The men who had been sent aft understand what is going on and stream forward as soon as the ship commences to rise; but it is not until she is halfway back to the surface that she is finally brought under control.

In the meantime the destroyer has reversed course and returned to the vicinity of where the five depth charges were dropped, and the problems of the hard-working men in the control-room are increased by another severe hammering.

You have to hand it to this destroyer. He has taken the initiative away from the submarine, and has effectively protected his convoy. Sam Dealey's only thought by this time is to get away from him. It takes a few hours to do so, but finally *Harder* comes to the surface several miles away from the vicinity of the attack. This has been an eventful four hours!

LATE afternoon of the next day; *Harder's* crew is still resting from the strenuous previous evening. The ship is patrolling submerged, and everything appears to be calm and peaceful, when the musical "bong-bong-bong" of the general alarm shatters the quiet of the sleeping crew. They dash to their stations, hardly pausing to throw on shoes or other clothing. The word flashes almost instantly throughout the ship:

"Another destroyer!"

This is a fast one. There has been a slight haze on the surface and the range at sighting is four thousand yards, angle on the bow port twenty. *Harder* turns and heads toward the enemy, preparing all torpedo tubes as she does so. At three thousand yards the destroyer turns and heads directly toward the submarine as though he had sighted the periscope in the glassy smooth sea. He commences weaving, first to one side and then to the other, and increases speed rapidly as he roars in. No question but that he has detected the submarine! Sam will have to fire right down his throat in order to get him! If he misses—well, he had just better not miss. If the destroyer catches the submarine at shallow depth, things will be pretty tough. The range closes quickly. Two thousand yards! Fifteen hundred yards! Sound has been listening intently to the target's screws coming in and speeding up as he does so; but like all good sound-men, he trains his gear from side to side to check on all sectors. Suddenly he sings out loudly: "Fast screws bearing 090, short-scale pinging!"

This can mean only one thing, but there is not time to look now. Keep calm, keep cool, one thing at a time, this bird up ahead is coming on the range. Get him first and worry about the other later!

One thousand yards! Stand by forward! Stand by one! Angle on the bow ten port, increasing. We have to wait a second until he has come to the limit of his weave in that direction and is starting back! Angle on the bow port twenty, range seven hundred yards. He stops swinging.

"Bearing, mark," snaps the skipper, "Stand by."

Sam Logan on the TDC makes an instantaneous but careful check of his instrument and observes that the generated target bearing on the TDC is exactly the same as the periscope bearing.

"Set!" he snaps back at his skipper.

"Fire!" There is a small but very perceptible jolt transmitted to the hull of the submarine as she disgorges one of her deadly missiles. Logan takes up the count at the TDC, spacing his torpedoes deliberately so that they cannot possibly run into each other, and so that they will diverge slightly as they race toward the destroyer. One after the other two more torpedoes flash out toward the careening destroyer.

"Right full rudder, all ahead full!" Dealey hurls the orders from the periscope as he stands there, his eyes glued to his instrument, watching for the success or failure of his daring attack.

Suddenly he shouts: "Check fire!" Almost simultaneously a heavy explosion is felt by everyone in the submarine. There is no need to pass the

word what that was. It is instantly evident to all hands! They have heard plenty of torpedo explosions already. Dealey has stayed Sam Logan's hand even as the latter was about to shoot the fourth torpedo—precious as they are, there is no use wasting extra fish!

WITH full speed and full rudder *Harder* has already commenced to gather way through the water and turn away from the destroyer. The captain continues watching, however, and is rewarded by seeing his third torpedo smash into the stern of the destroyer. Clouds of smoke, steam, and debris rise from the stricken enemy high over the tops of his masts. He is so close that he continues coming, although his directive force and power are both gone, and it behooves *Harder* to get clear, which she is doing to the best of her ability.

Suddenly there is a tremendous explosion, far more violent than heretofore experienced. The submarine trembles and shakes from stem to stern and the noise is almost deafening. Surprisingly, there is less cork dust and debris tossed about inside in spite of the seemingly much greater-than-usual shock. The destroyer's magazines have let go at a range of three hundred yards, and within a minute after first being hit, his gutted, smoking remains are beneath the waves. From time of sighting to time of sinking has taken nine minutes.

But what about this other set of screws, which sound has been nervously reporting for the past two minutes on the starboard beam? The skipper starts to swing his periscope to that bearing but is interrupted by the sound-man's yell:

"Fast screws close aboard! He's starting his run!"

Can't wait for a look! "Take her down!" shouts Dealey to the hatch leading to the control-room, through which he can see the close-cropped black hair of his diving officer. At the same time he motions with his thumbs for the periscope to be lowered all the way.

Obediently the stern planes are put on full dive, and negative tank, which is used in cases of this type to acquire quick negative buoyancy and thus speed the descent, is flooded by the simple expedient of opening the hydraulically operated flood valve and then venting the air out of the tank into the ship.

By this time the beat of the attacking ship's propellers no longer requires a sound receiver for it to be perfectly audible to everyone in the conning tower. Mingled with the swoosh of the incoming air from negative and the sudden accompanying increase in pressure, is the measured, malevolent, vindictive "Thum-thum-

thum - thum - thum - thum" of the destroyer's screws, getting louder and louder as they approach.

"Rig for depth charge! Rig for silent running!" It is hardly necessary for Dealey to give these commands. Everything which was not absolutely essential to the attack has already been turned off, and at the sound of the enemy's propellers, men have—without orders—already commenced to secure everything else.

With her rudder hard over, *Harder* rushes for the depths, hoping to get a protective covering of water between her and the enemy. She has not quite reached her maximum allowed submergence when the first depth charges go off.

This chap is pretty good too, and he doesn't waste many! "*Wham, wham, wham!*" Then he waits a minute to note the effect. "*Wham—Wham!*" He waits a brief period longer, then turns and comes back.

"*Wham — wham, wham, wham, wham!*" No indiscriminate depth charging for this destroyer, but careful sharpshooting all the way. He is, without doubt, a dangerous customer.

Twisting and turning, always presenting his stern to the destroyer and endeavoring to make away from the area of the attack, Sam Dealey matches his wits with the enemy. After four hours he manages to shake him loose, and returns to periscope depth.

Up periscope! As the eyepiece rises out of the periscope well the skipper's eye glues to it, rising from his haunches, he follows it up to the fully extended position, sweeps it around rapidly through 360°, lowers the periscope, and raps out "Battle stations submerged." The crew has not been completely released from the previous session of battle stations but they have been standing easy at their posts. It takes about three seconds for all stations to report fully manned and ready.

"What is it, Captain?" Lynch asks. "More destroyers?"

"Yeah, two more of the bastards." Dealey draws his words. "Here we go again!"

The destroyers are only eight thousand yards away. *Harder* maneuvers for position and the range closes slowly to four thousand yards. Nothing daunts this undersea raider! But at four thousand yards both destroyers, as if knowing of the foe lying in wait for them, reverse course and rapidly disappear in the distance. The skipper gives the order to secure from battle stations, and with almost an audible sigh of relief, the crew relaxes. A careful look around the horizon. There is nothing to be seen. Dealey drops down the conning-tower hatch for the first time in six hours, but he is not given much rest.



This chap is really coming. . . . It will be a down-the-throat shot!

In less than an hour he is back at the periscope. The OOD has sighted two more destroyers. As Dealey ceaselessly goes round and round the periscope, scanning the horizon, he sights a third one, then a fourth—then a fifth, then a sixth! All six are in

line of bearing headed for *Harder!* At this point the patrol report deviates somewhat from a strictly matter-of-fact chronology—for Dealey simply could not resist inserting a comment to the effect that such popularity must be deserved.

It is on record that *Harder's* captain was now torn between two emotions: The desire to go after the enemy and tangle with them in hopes of getting one or two more, and a much more prudent and sensible decision to beat it. In the end, the latter judgment prevailed.

It is presumed that the six destroyers patrolled back and forth for some time before reluctantly concluding that the submarine or submarines responsible for sinking two of their number were not to be found.

But all was not over yet. For only two days later, shortly before dawn, *Harder* was detected and bombed by a plane. The bomb exploded close aboard while she was on her way down, and it is strongly suspected that the subsequent sighting of two destroyers to the westward shortly before noon was a result of a report made by the plane. Once again, what with air cover and the glassy smooth sea which existed in the locality, *Harder* decided to play it safe and evade.

But not so that night! Shortly after sunset, while the submarine was running on the surface off Tawi Tawi, one of the bridge lookouts sighted two destroyers dead ahead. Now the conditions were a little more to Dealey's liking, and the odds not so uneven!

The battle-stations alarm is sounded again, and in but a few minutes the submarine slips silently beneath the waves. The destroyers are on a line of bearing, and Dealey hopes to get them both with a single salvo. Closer and closer they draw. On a submarine search, obviously, but little do they know how close the object of their search actually is!

Twenty minutes after being sighted, the two destroyers pass in an overlapping formation across the bow of the submarine at a range of about one thousand yards. This is the moment Dealey has been waiting for! He plans to shoot at the nearest destroyer. Any torpedoes that miss will have a chance of hitting the second target.

"Stand by forward." The well-drilled crew spring to their stations, make the last-minute preparations for shooting torpedoes, and stand by to let them go.

THEY do not have long to wait! The same old routine is gone through, final bearing is set into the TDC, and four torpedoes evenly spaced, flash out toward the enemy.

Dealey stands staring through his periscope. In the faint light of the early evening, he figures that he can take a chance on keeping it up. He is fascinated, as are all hunters, by the dramatic moment when the target is finally fired upon. The slightly

phosphorescent wake of white bubbles made by each torpedo can clearly be seen through the periscope. The thinly spaced fan of a torpedo spread, —like four ever-lengthening fingers—reaches out with maddening slowness across the half-mile distance to the target.

As the skipper watches, the first torpedo passes just ahead, and misses. The second one should hit. The skipper watches tensely, noting with equanimity the fact that the torpedoes have been discovered and that the target is commencing to swing toward in hope of avoiding. The second torpedo hits near the bow, and a few seconds later the third hits under the bridge. Two heavy geysers of water leap from the side of the doomed ship, towering well above his mast. With the second hit there is also a momentary flash as though from a sudden burst of flame. In a moment, flames spring out all over the forward section, glowing brightly in their macabre dance. The fourth torpedo misses astern.

At this juncture, Dealey swings his ship with hard right rudder, getting ready for a set up on the second destroyer if that should prove to be necessary. The first destroyer, now burning furiously, continues on his way, slowing down rapidly, as simple momentum takes the place of live power from his propellers. Behind his stern Dealey can again see the second vessel, just in time to see the fourth and last torpedo crash into him! It is instantly apparent that no additional torpedoes will be needed for either vessel!

Gripping the periscope handles, Dealey swings the scope back to the first ship, which he notes, subconsciously, is by this time only 400 yards away, broadside to. He is just in time to observe another explosion take place amidships in the unfortunate ship. The destroyer's decks buckle in the center and open up with the force of the blast, which happens to occur just under the after stack. Momentarily everything in the vicinity is blotted out, but Dealey gets the impression that the stack has been blown straight into the air!

In a moment the force of the explosion hits *Harder*, with sufficient strength to make her heel over, away from its source. However, Dealey's interest is too great to allow him to be perturbed. He swings back quickly to the second destroyer, observes an even more powerful and, in the gathering darkness, totally blinding explosion from under her bridge! The explosion in the first destroyer had probably been a boiler reached by sea water; that in the second was evidently his magazines. Not until then does Dealey finally turn the periscope over to his eagerly waiting executive

officer, who has been practically frothing in his desire to see too.

Within a matter of minutes both ships have disappeared, and *Harder* is once more on the surface, sniffing about at the scene of destruction, and then clearing the area at high speed in the event that planes might be sent from Tawi Tawi to investigate the sudden disappearance of two more destroyers.

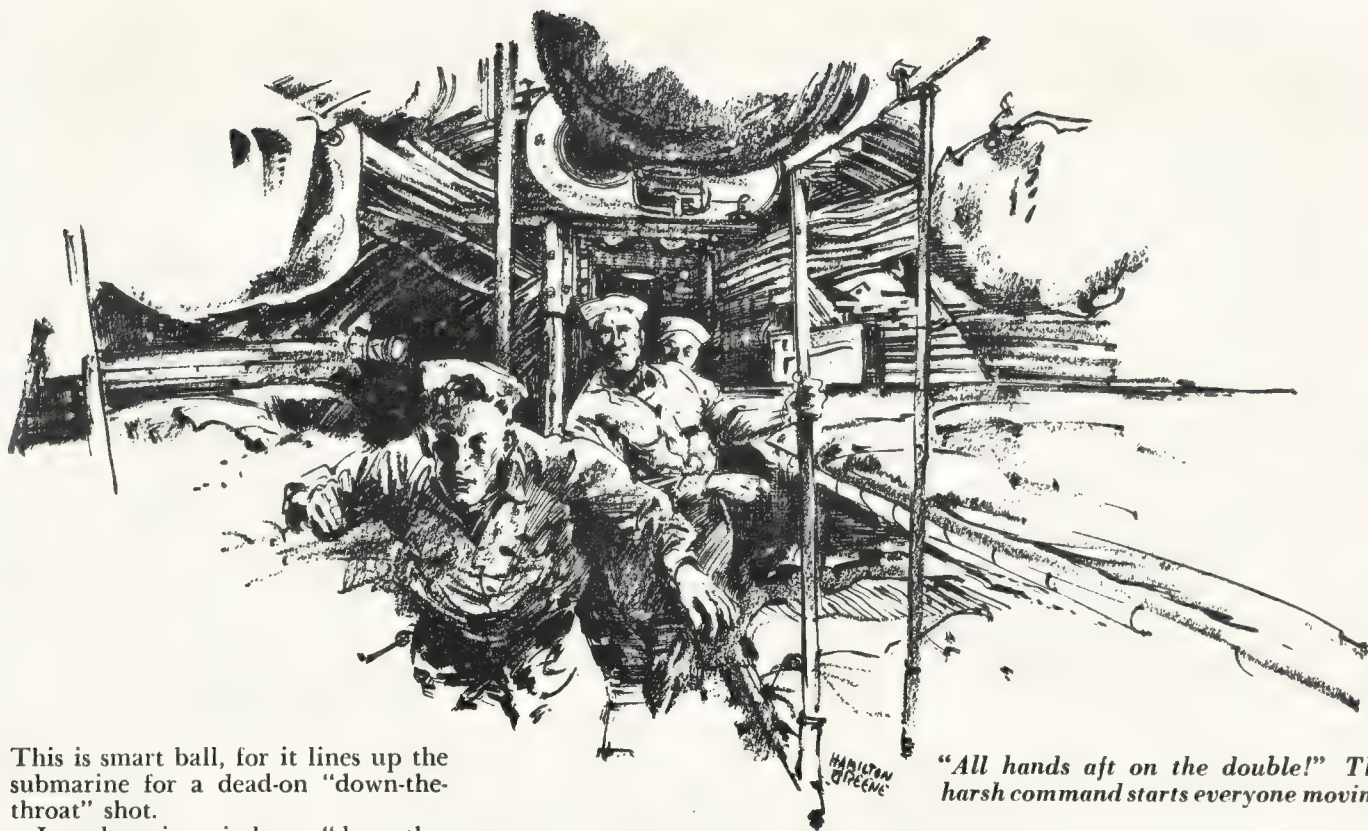
NEXT morning *Harder* was a few miles south of Tawi Tawi, reconnoitering the anchorage. At about nine o'clock two destroyers were sighted, evidently on a submarine search. Perfectly willing to oblige them, Sam Dealey called his crew to battle stations and commenced an approach on them. However, their search plan evidently did not include the spot where the submarine lay, and they passed on over the horizon, never having approached within torpedo range. In the late afternoon, a large Japanese task force, consisting of several battleships and cruisers, was sighted, escorted by half a dozen or more destroyers and three or four aircraft circling overhead. *Harder* was out of position for an attack, but it appeared that here was an opportunity for a contact report which might enable some other submarine to get into position to trap the task force later on.

While watching the largest battleship, which appeared to be one of Japan's two mystery ships—huge sixty-thousand-ton monsters, Dealey saw her suddenly become enveloped in heavy black smoke, and in a few moments three distant explosions were heard. It was possible that one of our other submarines had made an attack!

Suddenly a destroyer darted out of the confused melee of ships and headed direct for *Harder*! Perhaps her periscope had been sighted! From the size of the destroyer's bow wave, and the terrific beat of his propellers, there was no doubt but that trouble was coming, and fast!

"Battle stations submerged!" Again the musical note, and again the crew dash through the ship to get to their stations. This chap is really coming, and there is not much chance of avoiding the drubbing he is due to dish out.

At maximum full speed his bow is high out of water, pushing a huge smother of white bow wave to either side. His stern squats in the trough created by his own passage, and black smoke pours from his stacks, to be swept aft by the wind of his passing. This might be an inspiring sight, were it not that he is coming after you, and will get you if he can. *Harder* turns and swings her bow directly toward the onrushing vessel.



This is smart ball, for it lines up the submarine for a dead-on "down-the-throat" shot.

In submarine circles a "down-the-throat" shot is a very tough shot to make good, although it is possible. You ordinarily desire to hit your target on the beam as he goes by, and you are able more or less to choose your own time to shoot. In a down-the-throat shot you have no choice; you cannot shoot too soon, and you cannot wait too long. Furthermore, you cannot sit around at periscope depth watching what goes on. A torpedo hit might stop a ship, and then again it might not. If he knows where you are, he will definitely try to run over you. All the more is this true when the target is a destroyer, and when you, in turn, are his target. *Harder* and *Tanikase* are now locked in mortal combat, like two ancient knights. One or the other will probably not survive!

Things are deathly quiet in *Harder's* conning tower. There is no problem to solve by TDC or by plotting parties, except the determination of the approximate range at which to fire. His bearing remains steady; the torpedo gyros remain on zero. The target's angle on the bow remains absolute zero, and he is echo-ranging steadily, rapidly, and right on.

The range closes with fantastic speed. Dealey makes an observation every thirty seconds or so. The periscope is almost in continuous motion. The sweat peels off his face, drips off the ends of his fingers as they grip the periscope handles—all else in the conning tower is stockstill as though time had ceased to function, except for the range counters on the TDC, which steadily indicate less and less range.

Range four thousand yards! Only a few minutes to go! The sound-man, intently listening to the approaching propeller beats, reports: "He has slowed down."

Through the periscope it is obvious that he has indeed slowed down. His bow wave is smaller, and he now appears to be digging his bow deeper into it as the stern rises somewhat.

"Turn count fifteen knots!" from the sound man.

Wily fellow, this chap! He knows he is approaching the submarine, and plans to search the area carefully.

On he comes. Still no deviation in course, headed directly for the submarine's periscope. Probably he has seen it, and he no doubt plans to run right over it as he drops his depth charges. Not being a submarine man, he probably fails to realize that that periscope has been popping up and down in nearly the same place entirely too precisely, and entirely too long. Perhaps he doesn't realize that the submarine is obviously making no attempt to escape.

IN *Harder's* conning tower, the range dials on the TDC have reached one thousand five hundred yards; target's speed is fifteen knots, angle on the bow zero, relative bearing zero, torpedo gyros zero.

"Stand by to shoot! Up periscope!"

The periscope whines softly as it rises out of its well. At this moment another report from sound: "Fast screws! Close aboard starboard beam!"

Another ship—destroyer, of course!

"All hands aft on the double!" The harsh command starts everyone moving.

The thought flashes through Dealey's mind with a small shock. He has been so intent on laying a trap for this fellow dead ahead that he has neglected to look about for others who might be coming!

"Too late to worry about him now," Dealey mutters to himself, squatting before the periscope well. Aloud, he says, "To hell with him! Let's get this so-and-so up ahead." So saying, he grasps the periscope handles as they rise out of the well, straightens them out to the extended position and applies his right eye to the rubber covered eyepiece in the base of the barrel. As the periscope continues to rise he rises with it.

"Bearing, mark!" The periscope starts down. "No change," barks out Dealey, meaning that the situation is exactly as it should be.

"Set!" from Sam Logan on the TDC.

"Fire!"—from Lynch, who as assistant approach officer is responsible that all details of the approach have been correctly executed and the proper settings made on the torpedoes. The ship lurches; one torpedo is on the way. Sam Logan deliberately waits five seconds; then he turns a handle on the face of the TDC a fraction of a degree to the right, and quietly says again, "Set."

"Fire." A second torpedo speeds on its way. Logan turns the handle again, to the left this time.

"Set."

"Fire." *Harder* shudders for the third time as a torpedo is ejected.



In all, three torpedoes are speeding toward the enemy destroyer.

There is no time to waste looking around. Not even time to try to identify the source of the extra set of screws on the starboard beam.

"Take her down! All ahead full! Right full rudder." If the torpedoes miss, *Harder* will have two minutes to gain depth before the destroyer is on top of her. *Take her down!*

Lynch has a stop watch in his hand. Logan is intently watching the face of his TDC, where a timer dial is whirling around.

The suspense is unbearable. *Harder* has already tilted her nose down, and is heading for the protection of the depths at full speed but she has not, of course, moved very far yet.

"How long?" The voice is Dealey's.

"Forty-five seconds, Captain! . . . Should be hitting any minute now!"

The incongruity of his reply bothers Frank Lynch not one bit.

"Fifty seconds!" You would have thought that Logan was timing a track meet.

"Fifty-five seconds!" And precisely as the words are uttered, there is a terrific detonation! One torpedo has struck home!

"Sixty seconds!" Logan is still unperturbed. At that instant another terrific explosion rocks the submarine! Two hits for three fish! Dealey smiles a tight smile of exultation. That is one son of heaven who won't be bothering anyone for a while!

But there is no time to indulge in an orgy of back-slapping. *Harder* has reached only eighty feet in her plunge downward, and is passing right beneath the destroyer. This is an excellent move, for it will confuse and interfere with the author of that other

set of propellers. However, Dealey has not reckoned with the tremendous effect of his torpedoes! Just as the submarine arrives beneath the enemy ship, there is the most deafening, prolonged, series of rumblings and explosions anyone on board has ever heard! Either the enemy's boilers, or his magazines have exploded! In fact, the noise and shock is so terrific that there is a strong possibility that boilers and magazines have gone off together!

But this merry afternoon is just started. For the other set of propeller beats now joins in the game, and proceeds to hand out a goodly barrage as *Harder* still frantically seeks the shelter of deep depths. He has evidently radioed for help, also, and it isn't long before Sam Dealey is able to distinguish a different sort of explosion amid the rain of depth charges. Air-



Dealey gets the impression the stack has been blown straight into the air!

report merely states: "It is amazing that the ship could have gone through such a terrific pounding and jolting around with such minor damage."

Harder sighted several more anti-submarine vessels during the remainder of this patrol, but none of them were destroyer size, and all seemed far from aggressive. Indeed, nothing more of note occurred during the patrol, which terminated at Darwin, Australia; a few days later.

However laconic and matter-of-fact Sam Dealey may have been about the patrol just completed, our own Submarine Force Commander, and indeed, the Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in the area, recognized an outstanding job when they saw one. They had one advantage over Dealey, in addition to the latter's natural unassuming modesty. They had been sitting on the sidelines, reading the dispatches and noting the Japanese reaction. Reports had come from all sides, wondering what the Americans had turned loose off Tawi Tawi! The Jap radio had blared unceasingly that a submarine task force of unprecedented magnitude had been operating off that fleet base, that several submarines had been sunk, but that they had, of course, themselves sustained some losses. Each time a submarine sinking had been claimed, Admiral Christy and his staff had mentally crossed their fingers; each time events proved that *Harder* was still very much alive, they had drawn huge sighs of relief. And finally, when Sam Dealey had reported "Mission accomplished," and had started for home, their jubilation and delight knew no bounds.

A HUGE delegation met *Harder* on the dock when she arrived, Admiral Christy, the submarine force commander in that area, himself coming to Darwin to do honor to this ship, and embark in her for the trip back to Fremantle. The ship was met in Australia by another delegation, including General Douglas MacArthur, who awarded Captain Dealey the Army Distinguished Service Cross on the spot.

The officers and crew were also subsequently recognized by suitable decorations, and when the news arrived in the United States, accompanied by the unanimous recommendations of all responsible officers, President Roosevelt awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor to Sam Dealey, and the Presidential Unit Citation to *Harder* herself.

But, although *Harder* and her skipper survived the deeds for which this recognition was accorded, it is

craft have joined this little party! And soon after, two more ships, making a total of three in all, also join the fray. For a couple of hours, in the words of *Harder's* skipper, numerous depth charges and bombs were heard and felt, but "no one was interested in numerical accuracy at that time."

Some hours later, after darkness had set in, the submarine surfaced. In the distance astern, a single lighted buoy burned, marking the location where the fifth Japanese destroyer in four days had been sunk by this one sharpshooting submarine.

It is a matter of record that the Japanese admiral in command was much concerned over the depredations which had lately been made in his command in that area, and reached the not unreasonable conclusion that a concerted attempt to wipe

out his forces was in progress. The possibility that all five destroyers might have been sunk by a single submarine never even crossed his mind. The evidence, to him was conclusive, and indicated the probability of a major U. S. Fleet push. Accordingly, he sent hasty urgent messages to Truk and Tokyo, called in all his forces, and prepared to repel attack. Strong reinforcements were sent from all available sources to the Dutch East Indies-Philippines area.

The Allies, of course, had had no intention whatever of pushing upward through the Dutch East Indies. It was just another of a series of wrong guesses, starting with one on December 7, 1941, made by the Japanese.

Of the beating he had taken, Sam Dealey, characteristically, said very little. One paragraph in his patrol

our sad duty to record that the awards themselves were actually made posthumously. Sam Dealey's widow received the Medal of Honor in his name, and the U. S. Submarine Force reverently accepted the Presidential Unit Citation in trust for the day when another ship shall be launched bearing the name *Harder*.

For neither survived the next patrol.

USUALLY, in case a submarine fails to return from patrol, there are surmises, rumors, wild theories, sometimes a Japanese claim of a sinking, but rarely anything concrete to explain what happened. In some cases, survivors returned from the unspeakable brutalities of Jap prison camps after the war to tell what caused the losses of their ships, but these cases were very few in number. *Harder* was an exception, for she operated in a wolf-pack during her sixth and last patrol, and another vessel actually witnessed and reported the circumstances of her loss.

On the morning of August 24, 1944, *Harder* dived off the west coast of Luzon, in company with U.S.S. *Hake*. Dealey, being the senior skipper, had decided to make a reconnaissance in this area in hopes that it might yield results comparable to those he had achieved only three days before when, with a five-boat pack, he had engaged two convoys in a fierce close-range battle, sinking in all ten ships, and driving the rest into harbor.

Shortly after daybreak on the fateful 24th of August, echo ranging was heard, and two escort type vessels were sighted, both fairly small, of about one thousand tons each. Both submarines immediately commenced approaching for an attack. However, the larger of the two ships suddenly zigged away and entered an indentation in the coast line known as Dasel Bay. The other stayed outside, and at this time *Hake* broke off the attack, feeling the remaining target was hardly worth the torpedoes it would take to sink him. *Harder*, however, held on, and *Hake* sighted her periscope crossing in front, passing between *Hake* and the enemy vessel.

Hake by this time had commenced evasive maneuvers, for the Jap was echo ranging loudly and steadily in her direction. Exactly what was in Sam Dealey's mind is, of course, not known; his previous record indicated that he would have had no hesitancy in tangling with this chap, if he thought it worth while. Furthermore, he had more or less got *Hake* into this spot, and may have felt that he owed it to the other submarine to get her out again. But whatever his motives, it appears that he maneuvered *Harder* between the other two vessels, with the result that the Jap,

naturally enough, took off after him instead of after *Hake*. According to the latter's report, the enemy vessel showed some confusion, probably due to there being two targets where he had no reason to suspect more than one.

Sam Dealey was perfectly capable of an act of self-abnegation such as this maneuver of his appears to have been. However, it must be pointed out that the enemy vessel concerned was a small anti-submarine type, hardly more than a mine-sweeper, and that he had several times previously come off victorious in encounters with much more formidable ships than this. Of the two submarines, *Harder* was doubtless the better trained and equipped to come to grips with this particular enemy. It was simply the fortunes of war that, in this case, Fate dealt out two pat hands—and Dealey's wasn't good enough.

With *Hake* a fascinated spectator, the Jap made his run. Possibly *Harder* fired at him, though *Hake* heard no torpedo on her sound gear. At any rate, the mine-sweeper came on over Sam Dealey, and suddenly dropped fifteen rapid depth charges. *Harder's* periscope was never seen after that, nor were his screws heard again.

According to the Japanese report of the incident, the periscope of a submarine was sighted at about two thousand yards, and a depth-charge attack was immediately delivered. After this single attack, a huge fountain of oil bubbled to the surface, and considerable quantities of bits of wood, cork, and other debris came up and floated in the slick.

So perished a gallant ship, a gallant captain, and a gallant crew. All of Sam Dealey's skill and daring could avail him not one iota against the monstrous fact that the enemy's first depth-charge attack, by some unhappy stroke of fate, was a bull's-eye.

But the legacy Sam Dealey left us will be treasured by the members of the Submarine Force as long as there is such a force in the United States Navy. When we captured Guam, the submarine rest and recuperation center established there was named Camp Dealey. At New London, a magnificent new building, prominently located just to the right of the main entrance to the upper base, bears the name Dealey Center. And a new *Harder* will some day be built, to carry forward in our Navy the glorious traditions of her predecessor.

For, if a man and a ship must die, how better can it be than this, that they leave their names enshrined together, casting forever on those who follow them the glow of their own matchless devotion and sacrifice?

THE

A TALE OF BRITAIN REBELLIOUS
UNDER ROMAN RULE, BY THE MAN
WHO WROTE "THE CROSS AND THE
CRESCENT."

WE went to Norgium, the Roman city by the sea, to pay the tribute—my father, the chief of all our people, the elders and lesser chiefs, and myself. And Maximus, the Roman governor, received us in state, with pomp and ceremony and a show of arms. The legionaries of the guard were drawn up in glittering rank about him; the trumpets blew at our arrival; and a herald, speaking in both our tongue and the Latin of the Romans, announced the purpose of our coming.

Then on an outdoor table before the seat of Maximus, the parchment of the treaty was laid. Maximus wrote his name upon it, and my father made his mark beside the name of Maximus. And then the few skins and the block of raw tin of the tribute was paid to the Romans.

It was a very meager tribute, hardly more than a peace token; but Maximus received it as though it were a treasure given by a faithful vassal. Well content were the Romans to let it pass for that, at the time. War with us would have been hard and bitter for them. The edge of the great fenland that stretched out to the sea protected us on three sides; and the hills and dark forests were behind us.

And we, for our part, paid the token tribute because the winter had been long and hard. Our people needed food, and many days would have to pass before the meager harvests could be gathered. Meanwhile they could trade with the Romans—grain for the tin we Britons dug out of secret places in the hills. For the Romans were ever greedy for tin; and their supply ships, coming from Gaul, brought great stores of grain.

So the token tribute was paid and the treaty made, but either side knew that it was a thing of need, to be kept as long as the need lasted, and no more. Down underneath, Roman and Briton, we were still enemies, and there was no real peace.

After the signing of the treaty, Maximus descended from his seat and took us to see the wonders of the city—the wharves, the walls, the paved streets, and stone buildings of the Ro-

ROMAN SEA WALL

by Anthony Fon Eisen



the sea. It had been fenland before, covered with the salt water twice a day at full tide, laid bare when the sea receded. A teeming morass, it had been traveled only by us, the fen people, fishing or netting wildfowl from our coracles.

Then the Romans had come. They had seized the high points of land, built the sea-wall across the flats, cut in their drainage ditches; and now Norgium stood where the crayfish and the eels had spawned before.

Three times the height of a man the wall ran in a great circuit through the marshes behind the city. Strung out along it were the sentries and garrison posts of the legionaries. And on one side of it were the new fields of grain and the cattle of the Romans, and on the other side were the tidelands and the fens, the wastes where my people hunted.

I had been trying to find the weak spot in the wall, watching from my coracle.

mans. He was gracious to us, conducting us with pomp and parade and the escort of his soldiers. But it was really only to show us, who were rude savages, the power and greatness of Rome, who could erect such wonders.

And savages though we were, in our barbaric dress of animal skins and coarse cloth, my father and the elders looked upon all the wonders with becoming gravity. Even I, holding my two wolf-hound dogs, Baldar and

Ordo on leash—even I concealed my astonishment as I looked upon the Roman works that Maximus pointed out with pride.

At last, beyond the busy stone wharves, thronged with galleys and supply ships from Gaul, we came out to where the long sea-wall began.

It was this wall that had made Norgium and the fertile fields behind the city. For with the sea-wall the Romans had taken all this land from

I had seen the sea-wall of Norgium many times before from my coracle hidden among the reeds. I had secretly watched the Roman sentinels keeping guard along it. I had watched with others of my people, watched and schemed, but to no avail.

But now, with my father and the others, I was shown something that I had never seen before—the great sea-gate. It was there, where the wharves ended and the sea-wall began. A

huge wooden gate of massive beams and timbers, it was built out on the seaward side of the wall. And behind it, inside the sea-wall, was a ditch, deep and wide as a small river, running back through many smaller ditches into the fields behind Norgium. This was the drainage channel, by which the rainwater and the water from the underground springs flowed out of the land behind the sea-wall.

Maximus pointed it all out with pride, telling how it was done. The gate was opened at low tide, and the water within it ran out. Then when the tide rose, the gate was closed to keep out the sea—for the tide rose and fell many feet here at Norgium, twice the height of a man or more. Then more water would collect in the ditch behind the gate, and again at low tide it would be opened. Thus the land behind the sea-wall was kept constantly drained.

Men were working down in the channel now, swarthy men, short and thick-set, men from the far south—for it was said that the Romans ruled over many strange lands and peoples. They were cutting and hauling stone, fitting the blocks together piece by piece, lining the whole inside of the drainage ditch with them. And the sound of their strange speech came up

to me as I stood above on the edge of the high stone wharf, holding my wolfhounds and looking down upon them.

I looked down upon the work of the Romans; and suddenly it came to me—what I had been trying to find in all the watching from my coracle among the reeds. The weak spot in the wall! It was there—the sea-gate!

The more I looked, the more I was sure of it. And there, facing the open sea, they would never expect danger! There was where it could be done!

I caught my father's eye, and made a slight motion to him that I wanted to speak with him. We drew a little apart from the rest, and I said to him softly:

"My father, one man, if he had the chance, might be able to destroy the sea-gate."

The slightest trace of a start passed through my father's eyes, but he made no other sign. He only nodded gravely and continued to watch the work of the men in the channel below.

"If the sea-gate were broken," I continued, "in the middle of the night, when the tide were full, all the Roman land would drown, and so return to the fens and the people of the fens again."

Nicros turned up the palms of my hands to examine them, but they showed no tenderness.



Again he nodded, and his face never changed a shade from its calm dignity.

"My father," I whispered, "let me, who am the son of a chief, prove my worth! Let me be left here! Speak to the Governor that I may be left as a hostage of good faith, to work with the Romans in their building and so learn their ways. And perhaps in the autumn at harvest time, the sea-gate may be destroyed and the sea come in to give the land back to us, the fen-people!"

And now my father's eyes flashed wide for an unguarded moment. But instantly he was calm again, and he stood for a while looking down silently into the ditch. Then he turned abruptly and made his way to Maximus.

"My son," he said, "has just told me that he would like to stay here and work with the workmen and learn to build in the Roman fashion, that in time he may build thus for his own people. He'll be hostage of our good faith, if you'll take him."

Maximus smiled, surprised and pleased. He knew that the treaty was only for the sake of need on our part, of no worth when the need was past, and he would strengthen himself against that day.

"Good!" he said, striding over to me before all the others, and clasping a hand on my shoulder. Baldar and Ordo growled in their throats at his touching me, but I held them close and shook them quiet.

"The sons of the men who raised the druid-stones should be born builders!" said Maximus. "I'll give you to Labianus himself, the man who tells the workmen where the ditches should be dug and the walls raised and the stones fitted. He shall teach you!" And he smiled down upon me, as Rome smiled upon those that did her bidding.

Thus it came about that when my people left Norgium that day, I remained behind. I stood by the edge of the city and watched them go down the paved Roman road that led across the fields and around to skirt the edge of the fens. Baldar and Ordo whined and looked back at me constantly; but my father had their leashes, and he held them tight. And gradually they grew small in the distance.

Then I turned to follow the messenger of Maximus.

He took me back to the sea-gate, where the day was ending and the work was drawing to a close. Here, among the stir and activity, he sought out a short, thick-built man with graying hair and a hale tanned face. This, as I learned, was Labianus, the Roman engineer.

Labianus looked up from studying the works when the messenger of Maximus approached him. In Latin



"The sons of the men who raised the druid-stones should be born builders!" said Maximus.

the messenger explained my presence to him.

Labianus studied me briefly while the messenger talked. He had a hard strong face, this Roman builder of walls and ditches, with bright piercing eyes that bespoke the depths of the man. He looked sharply at me and frowned a little. He was a busy man, with no time to waste on a young Briton savage. He was an engineer, not a maker-of-treaties; and it was plain that the small duty Maximus had thrust upon him was not to his taste.

He nodded shortly to the messenger, and stood looking at me frowningly for a brief space. Then he turned to the workmen below in the ditch.

"Nicros!" he called; and a man busy chipping at the rough stones looked up from his work.

Labianus motioned him up, and he came, wearing a leather apron and still holding the short stone-cutting hammer in his hand. He was lame in one leg, and he walked with a limp; his hair was thick and black and curly, and his face was even darker than Labianus' face. He was a Greek, as I was to learn—of a nation to the south which had been overrun by Rome. His name was Nicros, and he was a stonecutter.

With a few signs and words, Labianus gave me to understand that I was

to be the charge of this man. I would work with him, and he would give me food and a place to sleep. With that, Labianus turned away, and I was left with Nicros.

Nicros stood looking at me shrewdly for a moment, with a little trace of mirth plucking at the corners of his mouth. He seemed puzzled, and he was probably wondering why I had come to offer myself for such labor. I was a Briton savage, and should have been more disposed by nature for driving the red deer in the forest, than for toiling in a Roman ditch.

But I met his gaze fairly, and he shrugged and laughed and motioned me to follow him. I went down after him into the ditch.

As I have said, the day was already ending, and the work was drawing to a close. Already the workmen were leaving—slaves and freemen—Greek, Gaul, Roman, and even black men from a burning land yet farther south—all toiling for Rome.

Nicros took off his leather apron now, and gathered his tools together in it. He handed the bundle to me, smiling his little shrewd smile, and limped out of the ditch after the others. I followed him, carrying the tools.

His cottage was back half a mile from the sea-gate, with other cottages

of the workmen. His wife stood in the doorway, holding a baby in her arms, watching us wonderingly as we came up the path.

Nicros greeted her joyously with a hug and a kiss on the cheek, and bent down to croon to the baby. I stood there waiting until the woman looked up at me questioningly again. While playing with the baby, Nicros explained my presence briefly to her, and then we went inside to supper.

There were only the three of them to the little household—Nicros, Mercia his wife, who was Gallic, and the baby. Mercia, who was still quite young, was quiet throughout the meal; but Nicros laughed and talked or made noises at the baby continually. He was a cheerful light-hearted man, this Greek stonecutter, for all the shrewdness in his eyes. And he was a happy man with his wife and child. This somehow struck me strangely at the time, for I could not understand how a man could labor all day, cutting stones, and yet be so hale and happy in the evening.

After supper, when darkness fell, Nicros spread a pile of straw for me in a shed behind the little cottage. And here I went to sleep, restlessly, missing the familiar sounds and scents of my father's hut on the edge of the forest, and my two wolfhounds curled up close to me in the darkness.

In the morning, I went back to the sea-wall with Nicros. There, Nicros set me to work, hauling stones for him down into the ditch, bringing them from the barges tied up at the wharf. After I had helped carry enough, he set me to work rough-shaping them.

All day long I worked with cutting hammer and chisel down in the ditch, listening to the strange speech and oaths and laughter of the many-tongued workmen. And by my side, deftly finishing off the stones, was Nicros, cheerfully singing his little snatches of Greek song to the time of his cutting hammer. Twice Labianus came there to examine the work, but he hardly even noticed me.

And at the end of the day Nicros laughed and looked at me and my little pile of rough-cut stones with good-humored approval. He turned up the palms of my hands to examine them, but they were all hard from handling hunting spear or paddling my coracle, and they showed no tenderness from grasping hammer and chisel all day.

Nicros nodded his approval, bade me pick up the tools, and led the way light-heartedly home again, to his cottage and wife and baby.

So it went the next day, and the next, and the next. And the days went by so swiftly that I hardly knew their passage. It was all new and strange to me. There was much to study and learn—if my plan for giving Norgium back to the sea was to come about.

I labored well in the ditch, hauling and cutting stone, watching and listening to everything that went on around me. I grew to know the other workmen, and soon began to understand the work that they were doing. And at first this knowledge filled me with dismay.

They were building the foundation for a second sea-gate! Yes, fifty feet behind the outer one, there was to be another great door of massive timbers that could be closed against the sea!

Later I learned the reason for it—that the outer gate was always being undermined by the scour of the sea, and needed constant watching and repair. It had been built too far out, and the swirling, changing tides ate away the sands from under its heavy foundations. The new gate would be safe from the restless grasping sea, a double guard across the drainage channel.

At first, when I learned of the new gate, I was filled with dismay. It seemed to stand in the way of my plan. But as I thought it over, my courage came back. Was I not the son of a chief? Had I not vowed to show my worth? When the time came, two gates could be destroyed as well as one!

Daily the foundation for the new gate began to take shape. Stone by stone, it grew; and with it a whole new stone facing was being laid upon the floor and sides of the drainage channel there.

Working in the midst of it all, I was daily amazed at the wonder of it—at the skill and art of the stonecutters, the flawless fitting-together of stone and stone to make the foundations and facings that arose around me.

And every day I began to realize more and more the greatness of the skill and labor that had gone into the building of the Roman city. Every stone, every beam in wharf and public building and paved street, had been shaped by hand, and erected by the strength and cunning of man. Mighty builders were these Romans—though they *were* my enemies and the enemies of my people! The great sea-wall alone attested to it!

Spring went by, and summer came. In the fields behind the shelter of the wall the wheat and rye and barley grew full and tall. By their height, I marked the passage of the season. And every day when I looked upon those fields, I could not help comparing them with the poor crops of my own people.

No matter, I thought grimly. The crops of my people would still give the greater yield when the sea came in and drowned all this land!

For I never forgot the purpose of my being there—not though I grew to know the other workmen, not though Nicros treated me well, not though Mercia was kind to me. I was still a Briton, and they were all my enemies.

Yet so well did I strive to do my work and allay any suspicion, that in this short time I was becoming a skilled stonecutter. I was shaping the entire stone now, even fitting them to curve and projection. And Nicros, who took pride in my progress, gave me my own mark to cut into the finished stones that I did, and they were set in place side by side with those of the other workmen.

The new sea-gate went up swiftly. While we were finishing the foundations for it, the huge wooden gate itself was being built.

Labianus spent much time there at the ditch now. And one day, just before the gate was set in place, he noticed the new mark on some of the stones in the foundation.

"Whose is this?" I heard him ask Nicros in surprise, for he knew the mark of all his masons.

Nicros jerked a thumb in my direction, and I looked up then to see the wonder on Labianus' face. But he was pleased, too, and he smiled and nodded to me before he turned away. And I could not help feeling pleased for the moment at his notice.

Then suddenly, almost before I was ready for it, the time came. . . .

I was working down in the ditch one day when I heard a familiar barking on the bank above me. It was Baldar and Ordo, my wolfhounds, greeting me wildly. My younger brother was holding them. He had come to visit me in the Roman city, bringing gifts of wild fruit and honey from the forest.

I ran up to them, and my dogs fell upon me joyously, and the sight of my brother was good to see again. My brother gave me the fruit, and I showed him the work I was doing; and after a while he went away, taking the dogs with him. But before he went, he whispered the message of my father: *The time had come. The crops of my people were being gathered. We no longer needed the friendship of the Romans!*

It was two days after my brother's visit that it came—the night for which I had been waiting! Nicros looked up at the sky as the day was closing and said, "It'll rain and blow to-night."

Gathering the tools together, I glanced up and nodded carelessly. But my heart acted strangely within me as I looked, for I could see that a gale was making, the first of the early autumn storms.

My plans were all made. They were daring but simple.

I had learned the operation of the sea-gate long before. Huge and ponderous though it was, it was hung with counterweights and set in place so cunningly that a single man could work the lever that raised it on its screws.

I would come there by night in the midst of the storm, do away with the two watchmen who were always there, knock free the bars that held the gate from rising all the way up out of its track, and then I would raise the gate. I would raise it so high that it would fall clear of the foundations and topple over into the ditch and into the mad sea that would already be racing through.

The inner sea-gate was already in place. It had been set up that very day, but it was yet unfinished and had never yet been lowered. It would be easy to serve that in the same manner.

All this I would be able to do, for I knew there would be only two watchmen there, and I would take them by surprise. The legionaries kept guard along the wall that fronted the fenland, not here beside the open sea, where it was thought to be safe.

And once let a storm-lashed sea start through the drainage ditch, and neither Labianus nor all his workmen would ever stop it! I knew the storms that swept this coast. It would pluck away the half-finished stone-

work in the ditch and cut a hole half a league across through the sea-wall by morning. And in the confusion, as the sea poured in upon the Roman city, I would escape along the wall with the panic-stricken inhabitants, and so return to my own people.

It was all planned; and yet a strange unquiet came to my heart as I thought of it now. So short a time I had worked at this new art, and already it seemed a part of me. And Nicros and some of the others had been friends and teachers to me. And Mercia and the baby! The sudden nearness of the time to betray them sent a chill into my heart.

Then swiftly, angry with myself, I shook off the feeling. I was the son of a Briton chief! What were the Romans to me and my people? Only conquerors and enemies! It was time to cast them out!

The storm was gathering swiftly. The workmen were leaving, hurrying to get home before it broke. Nicros waved to me to come along after him, but I climbed to the top of the sea-wall for a look before I left.

Before me, out in the harbor, the anchored ships were rocking before the rising wind. Behind them, the whole seascape was black with storm. A few drops of rain began to fall.

Something within me cried out in fierce joy as I looked. *A dark clouded night, and the waves crashing on the side of the sea-wall—noise to drown out other noise!* And my blood leaped with the tumult that was leaping in white foam along the line where sea and man-made barrier met!

My glance fell upon the stonework in the ditch down below. Many of my stones were there.

No matter, I told myself fiercely, *with the help of the sea I would tear away five hundred for every one that I helped set in place!*

ABRUPTLY I turned and hurried down from the wall after Nicros, who was halfway home already, as the rain began in earnest.

The storm increased with the coming of darkness. Alone in my shed, I sat listening to it. My few belongings were packed in a little bundle ready for flight, and beside me was an axe that I would use both for a weapon and for the destruction.

The closed door of the shed rattled with the fury of the wind, and rain came driving through. So wild a night was made for wild deeds. The Gods of my land were with me! My heart was hard and resolved. I was ready!

Listening to the madness of the storm outside, some of that madness crept into my blood. I was wild to be gone and to do the deed. But I forced myself to wait out the first long hours of growing tempest.



I remember only wind and rain and waves, and cutting and cutting.

At last, it was nearly midnight, I guessed, and the tide should have been almost full. I was just getting ready to leave when I heard a sudden wild stir and shouting outside, above the voice of the storm.

I crossed swiftly to the door, gropingly unfastened it in the dark to peer out through the crack. But the wind jerked it from my hands and flung it open, and the storm struck against me. Through the rain and darkness, I saw wind-blown torches flaring wildly outside, and men running and shouting.

A moment I hesitated, fearful of discovery of my plan; then I ran outside into the tempest.

An alarm was spreading through the houses of the workmen. From all directions men, startled from sleep, were hurrying out and making for the sea-wall. I joined them and caught the news passing from man to man:

An anchored galley out in the harbor had parted its cable in the storm and driven ashore straight into the sea-gate!

My heart leaped at the tidings, and the blood drove through me quick and strong as I hurried along.

Drenched and beaten by the storm, I reached the sea-wall. By the flaring light of many wind-blown torches the damage was revealed.

After crashing into the gate, the galley had been swept aside by the wind and the flowing tide, and was now pounding its way up along the length of the wall. But the destruction had been done. The outer gate was gone, and a ten-foot wall of water, backed by the fury of the storm, was pouring through the opening.

I stared at it in amazement, dumfounded that such a thing should have happened on *this* night! Then the cries of the men around me aroused me again.

There was still the second gate. The inner stonework was unfinished, but the seaward side was done, and the great gate itself could be closed. Around this the men were swarming.

The gate was still open, as it had been left, and water was pouring

under it. I hurried closer, and again by the wild torchlight, I saw the reason. A huge section of the smashed outer gate, swept in by the rushing water, had become wedged under it, and it could not be lowered.

Labianus himself was there already, directing the efforts to lower it. Somehow, the great wedged section of planks and timbers had to be cleared before the gate could come down. This section was too big to pass completely through the opening under the gate, though the intruding current strained at it mightily.

Men had worked their way out on the raised gate to wedged timbers beneath. They were trying to fasten thick ropes to the part of the obstruction that projected above the swirling rushing water. But the waves of the sea rolled in upon them; and the flaring light, and the blinding rain, and the raging wind all hampered them.

I stood there motionless, watching, amazed at how the sea had taken my work out of my hands of this very night. And the fierce exultation, the wildness of the storm was bubbling in my throat. Let the mad water tear at the inner unfinished stonework long enough, and I could slip away in the darkness and carry word to my people that the Roman city and the fields behind the city would be flooded by morning!

I slipped away from the others, back along the wall to the place where we had been working that day. The torchlight hardly reached here, but down at my feet was the sucking swirling water, and I could make out the half-built stonework. And as I peered down at it, the last two stones in the line suddenly slipped down and disappeared into the dark water, as a whole submerged section must have given away. Under my very feet, I could almost feel the hungry water eating out the earth behind and under the open stonework.

I moved back a step to watch another block go and then another. It fascinated me to see the destruction!

I looked to the next block in the line. That would soon follow the other two! And then I started, for there, barely discernible by the dim distant torchlight, was the mark of the stonecutter—and the mark was my own. I had shaped that very stone myself!

Something turned over within my breast at the sight, something that swept the bubbling madness from my blood on the instant.

And as I stared at the mark, with the wind driving the rain against me, and the water running down through my hair and clothes, I thought again of the tall full fields of grain behind the sea-wall, and the poor fields of my own people; and I thought of the rich

houses of the city, and the huts of my people. I thought of the many leagues of waste, silt-covered fenland through which I had hunted and wandered, that would return the seed of the sower a hundredfold if it were drained and planted. And looking out on the terrible might of the sea and the storm, I thought of the strength and nobleness of the wall that held back the sea, and the beauty of the cut stones that fitted each to each to make an unbroken stone face against the sea. And then I knew my enemy.

I ran back to the second sea-gate, where they had succeeded in fastening the ropes to the wreckage. A few score of men had taken up the long cables on the wall on either side and were heaving on them, trying to haul back the wedged timbers. I seized hold to strain with them, and suddenly we all fell together. One of the ropes had slipped loose and the other had broken under the strain of that fierce current. The timber was still there; the water still poured through.

And then as I picked myself up out of the mud on top of the sea-wall, I knew what to do. My axe, back in the shed! And I darted away into the night.

Back to the cottage of Nicros I ran, through the anxious groups that were still hurrying to the sea-wall. The axe was in the shed where I had left it. I seized it, and ran all the way back to the sea-gate.

Many people were milling about there now. I thrust my way through, reached the gate, and crawled out upon it, carrying the axe. Below me in the channel was the wreckage, the end of a massive timber caught fast against the raised gate. It was this that was holding the entire mass there.

Holding the axe, I swung down on to the timber, down into the water that leaped up to meet me. Here somehow, I found a foothold on the broken planks, there in the midst of the channel, with the sea pouring by on either side of me. I swung my axe up and began to chop at the timber, down as far as I could.

The wreckage shivered and swayed under me, the waves drove in to flood over my work and swirl up to my hips, and the mad current sucked and hissed all around. But I cut steadily with all my strength, whenever the timber was clear, taking a wide wedge out of the oak.

Long it took me, and how I stayed there, I never knew. I remember only wind and rain and waves, and cutting and cutting with my axe whenever I was free to strike. Dimly I knew that the torchlit banks of the channel on both sides were lined with white-faced men and women, watching me.

The task seemed hopeless. I struck and struck, but with the water boil-

ing up over the timber again and again, I hardly knew if I would ever cut through. Then, all at once, it came. I was swinging the axe up for another stroke, when the timber parted and the whole mass broke in half under me. The axe flew out of my grasp and I fell headlong into the black water.

After that I remember only a wild desperate struggle beneath the water as I was whirled along by the current, with the broken, grinding pieces of the wreckage. There was no swimming or fighting to the surface. It was only a blind directionless groping and a straining effort to hold my breath. And when it seemed that I could hold my breath no longer, my head broke clear of the surface and I was able to gasp in air.

The current swept me through the channel, out into the drainage ditches beyond. Here the confined waters spread out. The current fell away abruptly and the depth of the water also. Here I was able to fight my way in to the bank and crawl up it. Weak and panting, I climbed back up on the sea-wall, anxious to see what had happened back at the gate.

One look showed me that I had cleared the wreckage. Already the gate was being lowered and the water was stopping. Even as I watched, it went down; the sea came in no more.

THEY found me there, standing weakly on the sea-wall. And even Labianus came over to me, while the others crowded around.

Labianus caught an arm around me and said: "Well done, Briton! Well done! You wanted to become a builder, and by the gods, you shall have your chance! When this work is done, I go to Pannonia to build a road, and you'll go with me! There I'll teach you more than stonecutting! I'll even make an engineer of you in time!"

I could only smile a little and nod faintly.

"You're exhausted!" cried Labianus. "And no wonder! Here, Nicros, take him home and put him to bed. He's earned his rest this night! I'll see him in the morning."

Nicros came limping through the press of men, smiling his little shrewd smile, and I took his arm, glad to leave. But it was not tiredness alone that made me bow my head as I walked away.

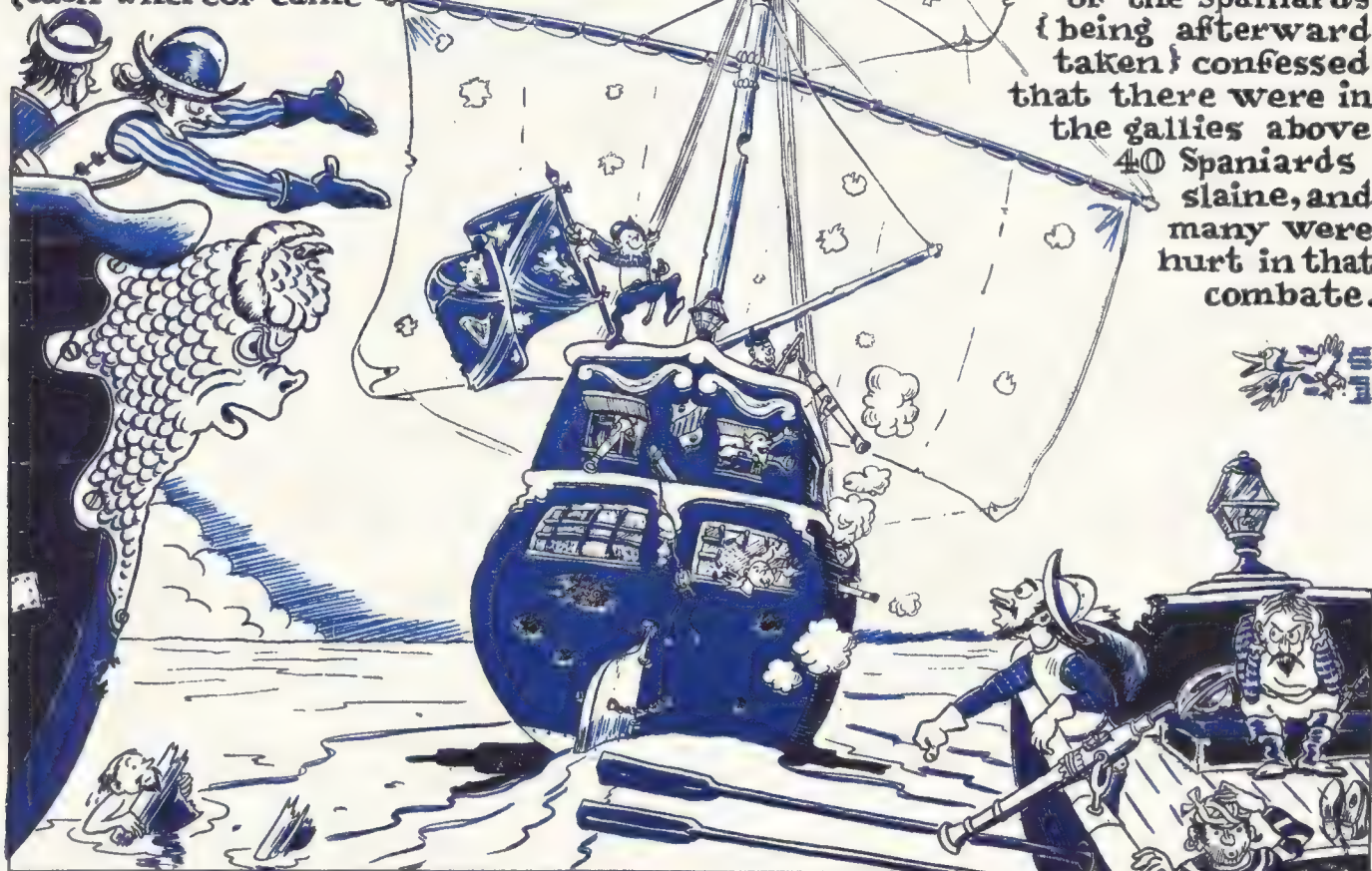
I was thinking of my people and my home, and wondering how I was going to face my father and tell him that some day I would come back and build a great wall across the whole fenland that would shut out the sea and drain the land and make broad fields and pastures, tall with grain and rich with cattle, secure from tide and storm.

The Valiant Fight of the Content

An appendix to the fight performed by one of Sir George Carey's ships in the West Indies, 1591, with 3 large, & 2 small War-ships and 2 heavily armed Gallies of the King of Spain. This battle lasted from 7 A.M. until 11 P.M. and established a record for even the bold Englishmen of Richard Hakluyt's "Principall Navigations." These brave doings all illuminated by Peter Wells, who long since swallowed ye anker.

The barke called the Content had but one Minion, one Falcon, one Saker & 2 port-bases. She continued fight {from seven in the morning til sunset} with 3 armadas of 600 and 700 tunnes apiece, and one small shippe of 100 tunnes, not being above musket shot from any of them. And before the sunne was set, there came up to her two of the kings gallies. Besides, the Armadas shot their great ordinance continually at her, not so few as 500 times. And the sides hull and mastes of the Content were sowed thicke with musket bullets. Moreover, all their sheats, tops and shrowdes were almost cut insunder with their great & small shot. There passed from the gallies {each whereof came

thrice up to her, & discharged five great pieces at a time, out of every their prowes forthright, within three yardes of her poope} through her maine saile 19 great shot, through her maine top saile foure: through her fore-saile seven: through her fore-top-saile five: and through her maine maste one. The upper part of the Content was hurt in five places. Onely 15 men continued in this fight, the rest being in hold. A frigate of the Spaniards {being afterward taken} confessed that there were in the gallies above 40 Spaniards slaine, and many were hurt in that combate.





Game Reserve

AN AFRICAN GAME REFUGE IS THE SETTING FOR THIS STRANGE EXPERIMENT IN THE FINE ART OF MURDER.

by LAURENCE KIRK

WHILE the shooting of big game in Africa is now somewhat out of fashion, the watching of it is almost beginning to amount to an industry; and one of the favorite resorts for those who can travel so far is the Parc National Albert in the Belgian Congo. Here the quantities of elephant, hippo, buffalo, lion and antelope are not the only attractions: the setting of the place is superb, with blue mountains rising like a backcloth on either side of the flat well-watered valley where the game is found. As a result, tourists of all nationalities come flocking in, either over the high escarpment down from Butembo, where they serve such lovely "*fraises du bois*," or up the great trunk road from the volcanic north shore of Lake Kivu. And whichever way they come, they inevitably spend the night at Rwindi Camp; for there is nowhere else to stay.

The authorities at Rwindi Camp deal with these tourists in a quietly efficient manner: the object being to enable them to see as much game as possible in the shortest time, and so make room for the next lot. One may arrive at the camp at any time of the day; but it is advisable to do so before four-thirty in the afternoon, for

at that hour each car is allotted a native guide, and out they go, sometimes in convoy and sometimes singly, over the hidden tracks in the reserve. It is dusk by the time they return, with all the cameras laden with snapshots; and then after a drink or two a simple meal is provided in the restaurant, while antelope graze peacefully outside the thorn hedge which surrounds the camp.

Rwindi does not pretend to any luxury, except the provision of some modern plumbing, and that is not so very luxurious—because the water supply is inadequate. The sleeping-quarters are round whitewashed native huts, the beds are hard and the crockery is tin. Everything is clean, however, and inexpensive; and the hardness of the beds makes it all the easier to get up before dawn the next morning, drink a cup of coffee, and then do another three hours' tour of the reserve. After that breakfast is served; and after that the exhausted tourists proceed on their journey, north or south as the case may be, while the game wardens and zoologists have time to attend to more important matters, at any rate until four-thirty that evening.

One interesting feature of the place is that no firearms are allowed to be

carried, either by the tourists or by the native guides. The sound of a shot has never disturbed the peacefulness of that valley since it became a game reserve. It may seem that this is running a certain risk in case an angry elephant is met with, or a hungry lion. But the guides are well trained; and so far, no serious accident has occurred. They could hardly be expected to know that on a certain afternoon when a large Buick arrived with two husbands and two wives in it, it had already been arranged that it should continue its journey with only one wife and one husband still alive.

WHEN a couple spend a good deal of their time traveling in different continents it may be inferred that at least one of them has plenty of money. It may also be inferred, though not quite so certainly, that the reason why they travel so much is that while they can just stand each other's company while on the move, they cannot abide it when settled in one place. Whether or not that is true generally, it was certainly true of Colonel and Mrs. Gaythorne. Colonel Gaythorne was a distinguished-looking man in the fifties with a very good figure. Rhoda, his wife, was twenty-five years younger

than he, and she had married him for his money, just as he had married her for her blonde good looks. But he had also married her for another reason besides her looks. He was the kind of man who required a permanent and respectful listener. He had had a distinguished career, and was related to distinguished people; he was also a good shot, a good golfer, a good linguist, and wrote sonnets which he read aloud very slowly in a carefully modulated voice. He was in fact a very conceited man as well as a crashing bore.

At the same time he had chosen Rhoda very carefully. Not only was she decorative, which he considered

essential in a woman; but having no money and no family of any importance, he estimated that she would always be grateful for the superior comfort and superior position which he had given her. In this of course he was quite wrong. Rhoda had been looking out for some safe profitable way of getting rid of him for eighteen months before they went to Nairobi.

It was at Nairobi in a hotel there that they met the other couple concerned—the Raynors. Dennis Raynor was the "Go anywhere—do anything" type. Phase One had been the failure to pass any examinations before the war; Phase Two, commandos during

the war; and Phase Three, joblessness after the war. It was Phase Three that brought him into contact with Mary Williams. She was a widow then, her husband having been killed by a flying bomb. She missed having a man about the house, which was in Surbiton, and advertised for a chauffeur-gardener-boilerman. Dennis answered the advertisement and got the job. He also after a decent interval got Mary.

She knew she was taking a risk marrying a man six years younger than herself; but she was lonely, and her mirror told her that she was still pretty, if in rather a plump way. Besides, she was a warm-hearted person



It went along, flapping its vast ears, and then disappeared into the undergrowth. By that time the other cars had vanished. They were really lost.

and she was sorry for Dennis. She thought he would settle down if he had a suitable background. For a year it had looked as though that might happen; but then she observed that he was drinking more rather than less, and it was to try to distract him from his surly restlessness that she proposed the trip to East Africa.

Curiously enough, the acquaintanceship was first picked up, not between Dennis and Rhoda, but between Colonel Gaythorne and Mary. He saw her sitting in the lounge one day, and as she looked like a receptive audience, he sat down and got into conversation. Mary listened quite gratefully as he talked about himself: it was a pleasant change for her, for Dennis generally just sat there moodily and did not talk at all. By the time they parted, quite a friendship had been struck up between them: the Colonel had told Mary that she simply must meet his wife, and Mary had said that he simply must meet her husband. That same evening at cocktails Dennis and Rhoda did meet for the first time; and something instantaneous and knowing and hard and unspoken flashed between them.

The next few days the two couples did their sight-seeing together. The sudden bond between Dennis and Rhoda was as invisible as it was un-

spoken. They knew that they were two of a kind and that they were made for each other; but the only outward and visible sign of this was that Dennis suddenly became much more attentive to his wife, and Rhoda to her husband. Nothing of any importance was said between the two of them for some days; but one evening when they were going up to their rooms, the Colonel went on ahead with Mary, and Dennis and Rhoda lingered behind. At a turn in the staircase Rhoda suddenly stopped and turned the full force of her light blue eyes to Dennis. He then took her in his arms and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Rhoda just laughed, and the two of them walked on unconcernedly to join the others. The Colonel repeated the end of the story he had been telling, for their benefit, when they came up; and they agreed that it was very interesting indeed.

It was the next day while they were having drinks that Dennis suggested that they should join forces and do the trip to the Parc National Albert. He had not told anyone about this idea beforehand: not Mary, not even Rhoda. But Rhoda guessed at once that he had some definite plan in his mind, and quietly backed up the proposal. Mary was not so pleased at having it thrown at her suddenly like that. She did not want to seem mean; but there was the question of money, and they had already spent rather a lot on the trip.

The Colonel was also thinking about money; but the talk of game gave him the opportunity to enlarge

on his tiger-shooting experiences in India; and when these were listened to politely he was more than half persuaded to agree to the idea. At any rate maps were produced and calculations made. When that was done, it appeared that the only additional cost—for they would have hotel bills anyway—was some two thousand miles motoring at an inclusive charge of one and six a mile. That came to a mere £150; and when Rhoda pointed out that that was really nothing when divided between four people, the trip was as good as decided.

DENNIS hired the car—a newly imported Buick—and with himself as driver and Rhoda as reserve, they started off. Quite apart from the other things at the back of their minds, it was a most fascinating trip. From Nairobi the road slid down over the escarpment into the Eastern Rift valley, passed Lakes Naivasha and Elmenteita, climbed up to the pass at Molo and then down to the shores of Lake Victoria, where they passed the first night at Kisumu. Next day, through the greener Uganda country, through forests and savannah, tea, sugar and coffee plantations, they reached Kampala, which had seven hills like Rome.

Next day over similar country, blazing in the still sunshine, they reached Fort Portal, where the vast mass of Ruwenzori looked down on them under a canopy of cloud. There they were in the Western Rift valley and the scenery was magnificent: grander even than the Himalayas, the

Dennis did his best for her, firing shots at the animal's head. But that merely diverted the attack.



Colonel said. The next day they skirted the slopes of Ruwenzori, left Lakes Edward and George on their left, crossed the frontier beyond Katwe, were ferried over the swift Semliki River, then began to climb again through Beni up to the cool uplands of Butembo, where the country was like the borderland between England and Scotland, green and grassy, with hills folding and unfolding in the distance.

All this time nearly all the talking had been done by the Colonel. Nothing of any importance had passed between Dennis and Rhoda—they could understand without words; and they had not even kissed again. But Rhoda knew that there was some plan in Dennis' mind, and that he would divulge it when the time was ripe. She admired him for not telling her anything prematurely: she liked that kind of hard efficiency.

Dennis himself as yet had no fixed plan in his head, but he was thinking continuously along certain simple lines. He wanted Rhoda, but he wanted some money as well. He knew that he was all right in so far as Mary's will was concerned, and he guessed correctly that Rhoda would be all right if she survived the Colonel. So far, so good. The Colonel and Mary would both have to go. From there it was only a short step to the question—what was it that made murder so difficult to carry off successfully? It was not the killing, he told himself. That could be done quite easily. The snag was always the same thing: namely, the disposal of the body. If the body wasn't disposed of, then people began to find out when the killing took place, and how, and finally who had no alibi and a motive for doing it.

It was this simple reasoning that had turned Dennis' attention to the game reserve. Not only were accidents possible in such a place if one were either unlucky or unwary; but—and this was the thing that appealed to Dennis—the body in a very short time would dispose of itself. A few hours' attention by lions and hyenas at night, or vultures by day, would leave very little that could be of any interest even to the most experienced pathologist or conductor of post-mortems.

Of course there was another thing that might turn suspicion on them later. People would know that both he and Rhoda had benefited financially from the accident. Wouldn't they think it odd if they got married within a fairly short space of time? Dennis agreed that they might; but he thought that the suspicions would be considerably lessened if the accident happened in a remote part of Africa, and they did not get married till a



"Anyway, the coffee will be doped. After that—the lions."

year later—say, in the Argentine or Brazil.

Such was the advancement of Dennis' plans that evening when they reached Butembo. The hotel was built on a hill with lovely views all round it and a large garden full of roses and petunias. Like most of these African hotels, there was a separate center building for the dining-room and lounge and bar, while sleeping accommodation was provided in a number of self-contained cottages. The Colonel and Rhoda had No. 2, and Dennis and Mary No. 3. Dennis had his bath early before dinner and took a stroll in the garden while Mary had hers. Rhoda did the same, and they met in the garden amongst the apricots and lemons. A little later when they were admiring the glorious view from another remoter part of the garden, Dennis suddenly turned to Rhoda.

"You know they've both got to go? It will be an accident."

Rhoda just nodded. "Is Rwindi to be the place?" she asked.

This time it was Dennis who nodded. "Yes," he said. "They won't find any remains there."

Rhoda waited a few seconds.

"Have you a definite plan?" she asked then.

"Nothing absolutely definite," Dennis answered. "We'll have to pick the opportunity when it occurs. The first thing will be to lose the guide. You know they provide one for each car. I don't know how that's going to be done, but we'll do it somehow. After that, it ought to be fairly easy. We get lost and spend the night in the reserve. During the night there'll be an accident of some kind."

"Have you got a gun?" Rhoda asked.

"Yes, a revolver," Dennis replied. "But I sha'n't use it. Sound travels like anything in this still air. . . . Besides, if there are any questions, it would be nice to be able to show them a gun with six unused shells in it."

Rhoda smiled. "What then?" she asked.

"I'll have a thermos of coffee in the car. They'll be glad of something, once we're thoroughly lost. Anyway, the coffee will be doped. It will be quite easy to knock them on the head once they're out. After that, we can rely quite safely on the lions and hyenas. The place is full of them."

Rhoda looked doubtful.

"What about us?" she asked.

"We'll have to take a chance while we're disposing of them. We'll be quite safe afterward in the car."

"Isn't there a river there with a steep bank? We could just push them over."

"Yes, but that's no good. No crocodiles."

"And what's the story afterward?"

"They insisted on taking a walk in the early morning to try to find the track while we were tinkering with the engine. They had an accident—a buffalo or something."

Rhoda still looked a little doubtful, and Dennis was going on to explain how the vultures could be relied upon even if the lions and hyenas failed. He thought, however, that that was a little gruesome, and he refrained. He need not really have been so nice-minded. Rhoda did not care what happened to the Colonel even while he was still conscious.

"We'd better go in now," she said at length. "All this happens tomorrow night, doesn't it?"

"Tomorrow night," Dennis agreed.

"And then?"

"We'll still have to wait a bit." . . .

The Colonel had a lot of stories to tell at dinner; and as usual they were all about himself. The *"fraises du bois,"* however, which they had for dessert, were excellent.

THE road over the escarpment and down into the Reserve had had a good surface; but it was a succession of hairpin bends. Dennis underestimated the time that it would take, and after a hurried picnic lunch at which the Colonel pointed out that he should have insisted on starting earlier, as he knew these mountain roads, they arrived at Rwindi with just half an hour to spare. That, however, was sufficient to allow time for some more refreshment and a fill-up with petrol, and they started off again punctually at four-thirty, with the black guide sandwiched between Rhoda and Dennis in the front seat.

There were three other cars in front, and the guide told Dennis to follow them. Dennis noticed that the car immediately in front only had two men and a guide in it; and when they stopped and got out on the river bank to watch some hippo there, Dennis asked these men if they would take his guide too, as they were rather cramped and there was no point having the guide in the car so long as they all kept close together. The men were quite willing, and neither Mary nor the Colonel made any protest. So the first hurdle was safely cleared.

For the next hour and a half the convoy went on along the barely visible tracks in the reserve. Sometimes it was open country, sometimes thickly covered with flat-topped acacia scrub; and it was almost dead flat, except for a few dried-up water-courses. It was also teeming with game: buffalo looked up and lowered their heads; elephants ambled slowly along; a leopard scampered bounding into the long grass; and there were always some antelope to be seen.

It was not till it started to get dusk that Dennis began to think of the next step. There would be no difficulty in losing oneself here; there were no certain landmarks, and Dennis could not have found his own way back to Rwindi Camp if he had wanted to. However, he began to lag a little behind the car in front, and then suddenly the opportunity was presented to him as a free gift. They had just turned a corner round a euphorbia tree when a huge gray form stepped out into the track in front, between them and the next car. It went along the track for a few yards, flapping its vast ears, and then disappeared into the undergrowth on the left. By that time the rest of the cars had vanished. They really were lost.

Dennis drove on for five minutes as though he knew what he was doing, and then he slowly drew up.

"Any idea where we are, Colonel?" he asked. "I'm afraid we're off the track."

"Don't worry, my boy," the Colonel replied at once. "I think I can direct you. We're going too much to the south. Bear right here."

Dennis drove on for another ten minutes under the Colonel's directions, and by that time they were more hopelessly lost than ever. It was getting dark then, and while the Colonel was reassuring the ladies and saying there was nothing to worry about, Dennis suddenly remembered something which he ought to have thought of before. The headlights! What was the obvious thing to do if one got lost in a game reserve? The obvious thing surely was to drive the

car up a slope and turn the headlights on. That would not only frighten away the animals, but enable a search party to find them quite soon—too soon for Dennis' purposes.

When Dennis thought of this, he decided he must ditch the car as quickly as possible. The opportunity came with one of the dried-up water-courses. It was a steep little descent and a sharp little rise. Dennis took it too steeply and too fast. The nose of the car was stuck firmly in the opposite bank, and though it remained level, they could neither go forward nor go back. What was more important, one headlight was broken and the other pointed right into the root of a tree.

Illustrated by CHARLES CHICKERING



Dennis took his hands off the steering-wheel and unconcernedly lit a cigarette.

"Well, that's torn it," he said quite cheerfully. "We're not only lost, but stuck."

Mary was the only one who was at all frightened. She thought of the comfortable house at Surbiton with its linen sheets, and wished she had never left it. The Colonel had had many worse experiences in the Himalayas and recounted them at some length. Rhoda and Dennis were more practical. They said that as they were there for the night, they had better make themselves as comfortable as they could, and got out the picnic basket.

There was some chocolate and bananas and biscuits to eat, and it was Rhoda who poured out the two cups of coffee in the front seat and handed them back to Mary and the Colonel.

It was dark by now except for the dim light of a quarter moon, and the noises that came out of the shadowy blankness around them were a little sinister. The coffee, however, was very comforting, especially when the Colonel laced his with some whisky from his flask and then handed it round for the others to do the same. He again said that there was nothing to worry about: they would be as snug there as four bugs in a rug, and the sun would be rising before they knew where they were.

Ten minutes later there was complete silence in the back seat: the dope had already taken effect. Rhoda leaned back and felt one limp hand after another, then she nodded to

Dennis in the dim light that came from the dashboard. Dennis laughed quietly and kissed her; then he opened the door beside him.

"Are you going to finish it off now?" Rhoda asked tensely.

"Not yet." Dennis was quite casual. "I must find a place to dump them. Somewhere where the animals will find them. And not too near. There may be a waterhole down this nullah. The animals always come to water at dawn.

"I'm coming too," Rhoda said firmly.

"All right. Come on." Dennis picked up a heavy spanner. "We've got plenty of time. They'll be out for four hours at least."

It was eerie, stepping out into the murmuring velvety night; but the light was better when they had climbed up the bank, and they could



The Belgian moistened his lips. "There's been a terrible accident," he said. "Your wife. Her husband."

just distinguish bushes and trees as well as the line of the watercourse. They followed that down, moving warily for about two hundred yards, when Rhoda suddenly whispered: "I think there's water there beyond that big gray stone." And she moved aside to look more closely.

It was water, all right; but the big gray stone was a buffalo. It charged suddenly, knocking Rhoda down. Dennis did his best for her, first throwing the heavy spanner and then firing two shots from his revolver at the animal's head. But that merely diverted the attack onto him. It came with a speed that he never anticipated, and he too went down and was pounded into lifelessness. The buffalo paused long enough to make sure that Rhoda was finished, then lumbered sullenly off into the bush to get a good night's rest elsewhere.

The first light of dawn was in the sky when the Colonel woke up. He always woke brightly, and his first words were: "What did I tell you? It's light already!" But then he noticed that he hadn't got an audience and stopped. Mary was still sound asleep, and Rhoda and Dennis were no longer in the car.

There was a slight buzzing in his ears, and when he got down to thinking of it, he found that there was something more that was worrying him. Whether he had dreamed it or not, he had a strange idea that he had heard two shots sometime during the night. That, combined with the absence of Rhoda and Dennis, troubled him, and he was just going to get out of the car to investigate when there was a scuffle up the bank.

He fully expected to see a lion or an elephant, but it was a Belgian official from the camp, with two native guides.

The Belgian clambered down quickly. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes. We got ditched."

"And the lady?"

"She's still asleep."

The Belgian moistened his lips.

"There's been a terrible accident," he said. "Your wife. Her husband."

The Colonel stared.

"Dead?" he asked.

"Yes," the Belgian whispered. "We think it must have been a buffalo, but naturally, we can't be sure. . . . They went out to try and find the track, I suppose?"

"Yes," the Colonel said faintly. "I suppose they did."

Mary stirred slightly in her sleep as he said this, and he went on quickly: "Leave me now, please. I must have time to think. I'll break it to her when she wakes up."

Curiously enough, the Colonel's first thoughts when he was left alone were not of Rhoda, but of Mary there beside him. Poor little woman, he thought, poor little woman! What a shock this is going to be! But then as her eyes remained shut, his thoughts did turn to Dennis and Rhoda. They must have gone out to look for the track as the Belgian had suggested. That was the only explanation. It was very silly of them. They ought to have waited till he was awake. He knew the ways of the jungle, and the risks one could take and the risks one couldn't. Very silly, he thought. Poor Rhoda! So pretty and so silly. He hoped she had not suffered at all. . . .

When Mary did wake up, he told her very simply and very kindly. Mary cried a good deal; but that was shock as much as anything else. And although he had very little to go on, he told her much more than the Belgian had told him. He said it was clear from the way they were found that it was instantaneous, and that it was Rhoda who was first attacked. Dennis had tried to draw the beast off by firing the shots, and had got gored himself. A very gallant fellow, the Colonel said. And Mary was comforted.

No inquest was held. It was so obvious what had happened. But the interesting thing is that the marriage which took place was not a year later, and between Rhoda and Dennis; but only six months later, and between the Colonel and Mary. He remained as convinced as ever about Dennis' gallantry, and composed a sonnet about him and Rhoda the very day he married Mary. She of course knew by then that he was rather a bore; but she also knew that he was a very kind man, and she was happier with him than she had been with either of her earlier husbands. Besides, with both their incomes to spend, they could afford to travel as much as they wanted.

His Brother's Keeper

Max was a top rigger, but he needed lots of vacations; and when trouble came, young Kibby was sure Max was in it.

by EUSTACE COCKRELL and DANIEL GORDON

THE air has a flavor down around the piers: faint and teasing in the cool of the morning; sharp and pungent when the sun gets to it. It's a here-today-gone-tomorrow kind of atmosphere, and it makes the people who breathe it—well, not irresponsible ex-

actly, but sort of easy-going. That is, all but Kibby McGowan.

Now Kibby worked for old man Hawkins, who owned the big marine supply house; and old man Hawkins wasn't half as earnest and careful as Kibby. Old man Hawkins, for instance, would leave dough in his desk—big serious heads of folding money in a desk anybody could open with a hairpin. Kibby was only a loft monkey working between terms of school, but earnestly he would chide his employer about his carelessness. Kibby

thought old man Hawkins was the carelessst man he'd ever seen, outside of his brother Max McGowan, though Max had never had any of that kind of money to be careless with.

"Hell, Kibby," old man Hawkins would roar, "it ain't nothin' but money." And when Kibby tried to slant in an invidious comparison involving his brother Max, old man Hawkins would stand up for Max.

"But Max ain't gettin' anywhere," Kibby would argue.

"Shucks, Kibby, Max is the happiest guy on the waterfront. He may not wind up the richest stiff in the morgue, but so what?"

That kind of got Kibby, because he couldn't think of a real good answer. Max was a top rigger, and he could work for good money when he needed it. But Max needed lots of vacations. He worked like other guys took vacations, and it burnt Kibby up. Kibby wanted him to get married and settle down. He even had the wife picked out—Martha Jordan, whose father skippered a luxury liner. Martha was obviously awful fond of Max. But so were a lot of other girls.

KIBBY was helping fake down a hawser on a platform one day when old man Hawkins called him into the office. Kibby couldn't hardly keep the disapproval off his face as he watched the old man jam a roll of bills into the desk drawer and snap the little lock. But the old man didn't seem to notice it today.

"Kibby," he said, "you reckon you could get Max to come to work for me for a few days?"

Kibby was young, and his face was a mirror for his thoughts. It lit up like range light. "I don't know," he said eagerly. "I could try."

"Well, get him over here, Kibby," the old man said, "and you might set him an example, and he'd stay on. Be a damn' shame if you didn't make something of that boy."

The fact that Max was ten years older than Kibby, and the old man made his voice sarcastic, didn't even get to Kibby. "I might at that, sir."



Martha put her hand on his shoulder and he jumped up in the air. "What's the matter, Kibby?" she asked.

Illustrated by Raymond Sisley



I'll sure try. What do you want him for?"

"Well, a top rigger's always handy in this business. But right now I want him to renew the running rigging on a cargo ship. I just got the job this morning, and my top rigger quit. The apprentice can't cut it."

"Gee! I'll ask him, sir."

"Tell him I'll pay him scale and a quarter. I know he's a good man, even if he ain't exactly what you'd call steady."

So that's the way that Max McGowan happened to be working for old man Hawkins when somebody *did* open the desk and take a lot of money out of the drawer.

Kibby found out about it first. He came in the office one Monday morning after Max had been working for a week or so, and caught the old man looking at the sprung lock. The old man didn't look sore—well, maybe a little. Mostly he looked kind of puzzled. Kibby didn't say anything, but he was scared because he thought of Max right off. He had a guilty conscience about Max.

"Kibby," the old man said, "looks like you couldn't teach me a thing."

"Is something gone?" Kibby knew something was gone, but he felt he had to speak.

"Yes," the old man said. "I didn't figure to let anyone know just yet. And I don't want you to tell *anybody*. Promise?"

"Promise," Kibby said automatically.

"Around two geesters," the old man said.

"Gee!"

"Oh, I'll get it back. I just want to be sure you keep quiet about it."

"I will, sir."

"I figured how to get it back."

"Who do you suppose took it?" Kibby asked miserably, afraid he'd get an answer.

"Somebody workin' for me," the old man said. "We got four guys on the floor, a couple on the truck, and Max and his helper. That's eight, not countin' you."

"One of them took it," Kibby said inanely.

*"We oughta send him up," Max said.
"He's such a pious one!"*

Old Hawkins nodded.

"One of them."

"I promise I won't say anything."

"That's the kid!" The old man took a chew and reached in his pocket. "Go down to Al's and get me a couple plugs of twist," he said. He handed Kibby a dollar.

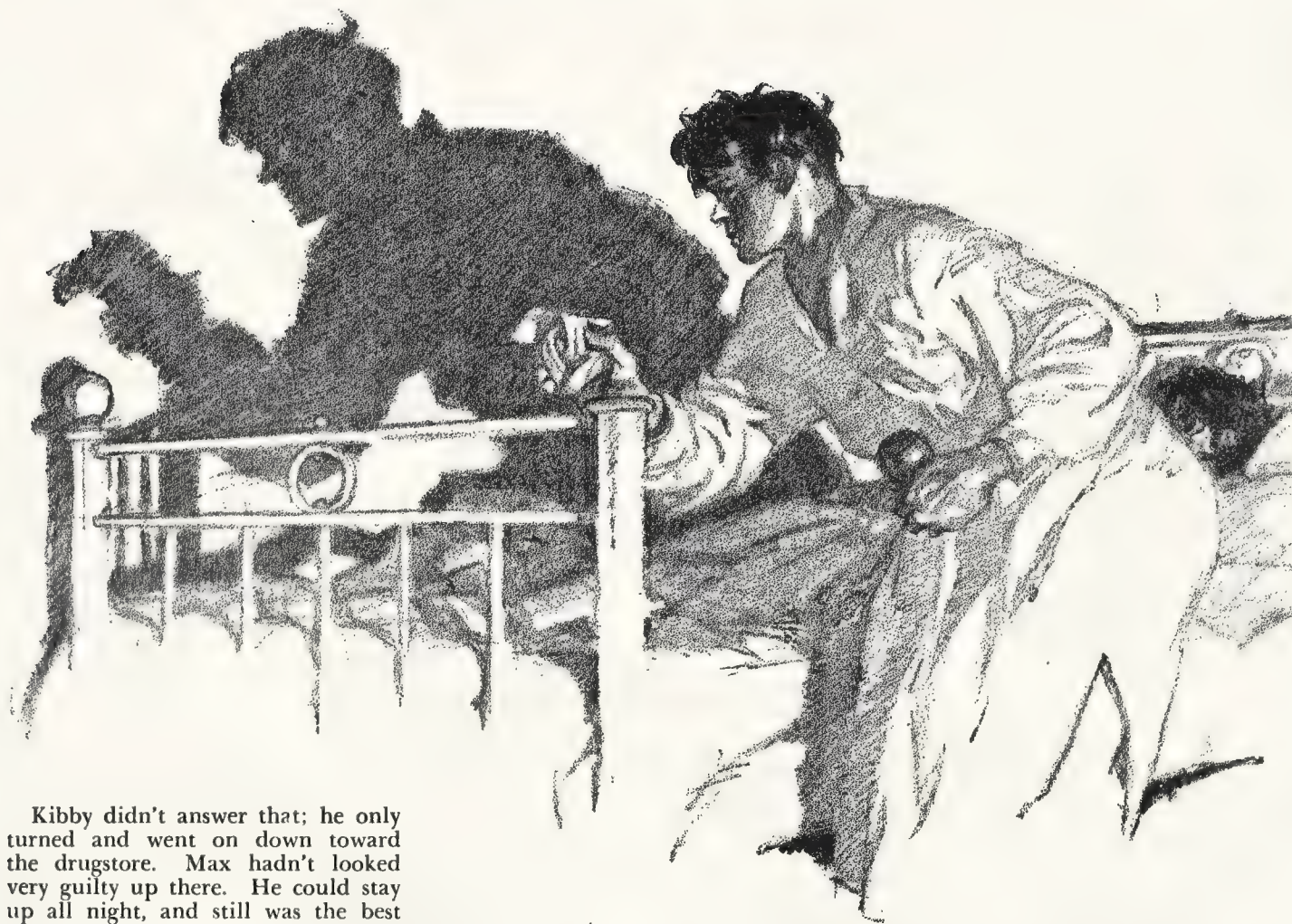
Kibby was glad to get out of there. But he cut down out of his way, going by the pier where Max was working. Max was up on the freighter's foremast. He had one leg hooked around a block and was reeving off a new topping lift. He was working quick and sure and casual. Kibby was partly relieved.

"Where you been?" he yelled up.

"Didn't you get my note? I went out o' town Saturday noon. Just got in this morning," Max yelled. Max and Kibby shared a little flat.

"Well, I'm glad you got back," Kibby yelled lamely.

"I wasn't even tardy," Max laughed. "I'm sleepy, though."



Kibby didn't answer that; he only turned and went on down toward the drugstore. Max hadn't looked very guilty up there. He could stay up all night, and still was the best rigger in town. Look like a guy was real guilty, he'd fall off. Kibby knew Max wouldn't fall, but—

Martha Jordan came up beside him and put her hand on his shoulder, and he jumped right up in the air.

"What's the matter, Kibby?" she asked. She was pretty, all right. Looked prettier than he'd ever seen her, and that was awful pretty.

"You scared me."

"Wait'll I tell you—"

"What?"

"I'll really scare you. Max and I are going to get married."

She flipped a finger through a hole in his jersey. "I'll be mending those for you."

Kibby didn't say anything. He felt an awful premonition in him, and it kept him from saying anything.

"Aren't you glad? I thought *you'd* be almost as glad as I am. Max said—"

"How come you just decided to get married?" Kibby asked. He was rude, but he couldn't help it.

"You won't tell anybody?"

"No."

"Max got hold of some money. Enough for a down payment on a house. He'd been waiting. He's going to stay on with Mr. Hawkins."

"Oh." *Sure, he got hold of some money, all right!* Kibby thought. He swallowed hard. "Oh," he said again.

"You're a funny boy."

"I got to hurry," Kibby said. He fled toward Al's drugstore.

But it was odd. Inside the drugstore, he couldn't think what he came for. He tried to think about what he'd come for, but his mind was all full of the other, and he couldn't. Miserably he called Mr. Hawkins on the phone.

"Two plugs yardarm twist," old man Hawkins bellowed in the phone. "What the hell'd you think—taffy?"

Kibby got the plugs and dragged back. Old man Hawkins was just the same—just like somebody stole his money every day.

THERE was a man with a suitcase and a camera just leaving when Kibby came in late that afternoon. He'd had a bad afternoon of it, and it was worse now. Mr. Hawkins had told him to tell everybody to come into the office.

They all came into the office and sat around, and Kibby looked them over, feeling sick. None of them looked guilty, for a fact, unless Max. But maybe he was just sleepy.

"Somebody—some one of you," old man Hawkins said, "stole some money out of the desk. My desk here." He pointed to it, and showed them the sprung lock.

There were little exclamations—just normal, though. Nobody blanched or anything like they were supposed to. They all seemed right sorry. They kind of looked at each other. All but Max. He yawned.

"You all are in and out of here all day, and I don't like to worry, and I still ain't worryin'. You're all good men, and that's a fact. One of you just give in to a quick impulse." The old man paused. "Also you made a mistake. The money was in a sack, a cloth sack, and I guess whoever has taken it figured a fingerprint wouldn't get on a sack."

"Well, I never knew that," Max said, real interested—and then he yawned again.

"Yeah. And we got that print, and we went around and got another print from here and there of every one of you, and got pictures of 'em. I had a man in here today." The old man chewed a moment on his plug and spit. "We ain't matched them up, 'cause I truly don't want to know who done it. I just want the man that took it to put it back."

Max yawned again and gave a little howl. Kibby felt himself sweating.

"I'm gonna give you each one a envelope," the old man said, "and I want the one that's taken it to put it back tomorrow. I want each of you

Kibby looked in all their hiding-places; when he got to the knob, he reached down and pulled out the wad of bills.



to put your envelope back in the desk in the morning. I got some cut-up paper in each one, so it'll heft about right. Soon's I check over the envelopes in the morning and get the money, I'll burn up the pictures of the prints and everything will be just like it was. I ain't even gonna bother no more. I'm a easy-goin' man, and money ain't worth doin' time for, nor havin' no trouble about. I want you all to come in here one at a time when you come to work, and then nobody'll ever know nothing except the one that done it, and he'll have learnt his lesson."

The old man handed out the envelopes and then said good night to them all just like nothing had happened. Kibby couldn't help but like him awful well right then.

But then he remembered something. "You never gave me one," he said, panicky because he'd almost forgotten.

"Kibby? Why, son, you're too serious-minded to be a thief; takes a different cut of man from you—"

"No, sir. You gotta give me one. Why, I'm in here more'n anybody. I even warned you about the drawer."

Old man Hawkins grinned and made up an envelope and gave it to him. "I 'member when I was a kid," he said, "I hated to get left out of anything. Here's your envelope."

It was pretty tough walking home with Max. Max was sleepy, but Kibby kept talking about what a wonderful guy old man Hawkins was to go about it like that and never gave Max a chance to say anything.

After supper they crawled into bed, and Kibby faked sleeping and gave

Max a good chance to sneak up and put the money in the envelope, but Max just laid there and snored. Max must have figured old man Hawkins was throwing a bluff about the fingerprints on the cloth. But he sure snored innocent.

He snored so innocent that when Kibby got up and took the flashlight, he was just about convinced that Martha Jordan hadn't told him what she had told him. He looked in all their little hiding-places, though, and when he got to the knob that screwed off the brass bed, he was feeling pretty good.

He reached his fingers down and pulled out the wad of bills.

He got his envelope out of his coat pocket, and was crying so hard, trying to cry without making any noise, that he had a hard time getting his envelope fixed up with the money in it and getting the knob screwed back on the bed. And then he like to never got to sleep, praying and all.

MAX was chipper as a lark in the morning, and they walked down to the office, and Max told Kibby about how he was going to get married, and wasn't he tickled, being such a match-maker, and that maybe he was going to make something out of his older brother yet.

But Kibby couldn't take it, and he ran away from his brother and ran into the office and put the money in the drawer.

All the others straggled in, all of them looking self-conscious, and went in the office and then came out. It really went to show what they thought of old man Hawkins and each other for them all to do it, and Kibby thought about that; it helped a little.

Old man Hawkins came in and went into the office. They were all sitting around waiting for him, and finally he came back out.

He took the envelopes and some black-looking pictures and made a little fire with them and kicked the ashes all around after they burned up, not saying a word but grinning to himself, and then everybody started to stand up and go to work because that was the tip-off, all right.

But the old man stopped them. "Something went wrong," he said.

Kibby jumped right up in the air, and they all kind of looked at him; and old man Hawkins, he looked at him hardest of all.

"Somebody badly overdone it," old man Hawkins said then. "They was money in two envelopes: Twenty hundred fifty in one; seventeen hundred and ten in the other'n."

Well, now that was something! They looked at each other right good for sure then, and they all looked real good at Kibby, because Kibby was the one that had jumped.

And Max, he was looking the hardest of all. Right at Kibby.

"Kibby!"

Kibby jumped once more.

"You see Martha yesterday?"

"Yeah."

"And she told you. . . . Hell, I know what she told you. You been foolin' with that bed?"

Kibby hung his head way down.

Max stood up and went over toward the office. "Mr. Hawkins," he said, "I want you and Kibby to come in with me."

Mr. Hawkins waved the others on to work and he walked into the office behind Kibby, and Max was in front of Kibby.

Max didn't even look at Kibby when they got inside. "Mr. Hawkins," he said, "I aim to stay on with you indefinite if you'll keep me. I aim to get married."

Mr. Hawkins allowed that was all right.

"I flew over to Nevada last Saturday noon, and I never got back till Monday morning. Next time I go, I am taking Miss Jordan, and we'll get married."

Mr. Hawkins said he wanted to be the first to offer his sincerest congratulations.

Max went on:

"But this time I taken a hot hand at a dice table, and I won a sum. When they cashed my checks, I had around seventeen hundred dollars."

"I'm gradually catchin' on," Mr. Hawkins admitted. "Looks like the honest and industrious loft monkey has practically got juvenily delinquent overnight."

"We oughta send him up," Max said. "He's such a pious one!"

KIBBY had to sit down then; the tears were in his eyes before he could help it. But he looked up, and Max had tears in his eyes too.

"You was gonna keep me honest, wasn't you, kid?"

Kibby couldn't even nod.

"You fire him," Max said, "and I'll buy him a flatty. I don't aim to have no little brother of mine workin' till he has to. Till he gets married."

"Reckon he can sail a flatty?" Mr. Hawkins asked.

"Sure. If he can't we'll teach him."

"You mean," Mr. Hawkins said, "take time off from work and lose money just to have some fun?"

Kibby looked up and saw the love for him they had under their talk, but he said anyway, because he was one of those: "I think it's fun workin'."

"Hell," Max said gruffly. "I guess we all do, a little bit."

Mr. Hawkins spit, and took the money out of his pocket and absently put it in the broken drawer, nodding in agreement.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said the old prophet. Here is something he did not foresee; and the pilot of a transatlantic airliner tells us about it.

SKYWAY



TO PARIS

by
ROBERT N. BUCK

I AM an International Airline Pilot. I fly from New York to Paris and points east. It is an interesting job.

The crew we have is quite a little army. Because we fly all the way to Paris from New York, and that's still a long way even if airplanes are fast, we have two crew members for each duty: There's myself and two co-pilots, two flight engineers, two radio operators, one navigator—the pilots relieve him—and a hostess and purser.

My company notifies me anywhere from three days to twelve hours before I'm to go out.

The day of the flight, dressed in a blue uniform and carrying two bags—one a suitcase with civilian clothes and a change of shirts, and the other a flight navigation kit—I get in the family car. My cute blonde wife drives me from New Jersey to La Guardia Field, where I arrive two hours before flight time. I kiss Mama good-by and lug my bags into a nearby shack where the crew-room is located. Along with the *débris*, there are mail boxes for the crew members. One of them is mine; looking in it, I discover it's full of mimeographed sheets that are instructions and revisions to our half-dozen manuals.

The other crew members begin to wander in at intervals, and they come up to introduce themselves. "Captain Buck, I'm So-and-So, radio operator."

"Glad to see you."

Then, as I'm reading a bulletin, I hear: "Skipper, I'm———, navigator." If there's anything that makes me cringe it's being called Skipper. I'm not a boat captain, never was in the Navy—or even a Sea Scout; I'm just an air-machine driver.

"Glad to see you; just call me Bob."

"Okay, Skipper," he says. I flinch again.

It's time to look at the weather. The co-pilots, navigator and two radio operators go along while the engineers stay behind and check over the big Constellation, as do the hostess and purser.

The weather office is in a separate building—and we walk over, going behind other buildings, under parked airplanes, around ash-cans, trucks and odds and ends en route. At the building we go up two flights of stairs (weather bureaus are always upstairs) and get in the office.

Now for the first time we become conscious of the ocean flight and some-

thing scientific. Teletypes clack; people are working on weather maps; and many finished maps adorn the walls. A studious-looking fellow stands behind a sort of counter and with two others listens to a radio—to a ball game. "How's the game?" I ask.

"Oh, lousy. You going to Gander?"

"Yes—how is it?" And while saying it, I look up at the weather map on the wall. As I'm thinking that Gander doesn't look very good, he tells me the same thing.

"If that low south of there moves along at its present rate, Gander will stink." By that he means there will be a low ceiling and poor visibility. We have to land there for fuel. Economically, in order to carry a payload, we have to land in Newfoundland and Ireland before we get to Paris, and so landing at Gander is important.

"How bad will it stink?" I ask.

"Oh, probably three hundred feet—might go to zero." Well, zero is too bad, so I need an alternate, another place to go in case Gander is zero when I get there.

"Boston's the only sure-fire bet; that'll stay good," he tells me.

"That's a long way from Gander, but I guess that's it." We talk over the weather and winds, and he gives me a folder. It's a cross-section or side picture of the route to Gander, with all the forecast clouds, turbulence, ice if any, and thunderstorms drawn in. I tell the navigator to make out a flight plan for nine thousand feet. Before leaving the office, we look over the weather for the ocean crossing. Once away from Newfoundland it ought to be good—might even be a nice day in Ireland.

WHILE the crew goes back to the shack, I go to the passenger terminal. It is a smallish round building. Inside is a cross between a bus depot and a busy street-corner like Times Square. It's dirty, with papers all over the floor, hard benches for people to sit on, a newsstand, soft-drink machines and lots of people. Some folks are walking around slightly bewildered, while others dash here and there among the idlers.

I saunter toward the ticket counter, where our passengers are cluttered together, some looking completely muffed, some talking to well-wishers who've come to see them off, and others sitting on the hard benches looking bored or put out.

Walking up, I notice the passengers are looking me over; they guess from the braid that I'm the captain. Some nudge their companions and whisper—probably saying: "Do you suppose that character is going to fly me to Paris?" My eyes meet those of one passenger for a moment, and I smile, trying to display confidence.

Then at the counter I look over the manifest; the names would surprise you. Since this flight goes on from Paris to Geneva, Rome, Athens and Cairo, there are quite a number of Italians, a few Greeks for Athens, some secretaries for the American Mission in Athens, a State Department man, UN people for Geneva, and business men for Paris. No one we ever heard of. I walk back through the crowd trying to act dignified, and return to the shack. First, however, I notice the usual two children, one a baby in arms and the other a little boy about three; if they are normal, the baby will scream a good part of the way and the three-year-old will run up and down the cabin annoying all the other thirty passengers.

BACK in the shack I find the cute hostess has arrived, and that makes all crew members on hand. "Hello, Captain," she says; "how are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. And I was on time too!"

"I know I'm a little late, but I just had the worst time getting a bus—oh, it was a mess."

"Well, as long as you're here looking so pretty, you are forgiven."

"Here's the flight plan, Skipper—five hours to Gander." It's the navigator again.

"Remember, call me Bob—and how much gasoline to Gander?"

"We'll use one thousand gallons."

"How about the return to Boston?"

"That's about another twelve hundred gallons, Skipper."

I flinch. "Well, with reserves, we'll need thirty-four hundred gallons, won't we, Magellan?" There, I'll get back at him!

I study the flight plan, and it checks; so I phone the flight dispatcher and find he had set up thirty-five hundred gallons. We all agree, so that's fine.

I talk over the paper work with the co-pilot. There's mobs of it: time records, route logs, duty logs, weather logs and so on *ad nauseam*. One of the pains of being co-pilot is that you have to keep all the paper work. Once elevated to captain, you drop all this



No matter how long you've done it, you always get a kick out of taking off.

and turn it over to your co-pilot. I'm no different—and as soon as some agent or dispatcher or weather man hands me a paper, I pass it, hot-potato fashion, to the co-pilot.

The passenger agent says we are ready, and we go to the plane.

On board I ask the purser if he has checked all emergency equipment, which he has, and since it's getting late in the day, I inquire about food.

"We have hot dinners on board."

"Fine," I reply. "Let's see one after we're in the air."

Now I walk up to the front of the cabin and, for me, perform the toughest duty of the trip—I make a speech!

The company says we are to introduce ourselves as commander of the aircraft, then introduce the hostess and purser, and talk of many things. I always feel slightly silly standing up there, so I cut it pretty short, completely avoiding the "I am commander," business, figuring they ought to be able to guess. Instead I introduce

the "charming" hostess; the purser, who, I explain, will demonstrate the life-saving equipment; and then I tell the people about our multiple crew and explain that some sleep while others work; so if they see a crew member asleep in the cabin not to worry, because someone is up front doing the job. For some reason this always gets a laugh which throws me off balance, so I quickly tell how high we'll fly, how long this flight to Gander will take; then I duck into the cockpit feeling very embarrassed and wishing the company wouldn't require this silly business.

THE crew is ready, and after reading a long list of items to check the gillion and one gadgets and gizmos, we start the engines.

Instead of getting all keyed up as we finally approach the flight ahead, we actually relax. To sit down is a pleasure after all the running around before the flight.

We call the control tower for permission to taxi, and getting it, go on to the runway's end. There are three airplanes ahead of us waiting for a clear air space along their course before Airways Traffic Control will allow them to take off. I call the Tower: "La Guardia ground control from NC 202—how long will I be delayed?"

"NC 202," comes the reply, "I have no idea—can't get hold of Airways." At La Guardia the tower operator always says things curtly.

We run up the engines to test them and get ready for take-off; then we sit and wait. I look around the cockpit; across from me is co-pilot number one, "Tom." Behind his chair is the complicated flight engineer's panel with its dials, knobs, switches, warning lights, and so on. "Rusty," the engineer on duty, sits in front of this maze of stuff, a monument to modern complicated airplane design. Behind my chair is the radio operator; he

sits at a sort of desk. Radio operators are almost always quiet and seem to be day-dreaming; but actually this impression is because in mind they are outside the airplane talking with someone miles away—so they become detached. This is the flight deck, and behind it is another room where the navigator has his chart table, various instruments and a plexiglas dome through which he takes sights on celestial bodies. On the other side of this same room there are two bunks for the crew. Because the navigator doesn't work between New York and Gander, I know he's in one of them, probably asleep by now. The other bunk is occupied by co-pilot number 2.

Beyond this room, toward the rear of the airplane, is the galley where the food and beverages are stored, and where hot cups bring coffee, tea and chocolate up to palatable temperatures. Beyond the galley is the passenger cabin. The ship's papers are aboard, and we are ready to take off, except for the air traffic delay.

FROM time to time we nudge the guy in the tower; and finally, after a thirty-minute wait get our clearance, which comes to us entirely too fast.

"N C 202 is cleared to Gander airport, via Glen Cove, St. James, Mousup, Franklin, Boston, Yarmouth, Sidney, Ocean Intersection and Round Pond—cross St. James seven thousand or above, cruise and maintain nine thousand, change to 118.7 for take-off clearance!" We have to repeat it all back, and of course you couldn't possibly remember it or get it unless you knew the route, so we repeat back what it should be, and if that isn't right, he says so.

We have permission to take off, so I line her up, take a quick check around the cockpit and push up the throttles, letting ten thousand horsepower loose. No matter how long you've done it—and for me it's been nineteen years—you always get a kick out of taking off; the increasing speed, the acceleration and the smooth wings taking over the burden of our fifty tons. There are a lot of things you don't like, such as paper work, snippy tower operators, waiting for traffic, making speeches, dirty airport terminals and so on, but the smooth climb into the sky, and speed building up, makes it all worth while.

At nine thousand feet we level off, and as our speed picks up I call back to Rusty: "Set her up for standard cruise."

"Roguh, standard cruise, and we're off to Boy's Town." To Rusty, Paris is always referred to as Boy's Town.

Now we're settled down and things are simple; check the radio range, or beam as the comics call it, and watch time go by. Everything we live by in

flying has time attached to it. It's so many hours to Gander, so many minutes to Boston or the next check point. The little clock on the instrument board keeps ticking away, and you'd like to make it go faster. Sometimes you think about this time, and it doesn't seem right to wish away life's minutes and hours.

An hour out, I decide to go back and visit the passengers. I turn things over to the co-pilot, straighten my tie, test out my customer smile and step through the door to the cabin.

At each cross row of seats I stop, try to look pleasant and ask: "How is everything here?" The first row across has an Italian family.

"Everything is wonderful. It's so nice and smooth. This our first time."

"Your first time in an airplane?"

"Yes, that's right. I'm a little scared at first, but now I don't know why—it's so smooth."

"Well, there isn't much to it. I think most people are a little disappointed at first—they sort of expect it to feel like a roller coaster; and then when it doesn't, they are disappointed—happily."

"That's me, but I'm not disappointed. This fine."

"Well, if there is anything you want, just speak right up."

"Okay, Cap, I'll do that."

The next row has more Italians with much the same reaction; I get involved in a conversation, and ask where they are going.

"We're goin' to visit the old people—up north near Milano. It's like this," he says, and leans toward me rather confidentially, "I save three thousand bucks for a new car, and one day I think those new cars not so good anyway—maybe I take the dough and visit the old people—and here we are."

"Well, that's fine, and I'm mighty glad to have you along."

The Greek passengers, too, are mostly going back to visit.

Then come the UN people. They have their brief-cases out and are reading reams of typewritten reportish-looking papers. One man is deep in Toynbee's "Outline of History." They seem very serious, and my little hello gets a half smile and nod.

The business men vary. One, you can tell, has done this before. "Will we be late in Paris?"

"Why," I say, trying to act amazed, "we should be right on time."

"I hope so. Have you pretty good winds?"

He's wise enough to realize the importance of a helping wind.

"They look good—might beat schedule."

"Gander weather good?"

"Just so-so; we'll probably get in okay."

"Well, let's make time." He settles down with a book; he's an old hand.

It's the next man's first trip, and he's a little nervous. "The weather looks pretty good now, doesn't it, Captain?"

"Yes, it's nice," I agree, even though he's wrong. We are flying on top of clouds and it's pretty. The setting sun has made the cloud-tops pink, and the sky is purple. It looks peaceful, but he'd faint if he knew what it looked like from the ground. Down there the world is foggy and misty, and it would be difficult to see across the street. Well, he might as well stay happy.

"Is it going to be good all the way?" he asks nervously, and I decide I might as well give him the treatment right now.

"No, it won't be!" I blurt, working on the shock-treatment idea. "You can't fly over three thousand miles and not hit some bad weather. We almost always have it somewhere, but what of it? We just bore on through; the airplane doesn't know the difference. I don't mind a bit, so just you relax and enjoy it—besides, there aren't any mountains out there to run into."

"Say, that's right, no mountains." And I see him grasp that thought for comfort.

"That's right—and another thing: I'd rather be up here in weather, than down on the sea tossing madly around on a boat for days. I'll see you later. If there is anything you want just holler."

"Okay, thanks."

The secretaries for the mission to Greece are all together. "Yes, it's our first trip overseas," they enthuse.

"Well, you'll like Athens—it's a great city; you'll have a lot of fun."

"Really? What's it like?" Then I tell them how the Acropolis looks, and how wonderful all the antiquities are, and about little restaurants beside the blue sea, the crystal-clear nights, and finish saying: "And there are lots of men around to show you things." That gets response, and I leave them in a happy mood.

At the back of the cabin I find the hostess, standing and surveying the people.

"A pretty good bunch of passengers."

"Yes, they're all nice—a little assorted."

"Yes, they are. Say, when do we get some food?"

"I'm about to serve cocktails."

"Well, let's feed the crew first."

"I'm supposed to feed the crew after the passengers."

"Yes, I know. But look, sis, we've been up all day; it's about eight P.M. now, and I ate lunch at noon; those passengers would be lots happier if they knew the crew was well fed, contented and efficient, don't you agree?"

"Well, you're the boss."

"Okay, then break out chow—for the crew!"

In passing, I might as well mention that although the passengers get cocktails and drinks, the crew doesn't. I can't vouch for that on airlines run by foreign countries, but on any that belong to the U.S.A., it's no alcohol!

I go up front again, and in a few minutes the food-trays arrive: fruit, steak with potatoes and peas, a salad, coffee and ice-cream; there's tea or hot chocolate and milk if you want it.

With dinner finished, I look things over: Gander weather, for example. The radio operator gets it every hour. The last hour the ceiling was five hundred feet and the visibility one mile. Not too bad, but right down there. I'll have to make an instrument approach. Because I'd like to be in top-notch shape for that, it seems like a good idea to get sleep. I have the purser wake the other co-pilot, and he comes forward and takes my seat.

"Wake me up fifty minutes from Gander, or any time that Gander goes completely sour."

"Okay, Bob." And he settles down to work. As I go past Rusty, I stop and look over the engineer panel.

"How are they going?"—meaning the engines.

"Just like one of old man Singer's sewing-machines."

"How is the gasoline situation?"

"Okay. We're burning just a little over three hundred, and there's lots left." He meant we are burning three hundred gallons of gasoline every hour.

"Well, if anything doesn't look good, I'll be in the lower bunk."

I take off my trousers, open my shirt collar, kick off my black loafers and climb in. It feels good to stretch out. I lie on my back for a moment. I can feel the pulsation of the engines down the length of my spine, and they are even, strong pulsations that give confidence. I roll over on my side; and because I've trained myself to do it, fall asleep very quickly.

Two hours seem like a minute. "Bob, we're coming up on Round Pond." That's a check point near Gander.

"Okay." I sleepily get up, dress and walk forward. En route, I stop by the radio man.

"What's the last Gander weather?"

"Here." He gives me a piece of paper. It says three hundred feet for ceiling and a mile visibility. It's gone down. This three hundred feet is our minimum, the lowest our company or the CAA will allow us to use. If it goes any lower, we'll have to return to Boston.

I check once more with Rusty and then get back into the seat. The radio is picking up the Gander beam, and

we're in good shape. Darkness is all around, and we are inside a little world that is surrounded by a black void. Our only connection with reality is the hum of the Gander beam.

Down there ahead is the Gander airport, a group of runways in the midst of the northern wilds—surrounded by pine and spruce and lakes. There isn't any town, just a cluster of buildings which house the people and keep radios and sensitive weather instruments covered; there are hangars too. The community exists only to keep alive this equivalent of an aircraft carrier. It's a lonely place, connected with the world only by the arrival of huge airplanes of many nations that take on fuel and leave again for the capitals of the world.

My problem now is to descend through the darkness, cloud and murk to the black-topped runway that's located on the brink of nowhere. There are times in sunshine and good weather when my money comes easy; there are others when I feel underpaid: this now is one of those times. I don't worry, nor am I nervous or scared; but I want to do it all correctly, smoothly and with precision. As we get closer, the co-pilot takes over the radio.

"Gander Approach Control, this is Nan Charlie two oh two, nine thousand over Round Pond." (Nan Charlie is the universally used phonetic way of saying N C—we say Uncle Sugar for U S.)

Gander answers us efficiently and pleasantly. "Nan Charlie two oh two from Gander Approach Control, I have you nine thousand feet over Round Pond. Descend to two thousand five hundred, Number One to approach. The latest Gander weather, ceiling three hundred feet, visibility one mile, wind southwest five, the altimeter setting twenty-nine eighty-two, two niner eight two. Do you desire a GCA approach?"

Well, I think, it's holding. Now to get down before it gets worse. "Affirmative, I desire a GCA approach." That's a type approach wherein they talk you down with the help of radar.

"Roger, please change to Blue Jay," Gander says. Blue Jay is the code name of GCA, and we change radio frequency and give them a call.

Blue Jay answers. "I have you in sight." He means in his radar scope. "Turn to Heading One three oh for positive identification." I turn the airplane to this course, and after a few minutes he calls again. "I have you identified. Now steer zero two zero—you are on a long base leg."

At this time we read our check list and get everything set for landing except for the final flaps and lowering the landing gear. Blue Jay keeps talking us down lower and lower, and getting us headed toward the runway.

We are in clouds and can see nothing; visually Gander might not be there at all, though we know it is.

At last we are headed toward the runway a few miles out. This is the final approach that requires smoothness and accuracy from Blue Jay and from me too. It still seems strange that we haven't seen anything since leaving New York, and we won't until we're almost on that runway.

Blue Jay talks. "You are on glide path, heading now Two seven zero, coming nicely, two miles from end of runway." I call for the landing gear down, and after the co-pilot moves the lever, I can hear the big wheels bump into place, and three amber lights blink on telling us the gear is down and safe to land on.

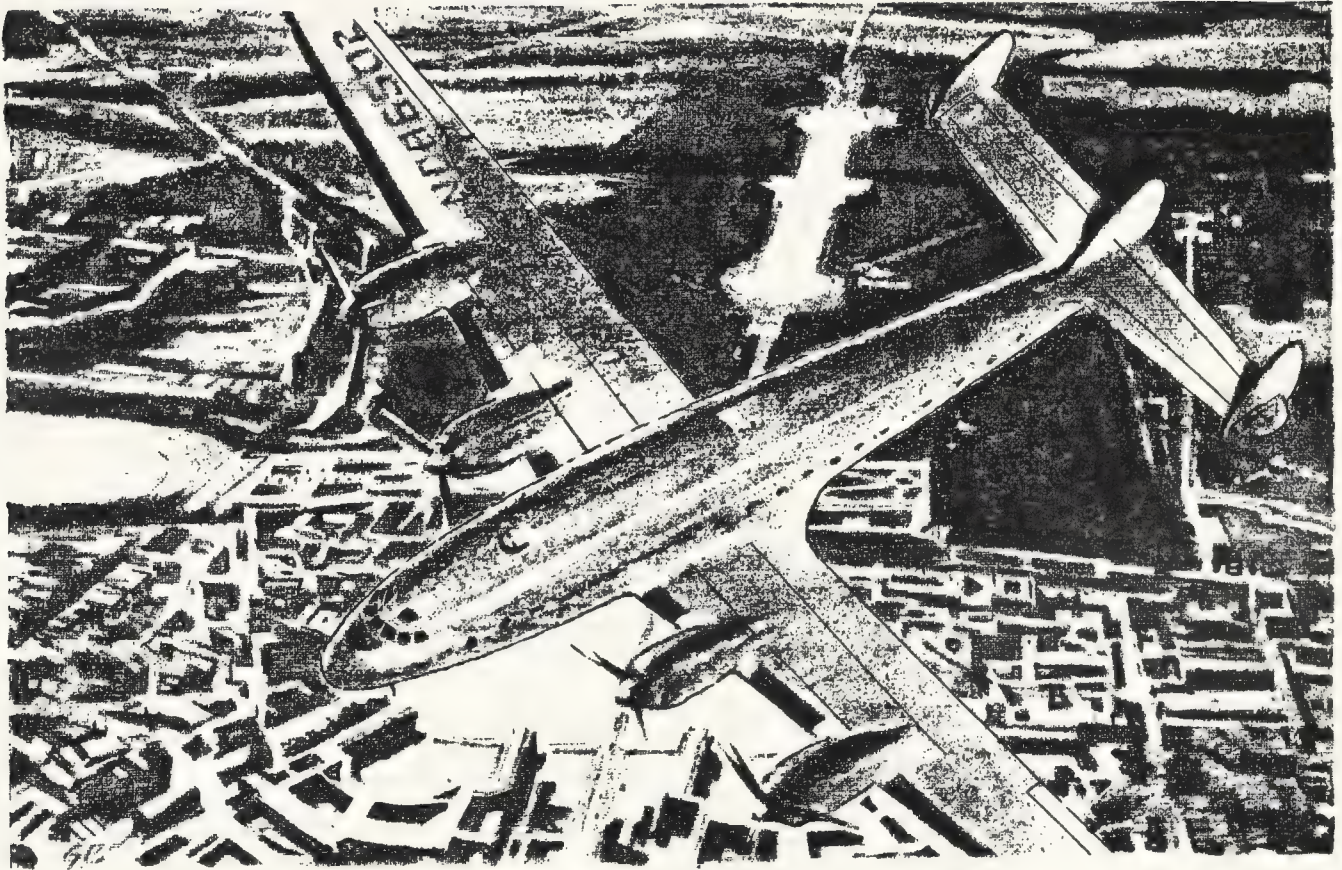
"Ten feet above glide path, your heading good, one mile from runway." I am glued to the instruments still in our blackness; even though only five hundred feet above ground and a mile from the field. The co-pilot is looking out, at nothing for the moment, but I must concentrate on the instruments. "On glide path now, heading good, quarter mile from runway." And then the co-pilot calls out: "There are the lights!" I look away from the instruments and outside for the first time; close ahead, through the dark and drizzle I see a row of red lights and the slick blackness of the wet runway. Blue Jay keeps up his chatter, even though I can see. "On glide path, over the runway."

"Full flaps," I call, and cut back the power, flare out, allow her to settle on and come to a stop. Even though you've done it before, you are impressed; and as we taxi in toward the terminal, I can't resist an urge and pick up the mike: "Thanks, Blue Jay, nice job."

"Roger, thanks. Blue Jay out."

STEPPING out of the plane, the cool pine-smelling North Woods air is everywhere, and it feels clean and good. I go into Customs, sign the papers and then walk through a long building and hangar to the weather office. Most of the crew tag along.

The Gander weather office is a wood-paneled room. It's a little like the musty rooms found in old colleges. I find it a fascinating place, because with its simplicity, mustiness and ivy-covered atmosphere there's an undercurrent of activity and a subtle nervous tension among those who enter. You lean over a desk covered by a weather map. On the map little circles with arrows designate locations on the earth and what their weather is like. This map is thrilling, since its western boundary is west of Chicago, and its eastern beyond Berlin; places in Canada, lonely Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, the British Isles, the



Azores, France and many ships at sea. It is covered with lines: black ones, red ones, blue ones. Our eyes center on the portion between Newfoundland and Ireland, the wild waves called the North Atlantic.

"Well," says the weather man, "looks like a nice crossing. Not much weather—just an old cold front a little past Charlie—and that's all."

"Say, that is good. Shannon too?"

"Yes, Shannon too. Believe it or not! A few scattered clouds and no more." We all marvel, because Irish weather is notoriously bad.

I look it over myself, much as all pilots do. We trust the weather man, but we want to judge too. All of us have pet little places we check: the wind-sweep off Greenland or Iceland, the weather at a small station on the south coast of Ireland—all the signs we gather together and let them tell us something. Yes, I agree it looks like a nice crossing. I look farther toward Paris, and it has a west wind, and I can quickly see that it will be clear, the sky will be blue and the sun will sparkle on the beautiful old city. But that's far off. "How about the front near Charlie?"

"A little area of clouds, twenty minutes on instruments, that's all."

But a word about Charlie. That's the code name for a small boat, three hundred feet long, that sits near the middle of the ocean and just circles. She takes weather observations and sends them out to many places; she has a radio beacon and radar to help

Our path is south of Paris and we go very close to Versailles.

our navigation, and is there, too if you should be in very bad trouble. It might be possible to land and be picked up. There's another boat too, called Jig, three hundred miles off Ireland.

The map we've been looking at is the surface map; what we are really interested in is the situation aloft. For this they have higher-level maps.

"How's it look at five hundred millibars?"

"Pretty good winds."

This new map the weather man now shows me has long even lines and not much else. These lines show the invisible sweep of the winds way up in the cold empty blue where few go. The sweep shows tail winds for us, if we fly at fifteen thousand feet—so we plan for that. The figures show an expected seven-hour crossing. That means thirty-five hundred gallons of gasoline with reserves.

While the ship is being readied, gasoline poured in its big wings, more food being put on and things cleaned up, I stroll into the passenger terminal. A little snack bar is set up and the passengers are gathered around having coffee or tea, sandwiches and cookies. They are busy chatting as I walk up for some tea.

"Nice ride, Captain," the nervous one says. "Pretty bad weather landing, wasn't it?"

"It was a little low, but nothing to get excited about."

"What is your flight-plan time across?" asks the business man who wants to be on time.

"About seven hours and a quarter." And everyone who's clustered around nods approval. "And," I add for the nervous one's sake, "the weather is very good, a few clouds en route, perhaps ten minutes rain or snow, but Shannon and Paris clear; you all picked the right day."

Suddenly the loud-speaker blats out: "Crew call Flight nine seven three." It means the plane is ready and the crew should get on board since the passengers will soon be called too. I walk out of the building toward the plane and as I go through the doorway I can hear the announcement: "Trans World Airlines flight nine seven two for Shannon, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Athens and Cairo is now ready for departure. Passengers will please board their aircraft."

CO-PILOT number one, who worked while I slept, is instructed to get into a berth and sleep. Rusty's place is taken by the alternate engineer and the radio operator is different too.

With clearance to take off the throttles slide up, our speed smoothly but very quickly increases to breath-taking numbers and we thunder into the night. We fly past the runway's boundary and the lights of Gander, the warmth of people and security drop behind; in a moment we enter



The Shannon tower talks with a brogue and adds to the feeling you have of being overseas.

the clouds again and the brief pause at Gander is over and forgotten; our eyes and thoughts project eastward, two thousand miles to Ireland.

At five thousand feet we are on top of the clouds. The stars shine brightly and I see the Dipper and Mizar, Polaris and Vega, Deneb and Caph; they are old friends and will be helpful before the night is over.

At fifteen thousand feet we level off and the engineer sets up our slow, loafing long-range power. The engines are putting out less than half their strength and coast along without strain.

I get out my kit and some graph paper. Twenty minutes of careful figuring and the graph paper is covered with lines and one small circle near the center, marked "PNR," which means Point of No Return. This little graph is called a "Howgozit." On it is plotted our flight plan; how many miles we are going against how much gasoline we'll burn. It also

shows how much fuel we would use and the miles if we turned around and headed back. Where the outbound data line crosses the return data line is the PNR. Anywhere before that point we can turn around and have enough fuel to get back to Gander and an alternate. Once past the PNR, however, there's no turning back. With this "Howgozit" the flight is graphically before me and hour by hour I plot our actual performance against our planned performance and tell in a glance literally, "Howgozit."

Knowing I do not have any need for co-pilot number two, I decide it would be best for him to sleep also; then later both co-pilots can fly while I get some sleep. But I'm not interested in sleep now. I want to be on duty and closely watch everything about this flight until the Point of No Return is passed.

Everyone has succumbed to the quiet of the night and only the men on deck are awake. In back the host-

ess is asleep while the purser keeps a watchful eye over the dark and silent cabin. The navigator works on his charts and from time to time takes a sight at the stars. He plots atmospheric pressures for our location and they tell him, with other things, the winds. He works almost all the time because traveling three hundred miles an hour is much different from a boat's twenty knots.

All is quiet as I look out into the night. The clouds below are broken now and as my eyes become adjusted to the dark I see the ocean; above, the stars are clear and very bright. Looking out like that you can become sort of detached from the airplane and in a way become part of the celestial vastness and it is like being alone in the sky. The sea far below brings me nearer reality and the ocean is impressive with its width, awesomeness and loneliness. I wonder how Lindbergh felt out here alone in a small single-engined airplane? I admire his guts and the guts of others like him—and at the same time welcome the warmth of my cockpit, the companionship of the crew and the reassurance of those four strong engines.

My dream is interrupted by Magellan: "We're about five minutes ahead of flight plan, Skipper." The good news that we are going faster than expected almost overcomes the "Skipper" business.

"How are your fixes?"

"Good; with this steady air I'm getting nice star sights."

"Glad to hear it; bring up your chart—I'd like to see it."

In a moment he is back with a large brown chart of the North Atlantic. A line drawn out of Newfoundland appears to head decisively toward Ireland. On this line are occasional crosses which show the star sight plots and pressure lines. These little crosses on the bold line heading east show our position hour by hour; a cross for the first hour, another for the second hour and so on until they appear to progress, reaching out toward the other side. At times the last little cross, your position, seems a long way from anywhere; what a marvel, you realize, this thing of metal which takes us high across the wide sea, that is so far below it has become impersonal. Here I am crossing the ocean that sailing captains, and steam too, have battled for centuries and I am no more nautical or salty than a Kansas wheat farmer. True, I know the skies and its clouds and winds, but the tides and water, "Eight bells and all's well!"—they have nothing to do with me.

Every hour the information from each crew member is collected and given to me where I sort it out, weigh it, and put it together as one picture. The fuel and miles I plot on the "How-

gozit" and compare it with our past and planned performance. Tonight it goes well as we are making good speed and more miles per gallon than planned for.

Our radio compass is pointing ahead at Charlie and being near his location I call him on the radio, "Nan Mike Mike Charlie for Nan Charlie two oh two, come in please." NMMC is his official name.

"Nan Charlie, two oh two from Nan Mike Mike Charlie—go ahead." In the middle of the ocean this voice comes up to me and we feel as though we aren't quite so isolated from the world. I give him technical information and add: "How are things down there?"

"It's pretty nice this morning: the sea is calm for a change—say, have you any ball scores?"

THEY are just good American boys down there on a tough duty, a month at a time, and they are wondering how the baseball teams are doing. I call the purser and he brings me a New York newspaper from which I read the boys on Charlie the baseball dope. It's highly irregular, of course, but who could resist irregularity at a time like this?

"Thanks a lot, Two oh two—we missed them yesterday."

The hourly information is collected once more and it shows us almost up to the PNR. It is no problem today, there's no decision, as there has been other times, whether to go on or turn back, something I've done only twice. Today it is simple and we slip over the mythical point in high spirits. The fuel is plentiful, our speed good and Shannon weather clear, I call for the co-pilots.

After the co-pilots have awakened, washed up and had coffee they take over and in a few minutes I'm asleep.

Someone shakes me: "An hour out, Captain."

I get up and dress. The atmosphere is different now. The sky is bright with full daylight and people are stirring. Rusty is back on duty and so is the first radio operator. Poor Magellan is still working on his chart and I look it over. "How goes?"

"Okay; we're right on course—a little slower, but still ahead of flight plan."

"That sounds about right. I rather thought we'd slow up a little on this end." I could see that by the sweep of the winds on that high-level chart back at Gander.

I get out my electric razor, plug it in a handy outlet and shave. Doing this I'm between the radio operator and flight engineer so that while scraping the stubble I can look the engine instruments over and study the radio operator's log showing the weather in many places. After combing my hair

I go back to the cabin. It makes me feel better to get cleaned up and too I always imagine it looks better to the passengers for the captain not to be frazzled and sad-appearing.

The cabin is awake. The baby is screaming, the three-year-old running up and down, the people talking to each other and the purser and hostess serving breakfast. Everyone but the baby seems happy. The Italians are still impressed about how smooth and nice it is, the nervous man is happy because the weather is so good and even more gay when I tell him it's all clear ahead.

I stop and chat with each group and they ask many questions: "How high are we? How fast are we going? When will we first see land? Does that oil on the wing mean anything?" and so on. Satisfied that the passengers are happy, I go back to work.

Once again settled in the seat I call for breakfast and while the automatic pilot does the work, I eat. That makes you feel better too. It may have sounded, so far, as though I've been getting lots of sleep, but the total has been under five hours. While none of us are exhausted, the idea of a good bed in Paris and twelve hours' sleep seems wonderful.

The sky is clear and below scattered white clouds float over the blue sea. Soon I see a few small fishing boats, the first boats we've seen so far. From past experience I know those boats aren't far from the Irish coast and although there is still the sea in all directions you have a feeling that you have made the crossing and are almost in.

At last we make a landfall, a dark shadow that slowly grows; then the fine white line of a beach and at last the hills of Ireland rise up in the distance. No matter how blasé you are about flying the ocean, land always looks good—and personally I get a thrill from each landfall. We slide over the coast and there below are the green fields and stone fences and little thatched-roof Irish cottages. When it's clear and the sun shines like on this day, Ireland sparkles and is beautiful—and sure it is.

The Shannon tower talks with a brogue and adds to the feeling you have of being overseas. It may be your regular run, but it's always a kick to find yourself in Europe again.

The air, as you get off the plane, is crisp and fresh. The people are pleasant and very businesslike. The girls who herd the passengers about are really Irish colleens—looking very attractive.

It's noon in Ireland and you feel pretty good; the ocean is behind and the world is all right. The passengers are in a gay mood too.

And now another weather bureau. First we go to the transatlantic weath-

er man and give him all the information we obtained on the way over, the weather and winds. This will help some other pilot who will be headed back.

The weather to Paris is beautiful.

After another flight plan—this a short two and a half hours—another weather folder and another announcement of the waiting plane, we are airborne.

The short flight to Paris from Shannon is interesting: across the southern part of Ireland and the Irish Sea; then we cross England near Land's End at a place called St. Eval.

After St. Eval we fly over the Channel and at last reach the Cherbourg Peninsula. Now we are over France; and strangely, I begin to feel at home, my second home. It is getting toward five in the afternoon, Paris time (noon in New York) and the sun being low makes the shadows long and the light on everything is golden in hue—the farms and roads, the hedgerows and little villages. On our left we pass the Normandy beachheads; LSTs, freighters and some boats of the invasion are lying offshore, slowly rusting away.

Our radio direction-finder points to the Paris airport—not Le Bourget but Orly Field, which is southeast of the city. Our path is south of the city and we go very close to Versailles and see the buildings and gardens, and we see the city with the Eiffel tower standing high above the haze; we see all these things and they look beautiful, but a little unreal. From the air you can't reach out and touch them and so you feel as though you're looking at a picture.

NOW it is time to call the control tower; get it settled, and land.

Then, as we taxi in, the picture of France becomes real. We approach the station and a big sign says PARIS-ORLY, and things look French; the policemen with their capes, the lovely gardens near the building, little automobiles of all sizes, cars we don't see in America, the dress of the people, the chic ladies who have come to meet a friend, diplomatic-looking men who are meeting the plane too; and our baggage-handlers with their blue overalls and berets. By the time we roll to a stop I feel that I'm in France and a part of it. I'm a little impressed, too, that an airplane has brought us so far so quickly.

The engines are cut and the trip is over. Responsibility slips from my shoulders and I relax. There's nothing important to think about; just a tasty French dinner at the hotel and those comfortable beds with the fluffy down quilts that will feel so good; and perhaps a quick reflection that being an International Airline Pilot is a nice thing to be.

A Dog's Life

THE AUTHOR OF MANY A FINE BLUE BOOK STORY GIVES US A DOG'S-EYE VIEW OF A WILD-BOAR HUNT.

by GEORGES SURDEZ

I KNOW very well why they didn't leave me at the kennel, why I am here on the terrace with these old people—people too old to walk far or to even ride a horse. I am here because I am an old dog.

"Watch Zephyr," the Monkey said when I arrived and stretched out. "You can follow the hunt that way. He knows all about it, don't you, my good old Zephyr?"

The Monkey is seventy-eight years old. His real name is Monsieur le Baron; but at the kennel, at the stable, in the kitchen, everybody calls him the Monkey. I think he is a nice old boy, and not more of a pest to have around than an old dog. He likes me, and he likes to think I am crazy about him. He gives me a bit of biscuit, and he explains to the old ladies and gentlemen that it is all right, that my work is done for the day, and that at my age, it doesn't matter much.

"Another season," he says, "and I'll retire him completely. But what a marvelous dog he was in his day—well, we can say the same about most of us, eh-eh-eh! Watch those ears, that tail—listen—see, he heard before we did."

What a feat, what an exploit! Half of them are deaf as pots, and the

others don't know they're hearing when they do hear. Sure, I heard that horn, and I know that call: a boar. They're after a boar! Of course, that's thrilling news, after all that scouting for a scent yesterday and early this morning! There were three of us old dogs spotting, with three grooms—old grooms, too. I am the oldest by a year, and yet it was me spotted the right scent. No trick to it; the grooms know where to take you.

Anyway, a lot of this boar hunting is fake stuff. There are so few boars nowadays that they're all known to the guards and the grooms. That's why they hunt boar on this estate only once a season—one boar. I used to go along with the pack, and I was head dog for three seasons, because I had what it takes: a good nose, a good voice, good sense, speed, endurance and plenty of guts. I was just as good at anything else—deer, hare—but I was supposed to be "it" for boar.

"That's what he liked," the Monkey says: "—boar. Because there's more danger, I guess; he is a fighter."

Just because I got raked a couple of times! When the boar comes to bay, sometimes you just can't stop yourself, and you go for his ear or his

throat, before you remember it's sap's business, and all you're supposed to do is hold him there until a man pops up. You're drunk as a gamekeeper on an off-night by the time a boar stops, drunk with excitement and with his smell—you have kept getting steady sniffs for so long—see?

"He's all French, that hound," the Monkey explains: "what is known as a Bastard of High Poitou. The breed dates back centuries, some claim as far as Louix XI. Best hunting dog on earth—look at those solid legs and heavy paws, that chest. . . . You can trace this one back more generations than the Bourbons can trace themselves! And what a magnificent voice! You'll hear him when he gets excited—he can't help howling when the going gets hot. He can tell by the barks and by the horn, follows everything from here! You'll see—a magnificent voice! You saw some English foxhounds in the pack: they're very good hounds, yes, but no voice, no voice."

THAT is not so bright of him. The head-groom knows better, I have heard him talk. He says a hound is a hound, and it depends on the hound as to his speed, endurance and voice. He is right; we had an English hound



Illustrated by
FREDERICK
CHAPMAN



here for stud at one time, and he had as good a voice as any French dog. The head-groom says you can't go by averages; you've got to pick and select—just as he picked and selected the boar for today.

The rich people get on horses and follow the dogs. They don't know what goes into a successful hunt at all, what goes before. The head-groom does what he can to pick an old boar, not because they're wiser, fiercer and more sport, but because they have settled habits, and you know where they'll go, so you can spot the relays right. You get a very young boar, and you don't know what to expect; he may go crazy and start for the dogs right away and cut matters short, while a middle-aged boar may run in a straight line and refuse to circle, strew the hunters for fifty-odd kilometers, and get away safely to the next county.

An old boar with big tusks looks formidable, but he is more settled. Usually, he's been living in the neighborhood for years, and he hates to leave it. That's where he met his females, where he had his fights. It looks good to him; he feels safer there; moreover, he thinks nobody should push him out. Also, he's heard the hounds often before, has usually been chased by them by mistake a couple

of times, so he thinks it will all come out all right.

"See that tail, those ears?" the Monkey asks. "He hears the horn; he knows what's happening, and we don't."

What's happening? The boar has circled the first time, and the first relay is after him. The head-groom knows his business. That boar is an old, smart fellow, too smart to be daring. He doesn't want to start galloping over country he doesn't know. Ah, you get too smart, too smart. . . .

And too damn' old to be much damn' good. I am still useful, really the most important dog around. It takes experience and wisdom to spot a scent and follow it enough to make the man sure you've picked up a good trail, without butting in too soon and flushing the boar out of the bushes with a rush and a yell. I spotted the scent last night, and we checked up this morning, after I had my breakfast of bread soaked in oil, and—that makes me laugh—had my nose rinsed in vinegar and water. It's supposed to clear your nostrils! No sense in it, but it's always been done, so they always do it. As the Monkey says, boar-hunting has its traditions!

So, after getting my nose washed out, we checked up. The grooms

washed their mouths out too, but not with vinegar! I was taken to the scent I'd picked up and followed it, checking. Yes, he was around; once or twice I got a straight scent, and we found droppings. I knew my job was done and turned around; and on the way back, we met the grooms with part of the pack on leash. I grunted around, kidding the dogs, and the grooms said: "Look at old Zephyr, he wants to run, doesn't know he is too old."

I know damn' well I am too old. I know it better than anyone else, because it's my legs that are stiff after a few miles, and it's my back that aches. Run all day? No, they can have it.

BUT even the young dogs looked as if they pitied me, felt sorry for me. I know all about that—when you're young, you look at an old chap and you imagine he feels the way you would feel—forgetting that if your body doesn't feel so good, it's automatic; your mind doesn't want it to do anything that hurts it. Like the Monkey: he used to get on his horse and gallop with the best of them, but when it started to hurt him, he stopped. He only rode two seasons while I was on the pack. And I was nothing but a pup at the time.

I used to watch Cupidon, when he had my job—he was about the age I am now, but he looked older. Same breed, though—big and strong, black and white, with liver patches on the jowls and the two spots over the eyes. I used to hope that I'd never live to be the wisest, oldest dog around and be used for spotting.

Here is what I used to think: When I get sort of oldish, when I realize that I can't keep up with the pack much longer, I'm going to die game. I'll lunge in on a boar deliberately, and get myself ripped open good. So that I won't have to hear how the whole pack got fed on the entrails, and won't be given a little slice of the

liver by the head-groom, after it has been *boiled*. I always picked a boar to end with, never a stag—although I was good with stag, too. Why? Because a stag seldom really fights dogs; and when he does, you get a broken spine if he stabs down, or a broken jaw if he kicks back, and the second-groom who has the gun has to finish you, and it's a mess and an embarrassment all around. Losing a dog mars the hunt, they say, makes the ladies sad.

"Look at him," the Monkey says.

Why not? They're getting hot after him out there. He has circled and twisted back. I can hear Lurette yelling like a crazy dog, but that doesn't

mean much. He is dumb, even if he yells louder than any other. He doesn't know what's going on; he's what you'd call a tenor, a show-off—he's seventh or eighth; he's not even smelling, just running, but he yells louder than the leaders.

Yes, as I was saying, I used to think I'd rush the boar and get it over with. If you get a good rip, they can't try to sew you up, but how many dogs do you know who survived that for long? So what happened, why didn't I do it? It's simple enough: by the time I got old enough to try it, I was tired when the boar made his stand; I'd be yards back, and the pack would be circling—and the boar'd look awfully big and nasty; and rushing him seemed silly, something for the young dogs to do.

So the men noticed that I was getting slow and winded easily. And they put me on this job. Grooms and dogs think I am sorry for myself, humiliated. They're crazy. I like a little exercise; the head-groom lets me run a hare now and then, on my own, when there's no big hunt meeting on. I feel fine; the sun feels good; and I enjoy eating my food and I can digest as well now as I could four years ago!

They think I feel humiliated when they come back, with their jaws bloody, and sucking bits of raw meat out of their fangs. They think I am jealous. They amuse me. I like to see them come back, all alike and all different. The tired-out, dogs who should never have been hunters. The leaders, muddied and bursting with conceit; the so-sos, who liked it all right but are glad it's done with, and the best part for them was the eating.

Then there are those who feel that they didn't do so well, and act as if they just hadn't got well started, you know, the bristling ones who sniff and grumble around, saying over and over again: "Where is he? Let me at him!" And the nervous ones, who drop off to sleep from fatigue, and go over the whole business again in their dreams, yapping and jerking their paws.

Yes, it sure is fun to watch them come in. And tonight I'll get a good hunk of the liver, boiled specially for me. I would not want to be out there running my head off, thirsty, my lungs aching, I have the best rôle. Just like the Monkey. . . . It's fun to be old, and to let others do the work.

That wild stuff is all over for me, all over—me for the kennel, me for the terrace. And if the old Monkey thinks I'm going to give those old people a show, he—

The horn! . . . They've spotted him . . . They've seen him . . .

Go to it, go to it, go to it!
Ahoow-ahow-whooo, ahoow, ahoow, wowoooo!

SPORT SPURTS by Harold Helfer

Frank Chance, Chicago Cub's first baseman, was hit by four pitched balls in one day.

The San Francisco '49ers went through an entire game with the New York Yankees without receiving a kickoff.

Babe Ruth hit more home runs off Detroit pitchers than those of any other team in his career—123.

President Benjamin Harrison, witnessing the New York baseball team play, remarked, "My, they're giants!" and that's how it got its name.

When Bobby Stuart, the Army back, ran 103 yards against Penn this past season, it was only the third time in the Cadets' fifty-eight years of football history that a West Pointer had scored from goal-line to goal-line. . . . Ray Hill went 110 yards against NYU in 1904, and in that year Henry Torney galloped 105 yards through Yale.

Benny Leonard hit Phil Bloom on the chin, and the blow broke Bloom's ankle.

Sherry Robertson, the Washington outfielder, was once a Secret Service operator.

Chesterton, Ind., holds an annual turtle derby which draws as many as four hundred entries.

The University of San Francisco outfits the eligible pass receivers on the football squad in gold helmets, the ineligible in green.

Jim Mace fought forty-eight years in the ring—he was still boxing at 70.

As leading pitcher in the American League and player-manager of the Chicago White Sox in 1901,

Clark Griffith drew the magnificent salary of \$2,400.

The Cubs have won more pennants than any other major-league ball club—sixteen.

Walter Johnson, regarded by some as the top pitcher in baseball history, holds the record for wild pitches in a season—twenty-one—and for the most wild pitches in an inning—four.

When Michigan State began playing football back in 1896, it was considered such a rowdy game that college fathers demanded a minister-coach to keep it within decent bounds; and that's how Rev. Charles O. Bemis came to be M. S. C.'s first grid coach.

Johnny Lindell, the Yankee outfielder, is an Arcadia, Calif., traffic cop when he isn't playing ball.

On April 17, 1907, Joe Jeannette was floored twenty-seven times—but won the bout. Sam McVey quit in the forty-ninth round.

Although Bobby Layne of Texas was the sensation of the Sugar Bowl and an All-American, he's even more terrific as a baseball pitcher—he's won twenty-four straight Southwest Conference games.

In the Rose Bowl game, Michigan's Bob Chappuis ran and passed for a total of 279 yards, not only an all-time Rose Bowl record, but more than the entire Southern California team.

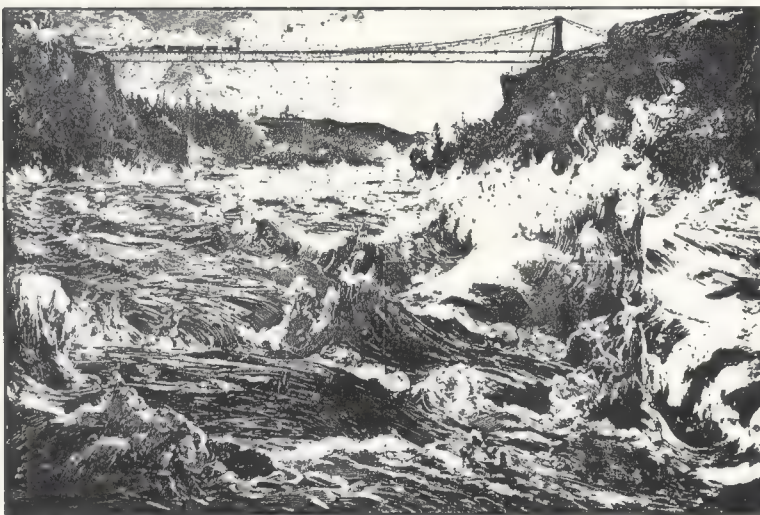
The reason that Ty Cobb's feat of batting more than .300 for twenty-three seasons in a row will be hard to beat is that statistics show that only one ball player in ten thousand stays in the league that long.



Jenkins crossing Niagara Gorge on a velocipede, August 25, 1869. Just imported from France, the bicycle was still a novelty. Jenkins stretched his cable 1000 feet across the gorge over the rapids and crossed from cliff to cliff on a special built "velocipede" in 11 minutes.



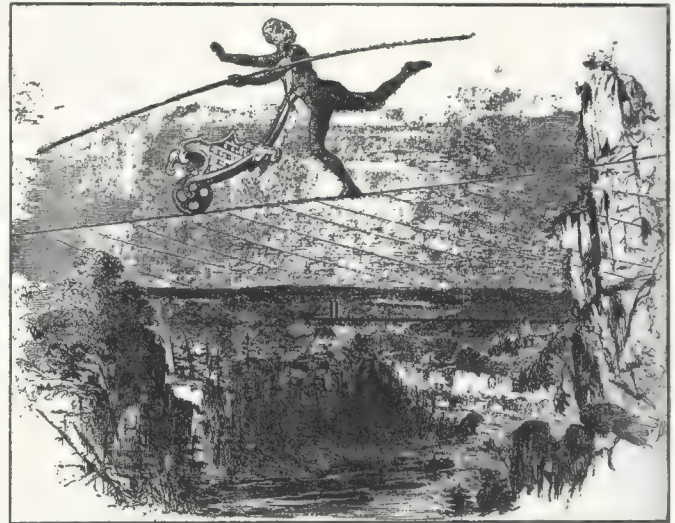
Burning of the *Caroline*, December 29, 1837. At the close of 1837 Canada was aflame with the so-called Patriot war. The headquarters was on Navy Island, just above the Falls. The steamer *Caroline* had made two trips from the New York shore to Navy Island. The British, feeling the boat was carrying supplies to the Patriots, crossed the river, set her afire and cut her moorings. All ablaze, she was carried over the Falls.



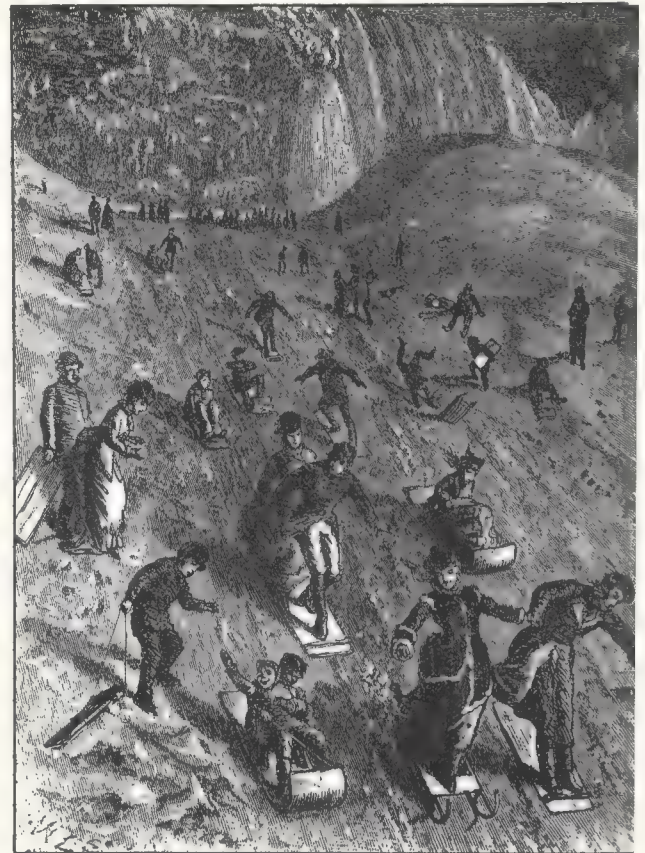
In 1875 Captain Matthew Webb had been the first to swim the English Channel. On July 24, 1883, he leaped from a small boat several hundred feet from the rapids, passed under the suspension bridge successfully, but a little later was sucked under by a mighty wave. Four days afterward his lifeless body was picked up seven miles down the river.

Daredevil Days At Niagara

Old prints from Three Lions, Schoenfeld Collection



Blondin, dressed as an ape, crossing the Niagara River, July 14, 1859. After crossing to Canada with a sack over his head and body, his legs and feet being free, Blondin returned, dressed as a monkey, and trundled a wheelbarrow over the rope.



Winter scene below the Falls. The ice-covered rocks below the American fall were the playground for tourists and residents. The ice mountain at the foot of the American fall sometimes reaches a height of 100 feet, and extends the whole width of the fall.



The Man

Sir William Smith burned the French ships under Bonaparte's nose, and defeated him at Acre when he marched on Constantinople.

become the greatest soldier in the history of a nation which had many great soldiers. He may have foreseen all that in the chill morning light when Admiral Lord Hood in 1793 was compelled to evacuate Toulon or lose the British Mediterranean squadron, because Napoleon believed in his star, which was his own genius.

It is recorded that Napoleon was unusually affable that day.

However, as Napoleon sat down to report that he had saved three-quarters of the fleet, another young man, who also believed in his star, which was his own genius, was reporting aboard the British flagship for a council of war. Neither knew of the other. In ordinary life they would not have met on the same social level, for the Englishman was a naval captain, equivalent to an army colonel, and was personally known and welcome at the Court of St. James; Napoleon was a nobody in the society of Paris.

History linked these two together at Toulon, then brought them together again a few years later with a long arm of coincidence that would be outrageously unacceptable in fiction.

Disturbed by having been able to bring away only a quarter of the vessels which were at the arsenal—for he could not rig the rest for sea nor man them had they been so rigged—Admiral Lord Hood faced the prospect of seeing the fine French ships some day used against England in the Mediterranean. There was no time to attempt even towing more of the vessels out, because, having hastily evacuated all the troops defending the town, Toulon was being occupied by the rabble of the Revolution.

Something had to be done, and an officer newly arrived from Syria proposed a simple solution. Why not, suggested Sir William Sydney Smith, just go in and burn them? Inasmuch as he was only on half-pay, and *en route* back to England to report for duty at the Admiralty, Sir William was not tied down to a ship, and therefore proposed that he was available for the enterprise. The vessels were dry from the Mediterranean heat, and a little turpentine and pitch and gunpowder could do the work. As for the Republican troops, Sir William thought he could dispose of

In high spirits Napoleon and thirteen thousand veterans set off to take Constantinople.

A SMALL, thin, feverish captain of artillery looked with bright eyes down upon the harbor commanded by the battery which he and his men had carried during the night with cold steel. Below, proud and powerful ships-of-the-line flying the flags of Spain or England slowly worked out to the safety of the outer roads, beyond the range of the 32-pounders which suddenly threatened to shatter them with plunging shot.

The little Corsican, Napoleon Buonaparte, had reason to be pleased with himself. The amateurs about the besieged and abandoned town of Toulon had said the battery couldn't be taken away from British troops, because the battery was made im-

pregnable by height and sheerness. It was too bad, said the amateurs with the red, white and blue cockade of the Revolution, because the battery was the key to the deplorable situation at Toulon, whose Royalists wanted to give the French Mediterranean fleet into the safekeeping of the monarchs of England and Spain, against the return of the Bourbons to power.

Napoleon, then, had done the impossible.

As he looked down, he may have foreseen that his energetic courage was going to be promptly rewarded with a promotion to General, that he was going to stun the world with his brilliant campaign against the Austrians in Italy, that he was going to

Napoleon Hated

Illustrated by
CHARLES B. FALLS

by ROBERT W. DALY

their opposition by carronade fire from his boats.

Admiral Lord Hood, like most Englishmen in the Navy, knew something about Sir William, who, just short of thirty, had already acquired a reputation. The second son of a captain of the Guards, Smith had been a midshipman at thirteen, a lieutenant at sixteen, and in command of his own vessel at eighteen during the American Revolution. Smith's knighthood was of a Swedish order, acquired during the dull days of England's peace, when he had fought as a captain of Gustavus III against the Russians. His elder brother was the British Ambassador to Turkey. If young Sir William hadn't been self-confident to the point of conceit, and brave to the point of foolhardiness, Lord Hood might have hesitated. Instead, he gave Smith a few boats and a handful of men.

And so the following day Napoleon had to write another letter to Paris, because, during the night, the mad English went in and burned the shipping, in complete defiance of the constant bombardment from the batteries which Napoleon had personally overhauled and approved. Nearly half the French vessels were destroyed—which, added to the quarter which

the Allies had been able to sail out, nearly obliterated the Mediterranean Fleet.

Napoleon put the name of Sir William Sydney Smith into his memory; but soon, in his own rush to glory, surpassed the Englishman. His promotion to General was given despite the destruction of the fleet, and soon he had an opportunity to rescue the tottering French Directory from the mob with "a whiff of grape." Rewarded for his zeal with the command of the Army of Italy, he showed what he could do with an army in the field by pursuing the Austrians to Vienna for a peace treaty.

DURING the same period, Smith had a far less impressive record. As captain of a frigate cruising in the English Channel, he let his fearlessness take him in a ship's boat into Havre de Grace, where he captured an eight-gun French lugger at two o'clock in the morning. This exploit would have been trifling enough, but unfortunately the strong tide drove him up the Seine, and when dawn broke, he was considerably above the town. He was instantly attacked by an overwhelming force of gunboats and luggers, and after a two-hour fight was obliged to surrender.

The Lords of the Admiralty regretted his loss and directed the transport board to arrange for an exchange of an equivalent French prisoner. Unfortunately, Sir William was held as a political prisoner; because his activities at Toulon had been undertaken while he was officially on half-pay, and the French would not exchange him. He languished for two years in the Temple, became fast friends with a French Royalist engineer colonel named Phélypeaux, and was ultimately freed by the French Royalist underground and spirited out of Paris, returning to England in May, 1798.

Charged with arson and with the prospect of a life in prison, Smith had thought long and hard about Napoleon, who by this time had dropped the "u" to become Bonaparte. In a bitter mood, Smith had etched a prophecy into the panels of his quarters, which were the best in the prison. The prophecy was a letter to Napoleon, which Smith presumed the Great Man would one day be able to read, because, "Fortune's wheel makes strange revolutions. . . . You are to-day as high as you can be. Very well. I envy not your good fortune, for mine is better still. . . . You will inhabit this same prison. . . ." It was a





Napoleon opened parallels. And the flower of the Army of Italy flung themselves against the walls of Acre.

shrewd evaluation of life's ups and downs, and found its way into the Parisian newspapers, to be read later by Napoleon under circumstances which put the author into his mind.

During his imprisonment, Smith became even more eccentric, and conceived of the war as a personal matter between himself and Napoleon.

Napoleon had a broader view. Triumphant returned from Vienna, he was the only popular hero in Paris, and was too busy with ambitious plans to pay a visit to the incendiary of Toulon. Napoleon saw that England, protected by her insularity from the powerful French Army, was the stiffener throughout Europe for the opposition to France. Napoleon conceived a plan to weaken England where it would hurt most. He suggested that he should be given an army to take India, which was becoming the backbone of England's economic life. The French Directory was experiencing the happy feelings

of *Frankenstein* when the monster came to life.

Shortly after this proposal was made, then, Napoleon was *en route* to Toulon, and the Directory's five members were congratulating themselves on having got rid of the new Alexander, complete with the Army of Italy, which could have been expected to be more loyal to their magnetic commander than to their government. The dockyard of Toulon scraped together a dozen ships and sufficient transports to convoy the Corsican to Egypt. The expedition sailed on May 19th, 1798, outwitting one Horatio Nelson, British commander in the Mediterranean.

LESS than two weeks before, Sir William had escaped from the Temple and returned to Paris. Napoleon was too busy with his arrangements to take notice of the event. He should have, for Sir William had become a man with a crusading mission.

In Egypt, Napoleon's well-trained troops had little difficulty in adding the ancient country to the roster of those enjoying the benefits of *Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*. The Mamelukes made a determined stand and entered history at what is called the Battle of the Pyramids. French scientists discovered the famed Rosetta Stone, and began to unlock the gossip theretofore hidden for tens of centuries on papyrus. The land of the Nile seemed to be a pleasant staging area for the Alexandrine march upon India.

Unfortunately, the Revolution had been obliged to introduce mass warfare to offset the disadvantage in training professional troops for the compact little wars of moderation which had distinguished the Eighteenth Century. Mass warfare, in turn, heightened the problem of supply, which was being dignified by the special term "logistics."

Whereas Alexander the Great could equip his troops with armor and

spear and sword, and let them forage for food on the march, the new Alexander was an artilleryman and had to provide gunpowder and shot for the weapons he loved. Egypt had no factories for such modern contraptions, and no developed resources. Napoleon was dependent upon France for military supply, and France was separated from Egypt by a body of water. Therefore, Napoleon needed ships.

For a while Napoleon had the ships. Then, toward sunset one August afternoon, Napoleon didn't have the ships, because an embarrassedly irate Horatio Nelson had at last tracked them to Aboukir Bay. In a battle that provided inspiration for the undying classic about the boy who stood on the burning deck, British sea power annihilated French sea power, and disposed of the threat to far-distant India.

NAPOLEON wintered at Cairo, admired the unfolding glories of the Pharaohs, and set about to retrieve something from the debacle. He was disgusted with the French Navy. He hadn't asked them to fight. All he wanted the Navy to do was to maintain the flow of supplies he needed for his march to India. Surely that should have been simple enough; but no, the Navy couldn't do even that. Here as elsewhere Napoleon demonstrated a startling misunderstanding of the capacities of sea power, which is significant for us today. If one of the greatest soldiers of all time could consistently underestimate sea power, be ultimately defeated primarily by sea power, and still not see how, with a little common sense, he might have used his own navy to perpetuate his rule, it behooves us in this era of air power to be careful about discarding a weapon which has always served an understanding master well.

A century before Mackinder and Haushofer, Napoleon decided that land power could circumvent sea power. By studying his map, Napoleon perceived that except for a narrow body of water separating Europe from Asia Minor at Constantinople, he could march all the way back to Paris and be damned to the fleet.

The project of taking "Europe in the rear," as he put it, was attractive for a number of reasons. Before his departure for Egypt, the only other superlative general produced by the Revolution had died, and with Lazare Hoche dead and Napoleon absent, no other leader had arisen to hold the tremendous territorial gains made by France. Enemies pressed in on all sides. Even Italy was gone, as the Russians helped the Austrians.

By marching to Constantinople, Napoleon could follow the Danube to Vienna, teach the Austrians another

sharp lesson, move to the Rhine and chastise the barbarous Prussians, perhaps swing south to dispose of Suvorov and the Russians, and then enter Paris to receive his laurel wreath. The logistics problem would increasingly solve itself, once he entered Europe, because he would find developed resources quite unlike those areas of the backward East. There was, of course, the trifling necessity of being obliged to take every Turkish fortress on his line of march, lest communications to Egypt be cut before he was ready to roll up his line and base upon Constantinople. Naturally, Napoleon did not anticipate much difficulty.

In high spirits, thirteen thousand veterans of the Army of Italy and Egypt set off in February, 1799, to take Constantinople. As they proceeded up the littoral, using small coasting vessels to carry their heavy stores, they aimed at the fortified towns. There was little trouble at El Arish and Gaza. At Jaffa, however, it was deplorably necessary, Napoleon felt, to massacre a few thousand Turkish prisoners, both because some had broken their parole after being previously captured, and because they were too numerous to be guarded. It was an act then justified by military necessity, and lit a flame of terror that preceded the French advance and eased their way.

The storied town of St. Jean d'Acre should have proved to be equally unable to resist the invincible French. There, the crusading Richard the Lion-Hearted had compared the qualities of his blade with the damascened steel of Saladin the Saracen. It was an oddly situated town, shaped like a box, with three sides projecting out into the water. A division of tough French regulars should have been able to whip into the town, with or without the help of Napoleon's prized guns, which were being carried alongshore in a few coasting vessels. The three thousand Turks of the garrison were properly terrified, and ordinarily the whole business would have been over in a day or so.

But something new had been added. Sir William Sydney Smith was at Acre.

It was not an accident that Sir William was there, nor were his two mighty ships-of-the-line mere mirages. Napoleon was in the Near East. Sir William asked for duty in the Near East. Because of his previous acquaintance with Constantinople, Sir William's request was promptly granted. Indeed, the British Government, recognizing his burning passion and ability, went even further. He received command of the magnificent eighty-gun ship-of-the-line *Tigre*, captured from the French the year before his imprisonment, and the seventy-

four-gun *Theseus* was thrown into the bargain to give him a squadron and a Commodore's pennant. He was also made joint Minister Plenipotentiary with his brother, to the Sultan, which was an extremely unusual situation.

Indeed, the extraordinary nature of his dual commission led to some heartburn on the part of Horatio Nelson. Nelson was ever jealous of anything which threatened his authority, and was enraged by the notion of having two ships wandering at will within his province but not under his flag. Many agonizing hours of correspondence were spent by Nelson in trying to find out the status of Sir William. Nelson couldn't scream at a Minister, but he could rip the hide off a captain. In the end, it was decided that in naval matters, Sir William was to acknowledge Nelson's flag; in state matters, he was responsible directly to London.

Since, in Sir William's eyes, anything that had to do with Napoleon was a matter of state, this wise decision from London meant that Nelson continued to lose sleep.

When Napoleon's intentions of proceeding to Constantinople became obvious, Sir William confidently undertook to stop the French in their tracks. He selected Acre as the rendezvous with destiny, precisely because the city jutted out into the water. His ships, one on either side of the town, could train their broadsides on the plains the French would have to cross. Shot from the ships could cover every inch of the exposed landward side of Acre.

Sir William, as an English Minister, was in command of the entire Turkish army and navy, and assumed complete responsibility for Acre. The defenses were in extremely poor condition. For centuries, the inhabitants had feared attack from the sea, and all the guns were emplaced to cover sea raiders, while the landward embrasures were empty, except for dirt which had been building up through years of neglect. None of the batteries had splinterproofs or casemates.

ARRIVING only two days before the French vanguard was sighted, Sir William threw five hundred seamen and marines ashore, and drove the garrison night and day to move the guns to the landward side of the walls. In makeshift reconstruction of the batteries, he was brilliantly assisted by a French Colonel of Engineers named Phélypeaux, his old comrade from the Temple, who also had a grudge against Napoleon.

As the lights of the campfires of the French scouts were dimmed by approaching dawn, Smith had the great satisfaction of seeing a little coastal convoy groping its way toward Acre. There was one corvette carry-

ing Napoleon's personal property, and nine gunboats. Napoleon later blamed the captain of the corvette for his disaster at Acre, because the corvette captain ran away as fast as he could when Smith pounced upon the convoy.

So, as a division of French infantry shuffled into formation for the assault upon Acre, the fortifications were being strengthened by having all of the siege guns which were supposed to knock down the walls being mounted on the walls instead. And these were the guns which the British seamen chose as theirs for the ensuing months. The gunboats were manned with skeleton crews and sent to support a ship-of-the-line on either side of the approaches to the town.

There is no need to go into the details of the sixty-three-day struggle. Napoleon was hopelessly defeated before he even condescended to open regular siege operations. Ranging within a mile of the shore, the powerful ships-of-the-line leisurely used the two-mile carry of their guns to drop their heavy shot upon any concentration of troops, while the captured gunboats practically went aground to pour in a heavy and deadly short range fire of grape and canister.

Napoleon opened parallels. The flower of the Army of Italy climbed up out of the trenches and flung themselves against the flaming walls of Acre, and five thousand of them perished in the merciless cannonading against which they had no protection. Pushing his parallels even closer, disregarding the death which dropped into the trenches as the ships-of-the-line simply shifted anchors until their guns bore, Napoleon put his sappers to work to blow the hole in the wall which his beloved guns could have done in a few days' time.

THE mine went off; the French charged; and a fresh regiment of Turks, brought in by British command of the sea, simply counter-attacked and drove the French back out of the breach. A French frigate captain slipped into Jaffa and landed nine heavy guns which were dragged overland to Acre. Napoleon at last had a battery, with plenty of shot from the ships to use, and he set about improving the breach he had made. Phélypeaux, who had graduated forty-first from the Paris Academy in a class which found Napoleon forty-second on the list, died of exhaustion and fever, but he had done his work well.

The guns improved the breach in the walls, and here, of course, Sir William insisted upon mounting a battery under his personal command. Worn down by nearly two-score charges, Napoleon was compelled to make a climactic effort when the sails of the Turkish fleet were seen on the

horizon. His favorite general, Kléber, was given the task of taking Acre once and for all. It was the crescendo of the siege; and Kléber failed, because the French got into Acre only to find a cunning network of interior defenses designed by Phélypeaux.

Napoleon made one final effort to succeed by guile where he had failed by skill. He requested a truce so that he might bury the dead who had fallen in Kléber's assault. The truce was granted, and in the interlude of calm, Napoleon quickly regrouped in the parallels for a sudden attack upon the defenders. But Sir William was a wary man, and as the French treacherously rose out of their trenches and screamed their battle-cries, the distant ships-of-the-line thundered and the final attack was shattered.

It was the end.

A day or so later the defenders of Acre incredulously waited for the sun to verify their suspicions of the night. The French were gone, pot and kettle, leaving behind everything except light field equipment. The silent plain was strewn with putrefying bodies, broken weapons, and the mute battering train which had been so laboriously assembled.

In achieving the honor of being the first man to defeat Napoleon, merely by employing a strength Napoleon never understood, Sir William Sydney Smith lost only sixty-six killed or drowned and had 113 wounded, out of the complements of his two ships. Sir William followed Napoleon inexorably down the coast, until the desperate French fled inland, and Sir William could complacently report: "The utmost disorder has been manifested in the retreat, and the whole track between Acre and Gaza is strewn with the dead bodies of those, who have sunk under fatigue, or the effect of slight wounds. . . ."

What happened to Napoleon as a consequence?

Nothing. Thanks to Nelson, only a very few French vessels were able to slip through the Mediterranean, and Napoleon exercised complete censorship over the news that came from Egypt. The people in France knew nothing for many years of how a French force had been broken in the Holy Land by a crusading Englishman. Napoleon treated the affair as a reconnaissance in force, rather than a full scale operation, and deserted his still-loyal veterans in Egypt to scurry back to France as the hero of the Battle of the Pyramids, the only successful general in an otherwise gloomy year of defeat. Aided by his own version of his exploits in Egypt, with never a word about Acre, Napoleon seized control of the French government and became the first of our modern adventurer-dictators.

What happened to Smith?

Well, for one thing, he infuriated Nelson, because the Sultan gave Smith precisely the same gifts for the victory at Acre that had been given Nelson for the victory at Aboukir Bay. Both Houses of Parliament voted the thanks of the nation, and awarded him an annual pension of a thousand pounds.

Acre was the climax of Smith's life, principally because he had accomplished his main purpose in life, to humiliate Napoleon. Thereafter he commanded the naval brigade in Abercrombie's mop-up of Napoleon's forlorn Army in Egypt, was elected a Member of Parliament, showed his old flair by burning some Turkish ships in an exasperated British assault upon the Dardanelles in 1807 when Turkey wavered in her true friendship, made Vice-Admiral, and ended his service career in 1814.

By no stroke of chance, he was in Belgium with his good friend Lord Wellington, and was a non-combatant spectator at Wellington's right hand during what is called the Battle of Waterloo. Having seen his adversary disposed of forever, Sir William settled down to live out his life in Paris, amused himself with reviving various old orders of knighthood, and became more and more eccentric until his death in 1840.

WAS Acre important, quite apart from the demonstration of Napoleon's invincibility? Let Napoleon speak: "The fate of the East is in that little town." And again, in blaming the poor little corvette captain for not having disposed of the *Tigre* and *Theseus*, a job similar today to the destruction of two *Missouris* by a gunboat, Napoleon said: "I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

This did not happen because Napoleon had an implacable nemesis in the Royal Navy itself, and a personal nemesis in Sir William Sydney Smith. Why is Smith so rarely heard of? For several reasons, notably the French suppression of the event, and its consequent failure to gain circulation in the Continental newspapers, and of course, the English fondness for Nelson, whose glories of Aboukir Bay and the Battle of Trafalgar made any other hero play a secondary role. Then, too, Smith fought an army, which isn't the proper function for a naval officer; he didn't bring any captured ships home for the cheering populace to see.

There was one man who couldn't forget—a man who knew better than anyone what might have happened except for the defense of Acre. "His government did not appreciate his services in Syria and Egypt," Napoleon wrote in the contemplative solitude of St. Helena.



SIGN

AN ENTIRELY COMPETENT DETECTIVE FROM NEW YORK LEARNS WHAT VERY DIFFERENT SKILLS ARE REQUIRED FOR A MAN-HUNT IN A WESTERN DESERT.

by WILLIAM BRANDON

IRELAND got out of the car and walked through the yellow sunlight to the airplane. The airplane was bright red, a giant red blossom crumpled and casually dropped on the floor of the desert.

The airplane was actually not large. It was a single-engined light plane, with seats in its cabin for four. It had crashed with terrific force. The engine was buried in the ground. One wing was folded back against the fuselage; the other wing had ripped almost free and stood tilted at an akimbo angle. The cabin was completely smashed.

The shadow of the airplane was a solid geometric pattern on the brush

beside it. A man sitting in this shadow saw Ireland, and stood up. He wore cowboy boots and dark glasses and a big hat. He was a little taller than Ireland.

He said: "Are you the officer from New York?"

"That's right," Ireland said. "Sam Ireland."

"I'm from the Sheriff's office," the tall man said. "My name's Bach." He shook Ireland's hand. "You sure did get here in a hurry."

"Well, I'm staying at a dude ranch over here," Ireland said. "I was taking a vacation."

"You're employed by the company, then?"

"They're retaining me for this case. They sent me a telegram last night; they tapped me because they happened to know I was out here on the scene, I suppose. I don't have any official connection, if that's what you mean."

The tall man smiled. He said: "I got it that they were sending a New York police officer. We thought it seemed like a long-distance view of jurisdiction." He glanced at the telegram Ireland showed him. "They ask you to telephone. Did you get any details?"

"As much as they had," Ireland said. "He was the treasurer of the company. He disappeared day before

yesterday, left a wife and two kids and a home in Westchester. They haven't finished checking his office accounts yet, but they estimate he took a hundred thousand of the company's funds with him. This is his own plane. He flew it himself. The company entered a complaint of embezzlement yesterday, and last evening they got a report that he'd stopped at an airport near Kansas City, and then gone on. A little while later they heard he had crashed here, but had apparently got away. His name is Chauncey Poddsworth."

"Yeah," Bach said. "Ain't that a killer? They say what the trouble was? He'd run into debt?"

"No," Ireland said. "The wife told them there was another woman. A redhead."

"She wasn't supposed to be with him?"

"Not according to the word they got all the way down the line."

"Not according to the look of this here wreck, either," Bach said. "As for the guy getting away, don't worry about that."

"You haven't found him?"

Bach shook his head. "I'll show you the deal." He moved around the broken wing and into the open glare of the sun. He walked a half-dozen yards beyond the shattered nose of the airplane. Ireland followed him. A few pieces of the wreckage were strewn around it in the brush. Ireland saw a fragment of the propeller half buried beside a fat-bodied flowering cactus; near it the bent rim of a wheel; but there was no shattered glass or broken plexiglas, and that was puzzling. Bach stopped and pointed to the ground. "He was thrown out of the cabin. He hit here."

Ireland could see nothing. He said: "Was there a mark here?"

"Sure. There still is." Bach touched a clump of tall grass, more sand-colored than green, with the toe of his boot. "See, this is mashed down on one side. Some of the stems are broken. There's a deep scrape in the dirt right there. Then he rolled over on this creosote bush. He broke down half the stems. See here?"

Now that it had been pointed out, Ireland could see that some of the brittle stems of the bush had been snapped off, and their shiny green leaves scattered on the bone-dry earth. One side of the clump of galleta grass was indeed mashed down, and he thought he could see a depression in the ground.

He said: "Well, maybe."

"It's a track as clear as a wagon road," the tall man said. "He left plenty of sign. You can see the hole he made in the windshield when he came through it. There isn't any blood, so he probably wasn't cut. He

may have been knocked out for a while. When he came to he crawled away; you can see how he went there, you can see he was crawling."

The clumps of grass, the stunted bushes, the grotesque little trees of spidery cactus, all looked alike to Ireland. The intervals of naked earth, windswept and hard-surfaced, told him nothing. Behind him this brush ran in an endless carpet to a thin blue line of mountains shimmering in the hazy distance. In front of him it broke up against an expanse of volcanic ash and black lava beds and a dwindling far-away chain of old volcanoes. All of it, except for the broken body of the red airplane and the two dusty cars parked in the arroyo road, was empty. The white-hot sun was seemingly the only living thing. This was the big space. It stretched the sky, Ireland thought, to cover it. It could be good for nothing but to hold the world together. And a man could lose himself here from an army.

He said dubiously: "Admitting you're guessing right so far, you can't track anyone through country like this, can you?"

"Well, we stayed with his trail all right this morning until he struck onto the lava." Bach sat on his heels and lit a cigarette. He said mildly: "As for it being a guess so far, I don't think I'd call it that. The sign's clear enough. He went out through that hole in the windshield—where else did he go? He lit here; what else plowed up the ground here? He dragged himself away there; what else left that trail? As for tracking a man in this country, I hope to holler you can! Not only that, you can tell a few things about him while you're following him. For example, this tella left a hand-print on up there a ways. It's a small hand, so you can figure he ain't much on size. A good tracker can cut a man's sign out here and tell you his name and his age his next birthday, and where he'll be thirty-six hours from now."

"Well, it's out of my line," Ireland said. "You may be right. But it seems to me there's too much to look over. You can't see it all."

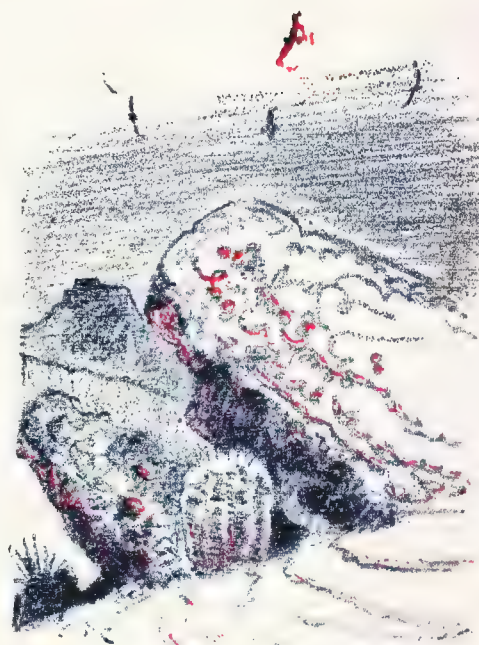
"That's the way New York appears to me," Bach said dryly. "Depends on what your eyes are used to, I reckon. Now the boss brought out a good tracker this morning. He's over on the lava now. He ought to be in after a bit, and you can talk to him. He's a kind of education."

Ireland smiled. He said: "He can look at your track and tell you your name?"

"He'll cipher out considerable," Bach said.

"An old-timer?"

"Old as God. He's an Indian. His name's Charley Ojo."



Everything here looked

Ireland chuckled. "Oho?"

"Mexican name, spelled with a j. Means eye, among other things."

"Charley the Eye?"

"That's about right," Bach said. "He's the best I know of. But he's slow. First thing he did this morning was spend an hour looking at the airplane, while the boss was trying to hustle him out on the trail. The boss got so aggravated he went back to town. I've seen him squat and study a mesquite bean for twenty minutes, until it told him what he wanted to know."

"In the meantime, where can your boy Poddsworth get to?" Ireland asked. It was impossible to keep a trace of irony out of his voice. He thought it was obvious that in this region it would be useless to try to follow a fugitive and capture him. The thing to do was anticipate where he would run to, and then get there ahead of him.

"Oh, he ain't going any place," Bach said. "That lava yonder we call the malpais, that means *bad country* and it damned sure is. Mighty few water-holes, and mighty few men know where they're at. Mexico's only nine-



alike: more ridges, the same fields of lava. He didn't know he had come in so far—he was lost.

teen, twenty miles south, but a man in good shape wouldn't hardly live to get there, walking; and this fella ain't even in good shape. Myself, I wouldn't go in there, and I was raised right here. There's ash and rough lava and sand-drifts, loose sand where it'll wear you plumb out to walk half a mile, old flood plains dried up with big cracks running through 'em, sometimes water and mud if it's been raining, and you go down in that mud like soup, go down over your head if there's been enough rain. Against he crosses the Mexico line, it's still malpais, only worse, and it stays like that a hell of a long ways farther. If he turns around and comes back out this side, there's only one place for him to go, and that's Santa Ana, and naturally we'd pick him up there."

"I see," Ireland said. "What do you think he'll try to do?"

"The most likely thing is that he'll head for Mexico, and die in there in the malpais, and no one'll ever find him. That's why we got Charley Ojo out here right away, so as maybe we can catch him up before he gets too far in. But I doubt that Charley or anyone can read his sign across that lava."

"Suppose he comes out this side and goes to one of the dude ranches, instead of into town?"

"He's afoot. The only place near enough to walk to without dying of thirst is Sadler's Wells, and whenever he puts in there, one of the boys at Sadler's line camp will know it and report him. That's allowing he can find the way there to begin with, and that he can travel that far. It's a good eleven miles. Now if he had a horse and a canteen, he could get to some of the ranches. Might be he's got a canteen, but we know damned well he hasn't got a horse."

"And you're sure he's still in there now?"

Bach looked up at the sweep of angry black ridgerock he had called the malpais. He drew on his cigarette. He said: "He's in there."

"You're positive?"

"We cut around it a good piece this morning. There ain't anything coming out of it."

"You mean no tracks," Ireland said skeptically.

Bach smiled a little. He said: "That's right. No tracks. Away around to the north, there was a set where a horse came in and out, but

they weren't fresh, anyhow. That would have been one of Sadler's boys, or maybe somebody from a guest ranch."

"Who reported the crash? Did anyone see it?"

"It was one of Sadler's hands. He'd been over this way yesterday, and was heading in for the evening. He didn't really see the airplane spin in, he said; he was up on the Quijotoas—that's a good ways; and it was right at sundown, and he couldn't make out much. The airplane passed over pretty low and then went up higher, acting peculiar, he said. Then it got so far off it was just a dot in the sky, and he said he wouldn't have been sure it fell, but he heard the bang when it hit. He gave us a call from the line camp. It took us half the night to find it here. Then when we sent in a report on it, we got the word back that the fella was a fugitive."

BACH stepped on his cigarette and stood up, and they returned to the airplane and the shade of the wing.

"You drive out by yourself?" Bach asked.

"I rented a car in Santa Ana," Ireland said. "They told me I couldn't

miss it, since this is the only road. That is, if you can call it a road. Is it all right if I look in the airplane?"

"Go ahead. Just don't monkey with the controls or the instruments. There's an expert coming from the airport to see if he can tell what went wrong. He said not to move anything."

Ireland crawled into the wrecked cabin. There were maps, gloves, a necktie; and amid the smashed glass on the floor a tobacco pipe with a silver band, and a low-cut shoe. He found the other shoe presently, under a seat.

THE cabin was stifling hot. He made his way out and sat down on the ground. The deputy gave him a drink from a canteen. Ireland took off his hat and wiped sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt.

He said: "Did you find any baggage in there?"

"Couple of suitcases," Bach said. "The boss took 'em in for the property clerk to lock up."

"You open them?"

"Went all through 'em. There wasn't any of the money. We concluded he was carrying the money on him in a belt."

"I can't understand that pair of shoes in there," Ireland said.

"Might have been knocked off his feet when he cracked up. That can happen."

"I don't think so," Ireland said. "They were unlaced."

"He could have corns," Bach suggested.

Ireland was silent for a time. He said presently: "Naturally I'm most interested in recovering the money. You say he's likely to die back in there. If that happens, how much chance of locating his body?"

"Next to none," Bach said immediately.

"That's a lot of money involved," Ireland said. "I could hire airplanes, make up some sort of an expedition."

Bach plucked a blade of grass, folded it, drew it between his fingers, and stuck it in his mouth. His dark glasses studied the lava hills, which by a trick of light had become rust red.

"Might be worth it," he said at last. "Most folks around here would reckon it an outside chance that you'd find him. If he was laying out in the open, you might. But there's too many places he could fall into, crawling along. Be a mighty long shot."

Ireland put on his hat and stood up. "Can I see anything from the edge of that ridge?"

The tall man said, "Well, not much," and stood up beside him.

"I think I'll have a look," Ireland said.

Bach picked up the canteen. He said: "Might walk up with you."

They left the shadow of the airplane and walked out through the brush. A bird fluttered up near them and flew away. The heat from the glaring sun seemed to roll over them in vast smothering waves. At the end of a quarter of a mile, Ireland's mouth was parched. Bach handed him the canteen.

"A college professor out here last winter was telling us about a private cop named Ireland, back East," the deputy said. "He mentioned a murder case, some people named Bowler."

Ireland nodded. He returned the canteen and they went on. He was soaked with sweat, but on his face and neck and hands, the sun dried the sweat and turned it to salt before he could wipe it off.

"He said you knew your business," Bach said, and added with a naïve sort of curiosity: "He said you got some powerful fees."

Ireland said nothing.

"I was thinking," Bach went on awkwardly, "that if Charley Ojo's any help to you, maybe you'd want to give him a percentage. He's got a granddaughter going to school, and she's got it in her head she wants to be a doctor, so old Charley's been trying to raise some money to help her through. I was just thinking about it, if anything should pan out of this."

"He can put in a claim," Ireland said. "They'll give him a fair shake."

"Well, you know how that would go. They'd brush him off with nickels and dimes."

"I don't make a practice of splitting fees," Ireland said.

"Well, I was just thinking about it," Bach said uncomfortably.

They went up a slope of ashes, grown over with a small white plant, a delicate frosting, a gossamer veil coquettishly flung across this ancient slag heap. They came upon the lava, naked rock, a sea of liquid rock cooled into fantastic shapes and formations, in gentle swells and jagged ledges, here and there crushed into chunks and splinters and massive blocks, and sprinkled with the long-spined cholla cactus that somehow found a foothold in every crack and crevice. A crater with a broken shoulder rose up in the middle distance, and beyond it the lava beds dwindled away in a green haze of heat.

"I SEE what you mean," Ireland said. "It looks like the back yard of hell." He felt some irritation when the deputy did not answer. He walked on alone, climbed a point of rock, and looked about. The airplane and the two cars were absurdly small, so many toys. The entire world lay absolutely still under the brilliant, bitter sun. He was struck by a feeling that nothing had moved here since the beginning of time; that he could keep

a vigil here forever and never see a flicker of life.

Bach called, from some distance back: "There's Charley."

Ireland's eyes sought across the lemon and lime of the chaparral. It was some time before he could make out the distant figure, moving through the brush toward the airplane.

"He's coming in," the deputy called. "We better get on back."

Ireland, in his turn, did not answer. He left the point of rock and climbed on across the lava. He thought, to hell with all back-country cops! He was annoyed at the interruption of his vacation, his first holiday in seven years, for a job that had seemed at first glance a soft touch for a fat price, and that now seemed to have him whipped before he could begin. To this there was added the blundering attempt at a shakedown on the part of the deputy, and the wooden-headed behavior in general of the authorities of this Border county, who were treating a Mexico-bound embezzler as they would a lost cow—looking over this trackless land for his tracks. But the core of his resentment was his own feeling of helplessness.

HE glanced back, and saw that the deputy had disappeared.

Looking for Chauncey Poddsworth in New York, he would have known what to do; let the man hide out in a malpais of brownstone houses, and he would be found. In the city he could not move a hundred yards without leaving a trace; he could not buy a paper, ride in a taxi, get his laundry done, eat a meal in a restaurant, without exposing his trail. But here the man could go where he pleased, while a character named Charley Ojo amused himself playing cowboy and Indian, with as little chance of happening on the man's tracks in this skeletal country as he would have of finding hair on a cue-ball. Ireland had hunted in Maine and New England; he knew the difficulty of trailing game correctly on soft forest ground, even in snow; in a country like this, and as much of it as this, and following a fleeing man, not a game animal, the idea of tracking was bound to be futile.

But even so, there was nothing else to do. There was no one to question. There were no factors on which to build the structure of the fugitive's escape, except the basic premise of the savage nature of this land. And that led to the conclusion the deputy had already reached: that the embezzler would die in here and leave the money with his bones.

His foot slipped, and he put out his hand and grasped a cholla, and swore aloud with the pain of the needles, like so many burning splinters thrust into his hand. When he



He unwound two long reddish-gold hairs from his wrist. "She looks young; they are not dyed."

tried to pull them out, they balked, with stabs of an exquisite agony that traveled to his heels. He got out his pocket knife with his left hand, and with the help of the blade yanked out the spines. His hand throbbed. The heat had suddenly become more intense. His throat was dry with thirst, but the deputy had taken the canteen with him. He turned around and started back.

He hadn't realized that he was so far from the point of rock. He reached it after fifteen minutes, and climbed it and looked out toward the airplane.

The airplane and the cars and the desert were not there. He could see nothing but the malpais. This, then, was another point of rock. Everything in here looked alike. Surely from the next ridge he would be able to see the ending of the lava beds and the beginning of the desert. He didn't know he had come in so far; he must have covered a mile or two on the lava. He took his bearings from the extinct volcano and the notch in its crater. He went on to the next ridge, and beyond it he saw still more ridges and the same fields of lava. He stood on a high rock and looked in all directions, but could see

nothing of the stippled brush of the desert.

He sat down on a flat rock and lit a cigarette. This doubled his thirst, and he flipped it away. He had not marked his directions carefully when he had come in here; he was evidently lost; to keep on going, might well mean to keep on going deeper into the malpais. He couldn't be more than two miles in at the most. The thing to do was sit still until someone came in looking for him.

The time passed slowly. He looked around for firewood, but the only mesquite was dwarfed and brushy. He thought once he saw a patch of green that might mean water, and clambered down steep rocks to find a glistening little palo verde tree, no more than a foot or two high, and a strip of red earth, but no water.

His mouth felt as if it was lined with dust. The sun was immense and blinding and merciless. When he moved the exertion brought the booming of his pulse to his ears. He had heard some place that a man could live thirty hours in this desert climate without water. Bach and the Indian had probably gone on in without waiting for him; he had indicated

that he didn't want the deputy's company; it would be approaching evening when they reached town and possibly no one would notice his absence until tomorrow. Certainly by morning someone would wonder why he wasn't on hand for the continuing investigation, whatever continuing investigation they might be making. Someone should come out to look for him by noon at the latest. The drive from Santa Ana took two hours; they'd still have five or six hours of daylight left for searching; surely they would find him in that time, sometime before tomorrow night.

He drew a deep breath and shouted at the top of his voice—a long-drawn, "Gooooee!" He listened, and heard nothing but the hollow echoes. There was a sound, faint, quivering on the air: the far-away hum of a car whining in low gear. That would be Bach and the Indian driving to town; and that was that!

He knew that his greatest risk now lay in controlling the impulse to keep on going. But the urge was a powerful one. He couldn't put down the conviction that now rose in him, grown from desperation, that if he bore left, putting the notch of the volcano at his left shoulder, he would

be going out the way he had come in. Even while he told himself to stay where he was, he reasoned that there could be no harm in at least following such a direction to the next ridge for one more look beyond.

The ridge drew him as if by hypnosis. He moved toward it grudgingly; and then, certain that he was right, he began to hurry, half running, leaping from rock to rock. The ridge was farther than he had thought. He reached it at last, scrambled to its summit—and saw only the malpais ahead. But now the string of craters marching away to the horizon seemed to curve to the right. He didn't remember seeing them from this angle before.

He studied the nearby volcano very carefully, and made a new discovery. There were two notches in its crater rim. He had no idea which one he had seen and sighted on, coming in. He wiped sweat from his eyes with his thumbs, and examined the crater with minute care for some feature he might recognize. The two notches were mouths of silent laughter. The black land was contorted with hushed, mocking laughter, rolling in soft hot waves from the sun, rising and falling to the drum of the blood in his temples.

SOMEONE behind him said: "Mr. Ireland?"

Ireland spun around, startled. A bench-legged old man stood in the broken lava below the rim. He wore overalls, dusty GI shoes, a black broad-brimmed hat with a high-domed crown. His skin was the color of the rust-brown lava, his face had a thousand wrinkles of age. He was grinning, showing strong white teeth.

He said: "I'm Charley Ojo."

Ireland wet his lips with his tongue. He said: "I'm glad to see you." He dropped down from the ridge, and in silence thrust out his hand. The old man shook hands with him, and then offered him a canteen. Ireland took it and drank greedily, and found that it contained unsweetened tea.

The Indian watched him. His eyes were bright and thoughtful. He said: "You cover the ground." His speech was slow and deep-voiced, an old man's unhurried comments, spoken in short phrases and between long silences.

"I was lost," Ireland said frankly. "Did Bach send you to find me?"

Charley Ojo smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He said after a moment: "He's gone to town. I told him I'd wait for you." He turned words over in his mind, selected a string, and said: "It occurred to me you might be having trouble."

Ireland said: "It what?"

"Damned bad country," the old man explained.

"The way you said it!" Ireland said. "Do all Indians talk the way you do?"

Charley Ojo chuckled. He said: "I've kept bad company, I guess. Ready to go back?"

"If you can find the way."

"It isn't far." The old man led off, at a right angle to the way Ireland had been headed. "Near the edge of the malpais, like this," Charley Ojo said, "you can take your direction from the lava itself. You see the rock is pitted? The general gradient falls toward the edge of the flow. Long ago there was a steeper slope than now. As it sank and the rock was pitted, the pits were stretched. You can see?" The old man dropped to his face and peered along the rock. His age and his coordination of movement lent a curious dignity to the act. He said in his deliberate bass voice: "Only a slight variation, but it's enough. Look for it in the cross-light."

Ireland looked flat across the rock. The pits, so far as he could discern, were all uniformly round.

"They point," the old man said. "But it's hard to see."

"You can say that again," Ireland said. They got up and went on. Ireland said: "Could you follow the trail of the man we're looking for?"

"He left no sign," the old man said.

They crossed a ridge and came upon the hill of ashes, and the desert, and the airplane. Bach's car was gone. They were no more than a half-mile from the spot where Ireland had been lost.

"Well, that's what I expected," Ireland said.

They walked downhill through the ashfield's lacing of white flowers.

The old man said: "A woman made the drag."

"A woman?"

"Where it appeared that the man had been thrown from the airplane and had crawled away. You saw that? A woman made that trail. It was fairly easy to follow her up."

"You mean a woman was thrown out of the airplane and crawled away?"

"No, not thrown out. She meant it to look as if someone had been thrown out, but the airplane was empty when it crashed, I think. You looked at the airplane?"

"I saw a pair of shoes in it."

The old man clenched up his eyes in a faint smile of approval. He said: "Yes, that was one thing."

Ireland gestured with his thumb at the airplane. "There's a hole in the windshield. How else did the guy get out?"

"I couldn't find any broken pieces of the windshield outside," Charley Ojo said. "All the broken pieces fell inside the cabin. If he had been thrown out through there, he would

have knocked some of it outside, at least." "But all of the broken windshield seemed to be smashed up on the floor of the cabin. Did you see that?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand you," Ireland said. He looked across the brush at the airplane, and the possibility came clear in his mind.

Charley Ojo said: "The man flying the airplane broke the windshield out while he was in the air, I think. That would explain why all the broken pieces were thrown back inside the cabin. Then I think he changed his shoes and put on boots. The shoes would be bad to walk with, out here, and it would be better not to jump with them, either. Then I think he aimed the airplane at about this spot, and opened the door and jumped. I looked a long while for the parachute, but I couldn't find it. I thought he might have buried it. But he may have taken it on with him, too."

Ireland said: "Let's get it straight—you're guessing at all this?"

THE old man reflected and said cautiously: "Not altogether, but of course I could be wrong."

"What about the woman? You say a woman crawled away from the airplane? Where did she come from?"

"I think this was planned between them. I think it was planned that she would be waiting near here when he let the airplane crash. He would have already smashed out the windshield, and she would arrange the misleading trail, as if he crawled away, and then perhaps she would go to where he had landed with the parachute. I saw where she came onto the malpais yesterday with a horse. I saw where she nooned. I saw that she waited until evening when the airplane fell, and then went out to it and made that drag."

"You're sure of all that?"

"Just about," Charley Ojo hazarded. "I think she wanted to make it look like the man had crawled away, so that anyone searching for him would decide he had gone in the malpais, probably hurt pretty badly, and after a while would give him up for dead in there."

"And you learned all this from the woman's tracks. You know it was a woman?"

"Yes, that's evident. Where she crawled away from the airplane, she left the mark of a hand at one place. After she reached the lava, she got up and walked, and at a certain place where there was ash her feet left marks."

"You could tell it was a woman from footprints in that stuff?"

The old man stopped and drank a little of the tea in the canteen. "I think so," he said with some deprecation. "The print was small and delicate. But she left this too."

"She tied the horse to a mesquite. She smoked a number of cigarettes. She was very nervous, waiting so long."



He unwound two long reddish-gold hairs from his wrist and held them up.

He said: "A dead ocotillo took them and kept them for me. She looks young. You see they are not dyed." He added: "Also later I saw where she had smoked cigarettes and left lipstick on them."

IRELAND examined the hairs. He said: "How can you be sure they haven't been out here for a week?"

"For one thing, nothing has taken them to build a nest, and this is spring." The old man smiled broadly, dangling the shining threads of hair. "Also the roots are fresh. You can see. They told me too her size. The ocotillo held them so high." He lifted his hand, measuring her height, about equal to his own. "Her track told me she is not heavy; also her stride showed too she is not large. Also she left this where she tied the horse; women with long hair use this kind." He brought from his pocket an amber-colored hairpin. Soberly and with great dignity he held the two hairs up to his own head. They fell to his waist. He said: "Very long. Very pretty."

They went on. They passed the airplane and walked to Ireland's rented car.

"All right," Ireland said. "So it was a woman. The guy planned the whole thing with her. She came out here to wait for him before he made his break. The plane crash was arranged. She was waiting out here when he showed up. He hit the silk and let the empty plane crash—after he'd broken the hole in the windshield so it would look like he was thrown out. I can see why they'd think of that; otherwise the woman would have to come clear up to the airplane and set the stage, if the windshield didn't happen to break in just the right way in the crash, and if she came clear up to the airplane she'd leave some kind of tracks clear up to it and they might ball up the picture. She came off the lava and made a phony drag; that was her job, because he might land too far away and not be able to get over here and plant a trail without losing too much time. . . . All right; it makes sense, if we assume the guy's got a devious brain, and we can assume that. . . .

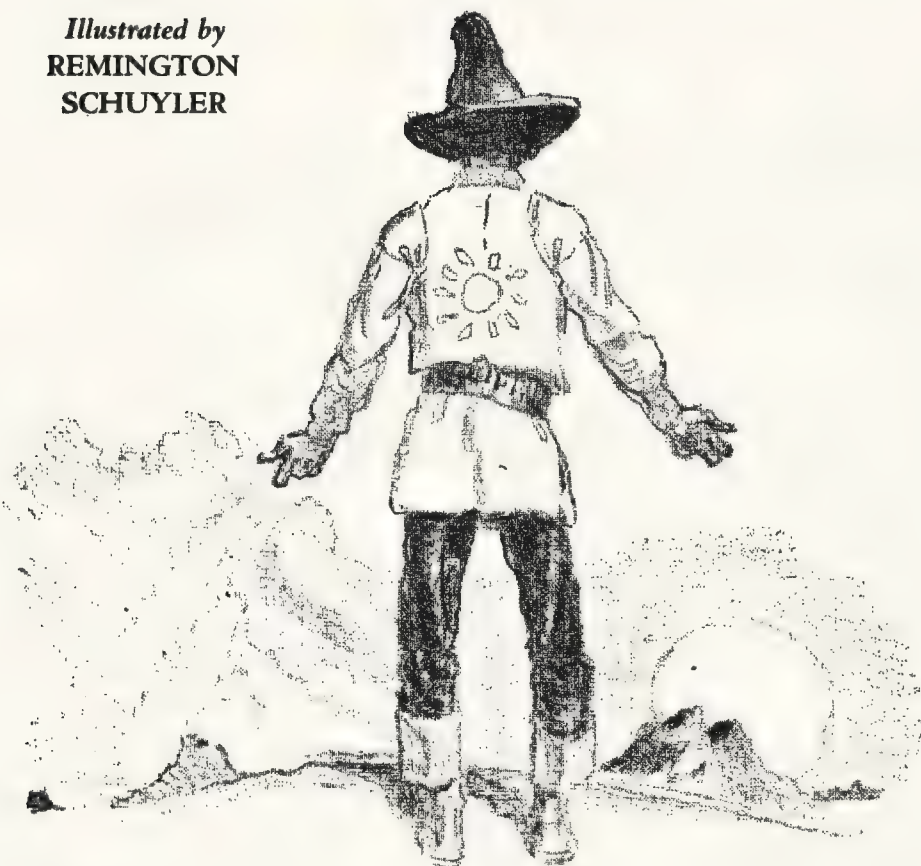
Bach said that there's a set of horse tracks going in and out of the lava around to the north. Are those hers? He said they aren't fresh."

"He only looked at the set coming in," Charley Ojo said. "That was yesterday morning, so they are old now. But the set going out was last night after dark."

They got in Ireland's car. The heat of its interior enveloped them, and they left the doors hanging open. Ireland scoured sweat from his neck. He said: "You're all through out here?" The old man nodded. Ireland turned the car around in the arroyo and started for town, bouncing in low gear over the rough footing. He said: "How can you be sure of the time? How can you be sure it was the same horse that made both sets of tracks? How can you be sure the woman was riding it?"

The old man got out tobacco and made a cigarette. He said at last: "Many things say so. It was the same horse made all the tracks, because you could recognize his feet and his gait. It was the woman's horse, because you could see where she had

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He picked up a handful of dirt, bent his head over it, then cast it at his feet

smoked the cigarettes and left them red from her mouth."

"You said she rode off the lava last night after dark. How can you know that?"

Charley Ojo thought awhile. He said again: "Many things. At one place a kangaroo rat had been dragging a cholla joint, and the horse had stepped on the marks he had left. Sign of the rat was fresh, and sign of the horse was fresh."

"Couldn't the rat have been out in the daytime?"

Charley Ojo shook his head. "No—never until after dark. And a horse travels a different way in the chaparral in the dark. A horse doesn't see well at night. Not even as good as a man. So his sign is more crooked."

"The woman came out to the lava yesterday morning," Ireland mused. "She waited until evening for the plane. Why did she wait in the malpais? Why didn't she get lost in there?"

"She didn't want anyone to see her, I think. One of Sadler's men was over this way yesterday, the one who saw the airplane and heard it crash. He didn't come as far as the malpais, but maybe she saw him and went in a little way to hide. She didn't get lost, because she didn't go in very far. Also, she had a horse, and it could help her find the right direction."

"Okay," Ireland said. "The airplane appeared, the guy put it in a

dive and jumped; the airplane cracked up, and she went out to it and manufactured that false trail." He kicked the brake and eased the car over a clutch of boulders. "What does that get us? What happened to the man we want? Where did the woman go? Where are they now—in Mexico?"

"I don't think so," Charley Ojo said. He puffed on his cigarette for a few minutes. He said: "I'll tell you what I saw; and you see what you think. I saw where she entered the malpais yesterday forenoon, and went in a distance and tied the horse to a mesquite. She ate a lunch of bread and ham. She smoked a number of cigarettes with gold tips. She was very nervous, waiting so long. She walked here and there, smoking; she put down a tan coat in the shade of the mesquite and rested on it. When she saw the airplane, the first thing she did was put more rouge on her lips. The last cigarette she smoked had much more red lipstick than the others, and she smoked it while she went toward the place where the airplane fell."

"She took the horse; the airplane fell a long distance from where she was waiting. She tied the horse again to a mesquite near the edge of the lava, and she went out near the airplane and dragged herself across the ground back to the lava. Then she brushed off her clothes and fixed her hair—that was where the hairpin was

—and put more rouge on her mouth and lit another cigarette and got the horse and went back across the lava, more than a mile across the edge of it, past the place where she had entered the malpais. She was very nervous now, because she used seven paper matches lighting that cigarette, and she threw away the cigarette before it was half smoked, and it was coated even more thickly with her lipstick than the one before. During this time she had been wearing a green shirt—she left some of the threads on brush. After she came back from the airplane, she put on the tan coat, because it was getting dark, and it is very cold out here at night."

"You could follow that horse back and forth across the lava?"

"The horse was shod. A shoe would leave a scrape on the rock; you would see its droppings; it would leave a tuft of hair on brush. Sometimes the woman would have to get off and remove cholla stuck in the horse's leg, and you would see the cholla thrown away, matted with hair. The woman dropped her matches and cigarette butts as she smoked. When she took a siesta on the tan coat she left threads on the mesquite beside her. When she wore it, it sometimes caught on brush. She was not very careful. She left a lot of sign."

"So she went away from the airplane and cut across the lava more than a mile—for what? To meet the guy who had jumped?"

Charley Ojo reflected and nodded. He said: "I think so. He guided her by calling to her, or perhaps he had a light and signaled. He left no sign of himself, so I don't know what he had. She went across there, out of her way, and she came to this place and stopped for a time before she turned around and went back. She smoked another cigarette, smoked it all up, and this time there was not much red lipstick."

"A little necking," Ireland suggested.

THE old man said soberly: "I think so. Then the man who had been waiting there got up behind her saddle. Then she let the horse find its way home. It returned to the place where it had entered the malpais, and went out again to the desert."

"The horse carrying double."

The old man nodded.

"Maybe you could trail an occasional scratch the horse would leave on that rock, but I'd like to know what the hell indicated it was carrying double."

Charley Ojo put out his cigarette and touched the canteen to his lips. With a sigh he eased his feet half out of his dusty shoes. He said in his measured voice: "Many things. The

horse was cowhocked behind. That was much more noticeable when it carried more weight. It traveled more heavily. Sometimes it staggered behind from the weight. It was an old horse; that was hard use for it."

"An old horse?"

"Where it had grazed, sometimes you could see its teeth were poor."

"You weren't personally acquainted with this horse, by any chance?"

THE old man chuckled. He said: "I think I'd know it, if I saw it."

"You know its coloring?"

"Yes, it left hair some places. It was what we call a steeldust."

"Well," Ireland said, "you've got me sold." He asked suddenly: "What the devil keeps you out here in this God-forsaken country? Do you mind a personal question?"

"It's home," the old man said. "I like it."

"Where were you educated?"

"Oh, I went through college. It was a long time ago. I had great ambitions." He smiled a little wryly at the memory. "But where I went for work, they would say: 'Here's an Indian—give him a pick and shovel.' I came back home. Most of us do. It makes us bitter, and many try to forget all they have learned. They try to forget how to speak English. I happened to get work guiding Sir Thomas Calvert, and that made it different for me. He used to come here to hunt. He was the great authority of his time on the Victorians; he introduced me to Trollope and Thackeray. He was wise, and he had a great soul. We were friends for thirty years."

"Bach said something about your granddaughter."

"Yes. She is in school; now she wants to be a doctor, I think that would be good."

Ireland was silent for a time. The road left the arroyo. Here, for a few miles, it ran across the flats unmarked except for the tracks of the recent traffic winding through the brush. A jackrabbit jumped up and bounded away ahead of them. They passed a deserted Papago hut, pillared with twisted mesquite logs, fenced with white ocotillo branches. As always in this country, sign of human habitation only emphasized the emptiness of the land. Or so it seemed to Ireland. He began to realize that to the shrunken, leathery old man beside him this desert teemed with life, with incident and anecdote and interest. A mesquite tree crowned with mistletoe, the nest of a cactus wren—there were things to be read, like pages of Trollope and Thackeray, by Charley Ojo.

The sun was setting. A swirling scarlet scarf was tossed across the sky. They reached the graded road, thirty miles from Santa Ana.

"Stop here," Charley Ojo said.

Ireland braked the car to a stop. The old man got out. He picked up a handful of dirt from the desert and bent his head over it for a moment, and then cast it back and forth at his feet. He returned to the car and Ireland drove on.

"You saw something there?" Ireland asked.

The old man shook his head. He said: "It's a superstition. I thank what we call Earth Old Woman, after a good hunt."

Ireland made no comment. He said presently: "They mentioned a red-haired woman. It would have been worth the trouble, if it had worked. He'd be given up for dead in the malpais, the woman would drop out of sight later on, and they'd live happily ever after on the beach at Acapulco. . . . What's the next move? Bach said that with a horse and a canteen the guy could get to any of the ranches. Is the Sheriff checking on that now?"

"Maybe he's found them now," Charley Ojo said, "if I'm right."

The car ran off the road, and Ireland wheeled it back. "You mean you know where they went? There are half a dozen guest ranches they could have headed for, aren't there?"

"I'll tell you what I saw," the old man said: "The horse had been sharpshod. The calks had been taken out

of the shoes, but the shoes hadn't been set over. You could see in the track the holes where the calks had been. There is never snow in this country. No one here has a horse sharpshod. So I thought the horse must have come not long ago from a place where there is snow. I heard that two weeks ago John Haskell got a load of horses down from his brother's, up beyond Piñon Pass, in the mountains, where some of the horses for the guests up there are kept sharpshod. Haskell's place is called the Saguaro Guest Ranch. You know it?

"But he should have had the shoes set over by this time, except that Haskell's blacksmith left him last month. Haskell has been trying around to hire another blacksmith, but he can't get anyone, so his blacksmith work hasn't been done. At one time any cowhand was his own farrier, but there are too many horses on a guest ranch and not enough men, and the kind of men they hire on guest ranches usually don't know enough anyway. So I thought the horse might come from Haskell's. Also the droppings showed too much rich feed, and Haskell feeds that way in the spring, so his saddle stuff will be placid for the guests. Other people starve their horses instead, because it's cheaper and it serves the same purpose, but Haskell has more money to spend."

"So you sent the Sheriff to the Saguaro Ranch?"

"I thought if the horse was from there, then the woman was probably staying there, and she would go back. Haskell has cottages for his guests, and if she had a cottage, she could hide him there while he rested. I thought she would try to get a car and drive him to some other town where he might take a train. Maybe they had a car ready and went on last night, but I don't think so. They wouldn't have got to Haskell's until late and they would both be tired, and they would have to be careful, and I don't think they would have been afraid of hiding him for a day or so in her cottage. We'll see when we get to town."

At midnight Ireland sent a telegram to New York. It stated that Chauncey Poddsworth and a young woman companion were under arrest in Santa Ana, having been apprehended as they prepared for a night getaway by car. The money, found in Poddsworth's possession, had been recovered. Ireland closed the telegram by requesting that the check for his fee be made payable to his local associate, Charley Ojo. They would be awed in New York, knowing his warm regard for money, and it would hurt his sharpshooting reputation; but he felt that Earth Old Woman was watching him and would be pleased.

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He had been the champion, and they never believe that they are through. But he was a lovable guy, and we were all for him.

Patsy Fights

IT is necessary to understand that I loved the guy. He came into my office and said: "Doc, are you leveling with me?"

He had been the champion, and they never believe that they are through. He was thirty-five, but he still thought he had the legs and the reflexes, everything he needed. He was worried only about the buzzing in his head.

I said: "Have I ever lied to you, Patsy?"

He studied me, and I saw his face set in hard lines. They had been talking to him. They wanted him to fight Tony Russo again. They had been working on him for weeks.

He was a middleweight who could fit into the mold for the class. He was a natural; he had always been a natural fighter, and that was part of his trouble. When his reflexes went, he could not time that deadly hook, and Russo beat him to the punch.

He said: "I want my title back. Russo shouldn't ever touch me. He's a swinger, and he shouldn't lay a glove on me."

I said: "He's twenty-four, and fast. It's your health, maybe your life, Patsy."

"My life?" He grinned. He had a marvelously tough grin. I knew what he meant. His life was named Dotty Keen, and that was something

else again. I knew all about that. He said: "I want a crack at him, Doc. I've always taken care of myself. It ought to pay off now."

"A fighter can't take care of his nerve-centers," I said. There was no use being technical. Patsy Geoghan did not care about physiology.

He said: "Joe Marsala thinks—" "Joe would," I cut in. No use to tell Patsy that Marsala would sell him for the loser's end of a bout in Hohokus. No use to remind him that even on Jacobs Beach, Joe was considered a prime hunk of jerked man. Patsy would never believe things like that about his friends. Or at least, he would not believe them when his friends were on his side. Patsy had a mulish streak.

He looked around my office. It was not much of a place. The war, and the year I had spent fooling around the boxing camps, taking care of Patsy, earning the disapproval of my betters in the profession by seconding him in many fights, had delayed my start as a medico. Patsy changed the subject. "You doing all right, Doc?"

"No," I admitted.

"I sent some boys around. The boxers like you."

"Thanks, pal," I said. I did not tell him that the fighters had little money, and that their presence did not elevate the tone of my waiting-room. He shifted on his chair, and his eyes came back to me. They were bright blue eyes, not yet too bright, still sharp and intelligent. He was a grand guy, and he had been a very great pugilist. He said: "Doc, I dunno. I want that fight. I—just—don't know."

"You make that fight with Russo, and you'll know less."

THE door to the waiting-room opened, and Dotty Keen walked in. She was helping me out because I did not have money enough to hire a receptionist. Dotty was cashier and night manager of Lubin's Delicatessen, and in the afternoons she came in to help me.

Patsy was on his feet, staring at her. His grin stretched the skin taut on his lean features. He said: "Gee, you're lookin' swell, Dotty—like always."

She gave him that warm smile which did so much for people who were blessed by it. She was a small



Schleman said hastily: "Wait a minute, Doc. Uh—I have not been feeling so well. My wife too, she often is not well—and I have cousins."

Again

by JOEL REEVE



"You look fine too, Patsy. How is the old left hook?" Dotty said.

girl, tanned by week-end suns, shapely as a dream. "You look fine too, Patsy. How is the old left hook?"

His grin faded. "Doc just told me to put it on ice."

"That's an idea," she said. "You've got money. You've got health. What need for a left hook?"

"None, when you say it like that." He shifted his weight, hungrily looking at her. "Uh—we're going to dinner tonight?"

"Had you down for it all week," she said.

He said: "Okay . . . Well . . . Okay . . ." He was a bashful boy with cheeks of pink in her presence—and mine. Dotty sensed this, and went out smiling. He turned to me and said: "Doc—I dunno. You've always been a pal. But—" And he followed Dotty into the waiting-room.

I sat and thought about him—and Dotty. I had met Patsy in the war.

He had a minor wound, and I took care of it. He was the sunshine of that hospital, buying things for all the kids, spreading his gameness and friendliness around for everyone. You would have thought I saved his life, the way he acted, and we became close friends.

I introduced him to Dotty. Dotty and I—well, we never had a real understanding, but we had always gone around together. The difficulty was that a young doctor cannot get married and do it justice. He just does not have time. He can go through with the ceremony and have a half-marriage. Or he can marry a nurse

who understands, and can work with him. But he cannot be a fully married man and a struggling doctor. So we were drifting, I suppose.

Now it was Patsy and Dotty, or at least Patsy was in love with her. I could not go to him and tell him to lay off, that she was my girl, because it would not have been fair. I was too poor to buy her a ring. Patsy had plenty of money—he always took care of his cash. He was good; he was kind. If he did not fight again and get hit in the head, he was healthy. And he was a very nice guy.

A man should face these things. I faced the possibility that Dotty would marry Patsy. It was very bitter. I sat there staring at the framed diploma from the medical school.

I could walk out there and tell Patsy that he could make the fight with Russo, and he would thank me. He would be happy. Then he might get knocked kicking, and Dotty could never marry him. I could do that.

There was no foolishness in me about stepping aside for my pal Patsy. That is a procedure for fools or weaklings—or men half in love, maybe. I was not half in love; I was all the way down deep in love with Dotty. I guess I should have told her that. I should have told her I could not bear to have her marry anyone but me.

I left by the back door and went to the hospital to make my rounds. There were too few patients to see. I went back to the office, and Patsy was gone, but Dotty made a gesture at the office. I went close to her, and she smelled of D'Orsay's Intoxication, and I shivered.

She said: "Marsala is inside, raving."

I went into the office, and Joe was walking up and down the floor, his pinched little face dark as the inside of a glove. He had been a jockey, and the years of starvation to make the weight had made him permanently dyspeptic, but had not robbed him of his cunning.

He said in his rasping manner: "You told him to quit."

"You want him in the booby hatch? Or dead?" I sat behind my small table. I did not like Joe Marsala, not ever. He was no good in a fighter's corner; he was merely a conniver.

"He could knock out that Russo in a round. He could get back that title. You know what it means to him, that title. And a half-million bucks. Half a million!"

I said: "He's got half a million."

"You're crossin' him! You don't want him to get back the title. You don't want him on top again!"

I SAID: "Listen, Joe, I don't want anything like that from you. Just because you blew your money on the ponies, you want to crucify Patsy. You're not even smart, damn you! You can't even hold onto the dishonest money you get. Why don't you let Patsy alone?"

"It's that broad outside," Marsala screeched. "You're scared. If he got on top again, your broad would take another look. Geoghan the champ is an important guy. You're scared on account of that damned broad—"

He was too small to hit. He spat at me like a tomcat, and I handled him as if he had crawled in out of the alley. I took him right past Dotty, holding him by the scruff of the neck. I took him out on the steps of the brownstone house in which I had my office, and threw him into the gutter. I went back in and looked at Dotty, and she was frowning.

She said: "I heard him. . . . Patsy shouldn't fight, should he, Harry?"

"No. Patsy shouldn't fight." I remembered she was having dinner with him that night. The old green monster reared its ugly head. I did not say any more to her. I went into my office and resumed my inspection of the diploma.

IT took them another month. Then I got a call to come down to the headquarters of the Sportsmen's A.A., the big matchmaking organization which promotes many championship bouts. Dotty did not come to the office that day.

I felt lonely, going down there, and knowing what was going to happen.

There was a man named Schleman who seemed to be the boss. Joe Marsala leered at me; I could almost see canary feathers on his hard mouth. Patsy met my eyes for a moment, then looked away. A muscle jumped in his square jaw.

Schleman said: "I understand, Dr. Cole, that you are Geoghan's personal physician?"

"I was his handler too," I said. "Let's cut all the slush. My opinion is that Patsy should not fight Russo."

Joe said triumphantly: "Four good docs say he could."

Schleman nodded. "We have had Geoghan examined very carefully. Four competent men have said he was in condition to fight."

"No symptoms?" I cracked it at them, watching Patsy. The jaw muscle twitched again. Patsy had not told them about the buzzing in his head.

"None," said Schleman. "Now you understand, Dr. Cole, we do not want any—uh—trouble. Bad publicity, y' understand, can hurt a fight like this. We wouldn't want you to take an attitude, say, that you should go to the newspapers—"

I said: "Patsy, are you going to make this bout?"

There was a silence. Marsala was sweating a little, leaning forward, his beady eyes on Patsy. Schleman held his breath.

Patsy said slowly: "The four of them— I want that title back."

Marsala said: "It's made. You see, Doc? You're wrong. And if you rat on us to the papers—"

I said: "Shut up, Joe! I'm not putting out anything for publication. I'm telling you now that Patsy may lose his mind or his life if Russo clubs him about the skull. That's my medical opinion. You may ignore it, of course. . . . Good afternoon."

Schleman said hastily: "Wait a minute, Doc. Uh—I have not been feeling so well lately. Maybe you should make me an appointment. My wife, too, she often is not well—and I have cousins—"

I said: "Call in one of your four doctors." I went out.

Going down in the elevator, my heart descended faster than the cage. It is a bad thing to lose a friend, a close friend. It would never be the same between Patsy and me again, I knew. I really thought a lot of that guy—he was honest; he was on the level with everything and everyone.

Now he believed I had sold him out. It was Dotty, of course. Joe Marsala was smart enough to feed that to him, about Dotty wanting him to be champion again. Patsy was simple enough to fall for that. Maybe he did not fully believe that I had sold him out. But he believed it enough to go against my advice, to make the fight against Russo.

A man in love is rarely reasonable; I was not. Patsy was not. I could understand it all, but there was nothing I could do about it. Friends mean a lot to me. I had lost a friend.

I went back to the office, and Dotty was there. I said: "Patsy is making the fight."

Her eyes were large and round and brown and lovely. "Is it really dangerous? He doesn't think so."

I said: "You too, Mrs. Brutus?" I was bitter.

*Illustrated by
Raymond Sisley*



She said: "He wants that title so badly. . . . He's like a kid robbed of a toy. He thinks he can outbox Russo."

I said: "By the fifth round he'll be dead on his feet. Later they may carry him out. Every year some old-timer gets his death of fighting once too often. Patsy won't even want me taking care of him. If you can stop him from signing—" There was no use—Patsy had talked to her. I said: "Okay, Dotty. Maybe I'm wrong."

The break came, right about then, as though to alleviate the pain of los-

ing a friend—and the danger of losing Dotty. People began getting sick and calling Dr. Cole. Virus X broke out, and I worked myself dizzy. I began making money and could hire a nurse-receptionist, and then I saw even less of Dotty.

She was often at Patsy's training-camp, I heard. I guess he trained better if she was around. It is hard for a man thirty-five to go through the training grind. I wondered if they were handling him right.

He never called me, never got in touch with me. A reporter sought me, asking questions about the rift, but I told him there was none, and that I was busy at my profession; and he believed it. He asked if I would work Patsy's corner, and I put him off that, too.

It was a busy time for me, and a bad time. . . .

The fight was held in the ball park, and Dotty and I had seats right down behind Patsy's corner, first row back of the working press. There was three hundred thousand dollars in the



I took him right past Dotty, and threw him into the gutter.

house, and Marsala, grinning like a little rhesus monkey, led Patsy to the slaughter.

Patsy looked all right. He always looked fine. He had the strong body of a trained athlete, a normal body, not braided with cords of muscle, but smooth and slick and good. The lights glistened on the grease applied to his high cheekbones, and he looked fine.

Tony Russo was all springs coiling and uncoiling, a hairy, grim plug-ugly who loved to mix it. He had no nerves, no inhibitions. He was pure mugg and a good one.

Dotty had been very still. She said suddenly: "Oh, I wish we could stop it! I wish we could get Patsy out of there."

I said: "Now you're worrying? You should have stopped him before."

"Don't snap at me, Harry. You've been snapping at me for weeks. I'm worried about him."

I said: "I lost his friendship trying to stop him. I'm sorry; I didn't mean to snap at you."

"He was so sure. But now I'm scared. Russo is so rugged. If Patsy is hurt—"

I gulped. For a moment I couldn't talk at all. Her concern was too deep. Patsy and Dotty—Dotty and Patsy. . . . I found my voice: "If he gets him out of there quick, he'll be all right." I was reassuring her—Patsy's girl. "If he gets inside Tony's right, the way he did in the old days when I was handling the corner—" I did not add

that his reflexes were gone, that he could not get in there quick enough against a kid like Tony.

She said: "Maybe I should have tried to stop him. But he wanted it so badly. He wanted that title back. I'm so scared, Harry!"

I said: "No use to be scared. Just watch. Maybe Patsy will get to him quickly."

They had a hired handler in the corner, a know-nothing. Joe Marsala was useless. It was going to be a hard thing to watch. It was going to be bad for Dotty, loving the guy. . . . Dotty and Patsy—it kept running in my mind.

I got a grip on what was left of my nervous system. I had to watch it closely, to see everything. Patsy had

been my pal; I still loved the guy. I had tended his cuts, nursed him, slept in the same room with him when we were having fun, barnstorming the country. I had wasted almost a year from my profession because of him. I knew him, knew every move he made in the ring. It was going to be tough, seeing him beaten.

BEFORE they rang the bell, he stood in his characteristic pose, pulling at the ropes, gazing down almost benignly at the people who had come to see him batter and be battered. He peered toward the place where we sat, although he could not see us with the lights down in the ball park, and the arcs glaring on the white-canvas ring. He made a little pawing motion with his left hand. He seemed to be looking to us for something.

I thought there was a doubt in him then, when he looked our way. I thought I saw it in the telltale muscle of his jaw. There was no easy grin on Patsy's face now. The bell sounded, and he turned.

Russo always came out the same way. He made a short circle, very fast, throwing arms bent like pretzels. His enthusiasm for tossing those swings which were not really hooks was immense. He bounced and bounded, and always he threw punches, chasing Patsy.

For Patsy retreated. He did not run; he shuffled, going backward, his hands high, shooting the straight left to keep Russo off balance. His head inclined a little, and he watched from under his brows. He stood straight, shoulders concave, hands in front, the classic style. He had been very great, once.

He shuffled, making Russo miss for that time, staying close because he had to stay close to the wild puncher; he had to make Russo miss by the narrowest of margins in order to be in position to hit back. It was dangerous, but it was the only way to fight the champion. There was no sense in leading to Russo; he would do the leading, and Patsy must only refrain from getting hit.

Patsy's legs were gone, but his experience was with him in this hour of his need. He stayed close, and at first he did not get hit. He propped off the swinging champion, made him miss and flounder. Russo just grinned past the mouthpiece and kept swinging. Russo had all night. He was young and tough, and he loved to fight.

The round was almost over. My taut nerves were relaxing. Then Russo swung a murderous inside right, his best punch.

It was not that Patsy made any mistake. He never made mistakes in there. He was just too old to duck the punch. He could see it coming,

and he tried to get out of the way, but Russo threw it nice and short and inside, and Patsy simply could not evade it.

It spun him halfway around. I saw the blood running down his face, ripe and red. That was the old eye injury. It was reopened, and it always bled like that.

He backed off, tincanning along the ropes, and Russo was on him, punching to the body. Patsy had a fine tough body, but no human can take it down there the way Russo was dishing it out.

It was murder. The blood looked bad on him, and his body was getting very red, and Dotty was digging her nails into my hand, her face white as a sheet. A little moan came from her.

The bell rang, the blessed bell. Patsy wheeled away. Russo hit him once after the gong, but Patsy shrugged it off and came to the corner. He stood there and looked down at Dotty and me. He grinned.

It was a marvelous grin. He hunched his shoulders and made a little gesture with his left hand again. He was telling me something and asking me something. I wasn't quite sure of the message, but I knew one thing. I knew I couldn't take it like this any more.

I unfastened Dotty's grip. I got up and went forward. At ringside they knew me, knew my license was in order. But Marsala yelled: "Gedouda here, you double-crosser!"

Patsy looked down, the grin undiminished. He said: "Guess I need you, Doc. I come unstitched, huh?"

There was not much time. I sat him down and spread the cut and cleansed it. I fixed it the way I knew how, and put a patch on it which would not come off at the first tap. Marsala got in my way, and I jerked off my jacket and wrapped it around his head and booted him out of the ring.

I said: "Patsy, your reflexes are gone. You can't counter him. Your legs are gone, and your hands won't work with your eyes any more."

"I know, Doc," he said. "Watch me, Doc."

"If you go down, don't get up. Watch me," I said. "Take the full count, Patsy. Dotty wants you to take the full count."

He said: "Dotty? Stay down? Are you kiddin', Doc?" He grinned, and the whistle sent me through the ropes.

I called: "Watch me—" I could give him a bum count. If he was dazed and trusted me, I could make him think he had time to get up and let the referee count him out. . . . I could have let that cut bleed, it occurred to me, and the referee would have stopped it. I should have done that, perhaps. . . .

I had a towel in my hands, but they pay no attention to towels in the ring today. They think the referee knows better when to stop an uneven bout than the handler behind the boy who is taking the licking. I twisted the towel, shoving Marsala away. . . .

Russo came out fresh as wet paint. He came as usual, in that semicircle, swooping to attack from an angle. He dived in to finish it. He did not have to finish it early, but he was that kind. He came with both hands winging. He was very strong and tough, but never a boxer, just a good fighter with a great heart.

Patsy worked well, but he could not evade that body punishment. He kept his hands high and blocked or slipped the head punches, but his knee muscles trembled as his middle absorbed a lacing that few men could have withstood. He moved around and kept his hands up; he was a workman, an artisan. His left licked straight out, hammering the unlovely features of the champion but scarcely hindering the Russo rushes. If he had his old speed, I thought, if he had the old timing, he would have murdered this boy. If he were not too ancient, Russo could not hit him with a baseball bat.

Tony came in, closer and closer. Patsy's heels touched the canvas. Tony threw a left, a right, another right. Patsy, standing like a matador before a charging bull, made the champion miss.

THEN Russo was throwing that right inside again. I yelled: "Patsy! Patsy! Look out."

It was over before I had the words out of my mouth. It was over and finished. It was breath-takingly ended, then and there.

Russo had dipped his shoulder. It was his right shoulder, and he had dipped it when he was about to throw the punch. That was what Patsy saw, and it did not take any great reflex action upon his part to chuck the left hook.

It was a grand left hook. It chugged against the hard jaw of the champion. It struck a nerve center. Patsy stepped back.

Russo stood stock-still. Patsy deliberately led with a right, then threw that left hook again. The blow did not travel eight inches. Russo went down on the canvas and lay very still, like a dead man. I reached him before his startled seconds. . . .

Marsala grabbed Patsy and put on the big act, and everyone was charging into the ring. But I stayed with Russo. I knew the signs. This was a bad concussion.

I rode the ambulance with the ex-champion. He did not regain consciousness until we had worked over him for an hour. He was very strong

and very game, and he came around all right. But it was a bad one, and he had to remain in the hospital.

I went downstairs, and they were in the waiting-room, Dotty and Patsy and Joe Marsala. I said: "He'll live. That was the darnedest thing I ever saw, Patsy."

"You was wrong, see?" Marsala chanted. "You was wrong—admit it."

Patsy said: "I tabbed it in our first fight. He dropped that shoulder. I thought I could get him. Then when he copped me, I was scared, Doc. I wanted you in there, tellin' me, fixin' the cut. I couldn't have gone six, Doc. I know it now."

MARSALA said: "You're the champion again. You fight maybe once, twice, we make a half a million. Half a million, Patsy!"

I said: "Is your head buzzing, Patsy?"

"It did when he copped me," said Patsy. "When I looked for you, it was buzzin', cousin!"

"Buzz—fuzz," yelled Marsala. "It's the bunk!"

There was the usual odor in the waiting-room. I looked at Dotty, and she had never seemed so far away.

Patsy said gently: "Shut up, Joe."

"This double-dealer, he is trying to steal your girl, Patsy!"

Patsy took him by the arm. He led him outside, as though Joe were a recalcitrant child. He came back and put his arm around my shoulders. He said: "Doc, you been grand. And you couldn't steal my girl."

"No," I said. "I know." I was still looking at her.

She said: "You should have known all along."

I said: "I can tell now, standing here."

"You're not very smart," she said.

"No. I'm not very smart. I didn't have confidence enough in Patsy. I didn't have faith enough—"

They both fell upon me. Dotty was in my arms, hugging me, kissing me. Patsy was hugging us both, saying: "I tried to make her tell you what a chump you were. I wanted to tell you, and she wouldn't hold still for it. . . . G'wan, kiss her, g'wan, g'wan, yuh bum!"

I almost wept. It was great, having them both back. I'd been an awful dope, all right. But anything was all right now. Patsy went away to solace Marsala and tell him he could find another boy. Patsy couldn't be unkind even to the likes of Marsala.

He was a great guy, always. He would never fight again now that he had his title back; I knew that. He would just be around, a great guy with a great heart. He would forgive me for misunderstanding, for my lack of faith. He was that kind.

I loved that guy.



The old eye injury always bled like that. But no human can take it the way Russo was dishing it out. It was murder.



BUFFALO BILL

TO BE EXACT, IT WAS FOUR KINGS AND THE PRINCE OF WALES WHO RODE IN COLONEL CODY'S STAGECOACH THAT DAY IN LONDON WHEN THE MULES RAN AWAY.

THE TETON Kid yanked his six mules around roughly as he hooked them to the stagecoach; hat over his eyes, and head drooping. "Git in thar, you ornery wall-eyed hard-tailed horn-toads, or I'll bat yer ears off!" he growled at them.

The team peered over its blinkers anxiously, wagging long tufted ears. They didn't mind the language, which was only ordinary mule talk, and customary. Nor the violence, which was also usual. Mules aren't sissies; they take roughness for granted, and resent it no more than would a gang of lumberjacks. What was worrying them was the Kid's mood. They sensed that he was really unhappy, and it made them uneasy. They and their driver had a *rappori* developed

over many years; they were fond of him, after the undemonstrative fashion of their strange species, "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity!" And when anything worried him, it worried them. They tried to sympathize now, by wagging their amazingly expressive ears; and by little sounds and movements that the Kid, from long association with them, understood as plainly as human speech. And that made him a little ashamed of himself.

"Sorry, critters!" he muttered in apology. "'Tain't you, really. It's jest that this dern' Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is a-gittin' me down!"

He leaned for a moment on a sleek bob-tailed rump, chewing tobacco with melancholy chomps, staring dully over the lot—the lot that was actually

staid Earl's Court in London, England; in the year of our Lord, 1887. A very queer place, indeed, for a show of such a kind to be!

And yet there it was, sprawling, inchoate, over half a mile or more in length. Tents and wagons, pickets and horse lines, dressing-rooms and cookhouses and stables, all surrounding the vast canvas oval, as big as a stadium. It wasn't really a tent; it was too big to have poles or top; just sidewalling and plank seats and painted scenery, that stretched away almost as far as the eye could see. But it was a circus big top, just the same, the most famous one in the world. Its identity was proclaimed on every wagon surrounding it, in gaudy lettering: "BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS!"



HOLDS FIVE KINGS

by ROBERT BARBOUR JOHNSON

To the right of it, in lieu of the usual sideshow, was the "Indian Village"—row after row of tall painted wigwams, bright in the sun; Sioux and Cherokee and Blackfoot and Apache, with pipe-smoking braves sitting cross-legged before them, papooses playing, dogs yapping, and squaws selling beads, wampum, baskets and moccasins. There were also the formal encampments of four separate troops of cavalry; blue-coated American Regulars, French Chasseurs, British Royal Lancers and the silver-breastplated Cuirassiers of His Majesty Wilhelm II of Germany. All genuine soldiers, on leave from their respective governments. Camped as in the field; with tents and picket-lines and stacked lances and muskets, and bugle-calls floating from headquarters where the

flag of each country flew from its own masthead. Orderlies and sergeants were coming and going, with much saluting and clicking of heels.

Along the other side, instead of a menagerie tent, there ranged a long row of portable wooden corrals. They held a whole herd of superb bison, a herd of elk, fifty or more Texas long-horn steers, and an equal number of wild horses; the latter snorting, vicious beasts, a far cry from their anemic descendants of today! And there were a dozen tall, slim, white dromedaries from the Sudan, kneeling and chewing cud, their Arab riders lounging beside them. But no elephants or lions or monkeys—none of the usual circus beasts at all.

Behind the arena, where the Kid was standing, there was massed a

strange clutter of vehicles: A half-dozen huge prairie schooners, with canvas tops and giant wheels; buckboards and "democrat wagons," Army caissons, and artillery pieces with limbers. There were also a number of gaudy parade wagons, shrouded in canvas; their scrollwork and statuary and gilt carvings hidden; bandwagons too, and a steam calliope, and tableau cars, all carved especially for Colonel Cody, with Western themes, and worth a fortune.

THE Teton Kid eyed these last with especial dislike. Foofaraw! Fancy dude circus stuff! Nobody ever saw anything like them in the real West, or ever would! He resented them almost as much as he did the great eight-and-ten-horse teams that drew them

on parade—the famous Cody Percheron baggage stock, the finest in show business, that moved the outfit: a hundred or more of them, all white or dappled-gray. The Kid was bitter about having to stable his beasts, the only mule team on the show, with these “pretty-pretty,” non-Western steeds who stole all the attention from them. It wasn’t fair!

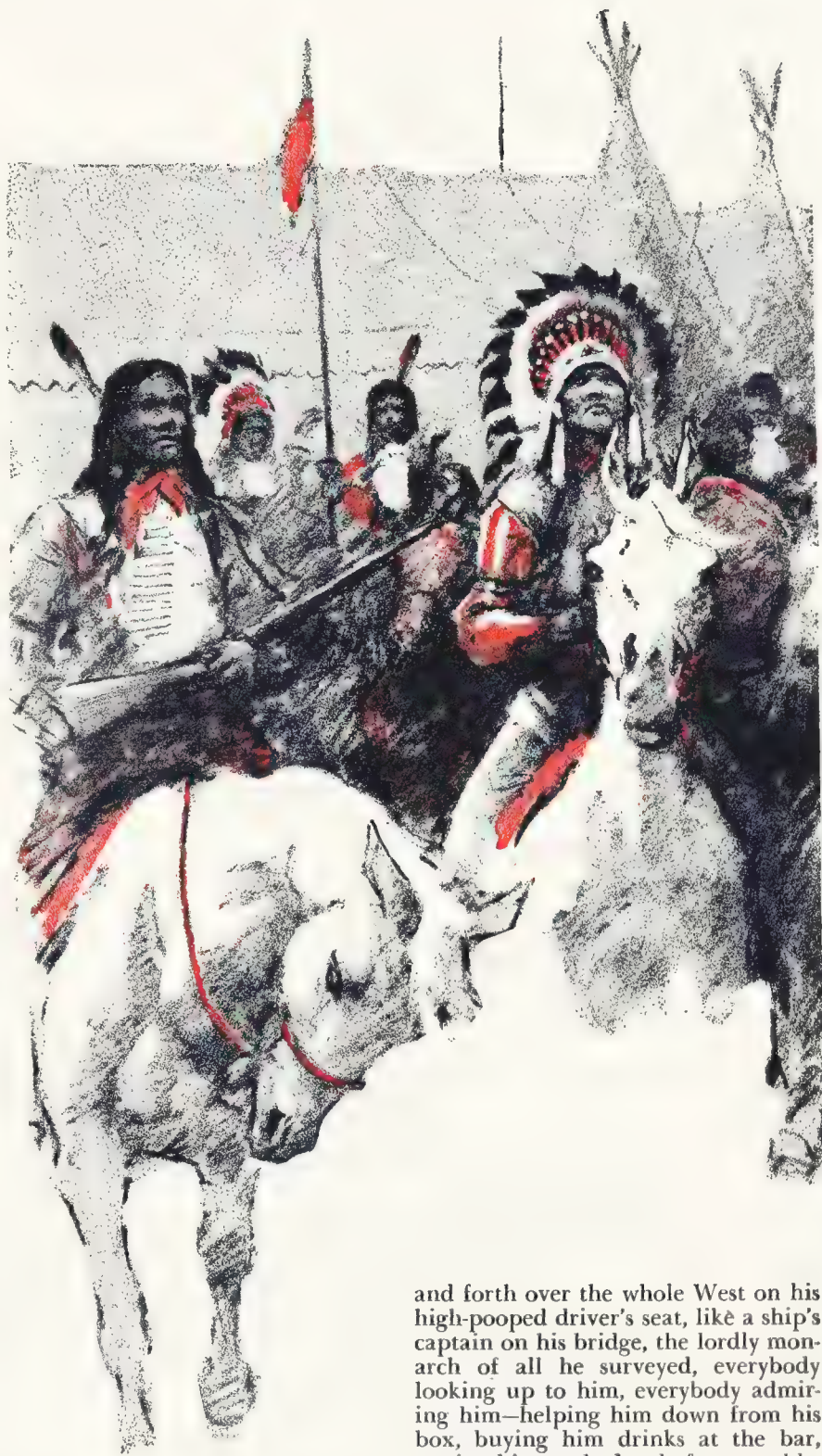
His fine black jacks might not be all “duded up,” like these plumed and bedecked circus horses; but they were just as much thoroughbreds, and a whole lot smarter. They were a real stagecoach team, right off the Wells Fargo line on the prairies. Creatures of almost fabulous speed and endurance, far removed from ordinary work animals. But did anyone understand that, in this alien world he was in now? Did anyone appreciate them? Of course they didn’t. It was the splendid horse teams they admired, on parade and on the lot. Nobody noticed mere mules! Even that foreigner painter woman, Rosa Bonheur, who’d followed the show all over Europe, and had painted the portrait of Colonel Cody that hung in the Louvre. She’d spent weeks in the horse tops, sketching and painting the Percherons, and had even put some of them into a picture she called “The Horse Fair.” But had she painted his mules? You just bet she hadn’t!

YET it was the mules who were authentic. Like he was, himself! He, the Teton Kid, had been driving stagecoaches all his life. Not on a show, but for Fargo, and Ben Holliday, and all the other lines on the American plains. He wasn’t really a kid, of course; he was in his thirties, and had a two-inch mustache, and streaks of gray in the hair that hung to his shoulders. And he wasn’t really from the Tetons, but from Iowa, originally! But he’d begun his career of piloting the romantic vehicles that linked frontier settlements and “Californy” with Eastern railroads when he was not yet sixteen. And he’d done most of his driving in the mountain country. So he’d be the Teton Kid the rest of his life, if he lived to be a hundred! That was the way of the old West.

It was a grand life, being a stage driver. Lordy, Lordy! He could just shut his eyes and see it again now. Bowling grandly along atop his handsome smooth-running Concord, the finest vehicle the art of coachbuilding had ever produced, cracking his whip over his flying team. Rolling over trackless desert and roadless open plain, climbing barely-cleared mountain trails that were danger every second to negotiate, fording rivers, fighting snowstorms and sandstorms and the wild elements. Spanning

half a continent, with animal and human power, as surely as the steam railroad trains spanned the other half, and almost as swiftly. Carrying mail and passengers, and civilization itself on his flying red wheels. And doing it all on schedule, never failing, always getting through. There’d never been anything in the world before like the American stagecoach man; he was unique, and his like will never be seen again!

And he’d been the best of them all, for twenty years. He’d rolled back



and forth over the whole West on his high-pooped driver’s seat, like a ship’s captain on his bridge, the lordly monarch of all he surveyed, everybody looking up to him, everybody admiring him—helping him down from his box, buying him drinks at the bar, seating him at the head of every table, with the passengers seated below him. Wealthy ranchers, bankers, Army officers, even territorial governors and their wives—all respectful to him, calling him “Mister,” listening to his lightest opinion as wisdom from Sinai. Being a stage driver meant you were the top of the whole heap, the pinnacle of the whole civilization of the plains.

“And now what am I?” he muttered to the mules. “Jest another teamster! Jest another dad-burned teamster, no different from them fancy-wagon



Ahead rode all great chiefs—Red Cloud, Lone Wolf, No Neck—each a dazzling figure. Even old Sitting Bull himself was riding today.

drivers, that never even seen the West!"

When he'd joined the show, he'd never realized it'd be like that, of course. The fame of the great Buffalo Bill Cody was all over the West, almost as much so as in the East. His reputation as a buffalo hunter and

Army scout, and his duel with Yellow Hand, had made him a household word, though there were some who questioned the genuineness of some of these exploits. But no one questioned that his Wild West Show was bringing the authentic life of the plains to effete Easterners, and creat-

ing a sensation. And when the Kid had got the offer to drive his own best team of mules to the authentic "Deadwood Stage Coach," all the other drivers on the line had envied him.

Lordy! If they only knew the truth! That he'd found himself joined out with what, for all its Western trap-

Illustrated by
MAURICE BOWER



"My only real talent, bein' a showman!"

pings, was really just another circus. And not a star on it at all—hardly more than the ordinary workmen and cowhands. With nothing to do but drive his vehicle at a slow walk in street parades, with dressed-up actors inside it—just another unit in a pageant of fifty vehicles, and nearly a thousand riders! Go dashing briefly around a canvas enclosure, while tame Indians cantered after him on bored horses, and shot rubber-tipped arrows, until "rescued" by an equally faking troop of cavalry firing blank cartridges. It was all a burlesque of his real life in the West, however thrilling it may have been to audiences.

And the Deadwood stage, the most famous one in America—that had turned out to be the biggest "sell" of all! Maybe it had been something, thirty or forty years ago, when it made the run between Cheyenne and Deadwood, with more holdups than any other coach on the line, and more gold carried; and Calamity Jane had rescued it from the Indians. But it sure wasn't anything now! A more dilapidated, broken-down old wreck he'd never seen in his life. Paint all gone, upholstery eaten away, leather curtains shredded, and boot full of holes—the poorest stage line in the

West would have disdained to run it! It certainly was a thousand miles removed from the splendid vehicles, bright-painted and in perfect condition, that were universal in the real West. No wonder nobody noticed his mules, hauling a heap of junk like this around. It wasn't fair, that was all! It didn't give them an equal break!

And as for the great Buffalo Bill himself, whose glory had drawn him in the first place—Lordy! He'd hardly even seen the Colonel, much less exchanged a dozen words with him, in all the months he'd been with the outfit. The Colonel was just a distant, shining figure in the spotlight, sweeping off his hat and bowing from his beautiful white horse, proclaiming in majestic accents, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I bring you my Congress of Rough Riders of the World!" Or galloping around the arena on that same white horse, shooting glass balls that another rider tossed in the air for him. Oh, he was a noble sight, all right; he was indeed "the grandest figure of a man that ever sat a saddle," as an Emperor had once said of him.

But that was all there was to it! The Colonel was around the show mighty little, when he wasn't performing. He was off hobnobbing with

bigwigs and nobility, they said; anyhow, the personnel saw hardly anything of him. A man named Salisbury really ran the outfit, to suit himself. And ran it like a Sunday school, not an organization of he-men! There were fines for everything—fines for getting drunk, fines for fighting, fines for even speaking to the women performers, for associating with townspeople—for doing dern' near everything a man would naturally do. It was disgusting! A hundred times the Teton Kid wanted to chuck the whole business, and go back West again, where a man could do as he pleased!

But you couldn't get back! That was the worst part of it. America was thousands of miles away, across a vast frightening ocean. The show was in Europe now—had been, for more than a year, wandering about in strange foreign countries, where nobody spoke their language, or understood what Buffalo Bill and his show were all about; they'd never even heard of the American West. They came to see the show, as a novelty; the ticket wagons bulged with queer foreign currency, and the grandstands were packed at every performance; nobility and even royalty attended. But the furriners only stared in bewilderment at all the shooting, the roping, the bronco-busting, the Indian dances and the elaborate recreations of scenes from Western history, the "Immigrant Wagon Train," the "Pony Express" and the "Battle of Little Big Horn!" You could tell that none of it meant anything to them; often they didn't even applaud. The whole troupe was homesick, except the foreign soldiery.

Their last hope had been England; which all of them thought would be a little more familiar. After all, things shouldn't be so very different from at home. And at least they'd hear their own language spoken again. But when they finally arrived there, after a seasick Channel crossing, for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, it was only another disappointment. A tiny, cramped little island the cowboys swore they could spit across; everything small and crowded, with no open spaces. And inhabited by queer people: "toffs" in monacles and high hats and spats, funny little Cockneys in clothes covered with pearl buttons, just as alien as the Continentals. And who spoke a language that—well, if it was English, it sure was a different variety! They could hardly understand a word of it; and the islanders found the Western drawl and slang equally unintelligible. The troupe remained as homesick as ever. . . .

"Trouble with us, mules," the Teton Kid mourned, "we didn't know when we was well off! We'd oughta have stayed where we belonged, and was appreciated. Now we're stuck; we might as well face it!"

He climbed up on the rickety seat of the coach, settled his reins and sat staring gloomily out over the arena. From up here he could see the whole of it, over the sidewalling. It was crowded, as usual, with a *matinée* audience that packed every seat. The Royal Box, far at the end (it was really a whole section, roped off with bunting) seemed especially full, overflowing with bright uniforms and fancy-dressed females. Maybe the Queen herself was there; she'd been before, on several occasions! But she was only a dumpy little old woman, who didn't even wear a crown. Nothing impressive about her, even though she was the most powerful ruler in the world. . . .

The performance was going on. Sweeney's Cowboy Band, twenty-five men in scarlet shirts and sombreros, mounted on white horses, were playing lustily in the arena's center. And a hundred or more riders, of all nations, Indians, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, Cossacks, Argentine Gauchos, Arabs, scouts, guides, Negroes, and cavalymen of four nations, all carrying flags, were galloping about in complicated evolutions, forming loops, circles, and figure eights. They all thundered out; trumpets blared; and a small feminine figure ran into the circle, flourishing a gun and blowing kisses. The audience greeted her with terrific applause; they didn't need the announcer's identification: "THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN SHARP-SHOOTER: THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF, SITTING BULL! THE ONE AND ONLY 'LITTLE SURE SHOT,' MISS ANNIE OAKLEY-Y-Y-I!"

But none of this interested the Teton Kid; he'd seen it all a thousand times. He sat slumped, reins dangling, chewing dully, abandoning himself wholly to misery.

THEN suddenly a voice spoke from below, a very pleasant voice. "Mind scrooching over a little, son?" it drawled. "I'd kinda like to ride with you today, if you got no objections."

The Kid looked down. Then he stared. There was no mistaking that figure standing beside the coach! The wide white hat, the fringed buckskin suit, the blond hair falling over the shoulders, the mustache and goatee, and above all, the dignity and bearing—they belonged to just one man in the whole world.

"Why—why, Colonel Cody, sir!" the Kid stammered, awed. "You wanta ride with *me*? I don't understand—"

Buffalo Bill chuckled gleefully, like a small boy. Then he climbed up slowly to the high driver's seat, sat down beside the Kid, and fanned himself with his flat sombrero. Seen close at hand, he was a middle-aged man, rather stout. The famous yellow locks

were turning gray, and getting a bit thin on top. He was wearing a brand new costume of white buckskin, beaded and fringed, dazzling in the sun; and new patent-leather hip boots. He was puffing a long black cigar and perspiring freely. His face seemed flushed, and his skin showed little red lines. But the majestic presence, the look of an eagle in the fine gray eyes, shone through the body's decay, and made him even more impressive than he'd been in the ring.

"Matter of fact, son," he said, after he'd got his breath back, "I'm supposed to drive this shebang, today! It's by special request; they wouldn't have anybody else at the reins. You'll have to 'ride shotgun'—do you mind?"

"Why, no, Colonel Cody! I'd be honored!" The Kid passed over his reins, still staring in unbelief. "But can you drive a coach, sir? I didn't know that!"

"Course I can drive, son!" Cody took the ribbons, sorting them expertly through white-gauntleted fingers. "I used to be a stage driver myself, when I was on the plains. Yessiree! Oh, not as good a one as you are. But I did it for a while; same as I scouted for the Army, and hunted buffalo, and fought Injuns. Not much good at any of 'em, son; to tell you the truth, 'cept the buffalo huntin'. An' you *can't* miss, shootin' bulls in a herd as big as they were then; if you don't hit the one you're aimin' at, you'll fetch the next! And I really did fight that duel with Yellow Hand, and scalped him with my knife. But the rest of it, son—well, it's just stuff a feller named Ned Buntline dreamed up, in a lot of Eastern dime novels! I never really amounted to much till I came East, and got myself a show. Guess that's my only real talent, bein' a showman!" He chuckled again, cheerfully.

"It's like these crazy duds I wear," he went on. "Did you ever see anything like 'em in the real old West, son? I never did! If I'd tried to wear anything like this out there, the boys would have shot me for a dude! But it's the way that artist in the dime novels pictured me. So I dressed the same way on the show, having the costumes made special. Now all my rivals, even old Pawnee Bill himself, are copyin' the outfit. They tell me they're even wearin' 'em in the West, now! Shows you how Nature imitates Art!" He roared, and dug the Kid in the ribs.

"Yep, I'm jest an old faker, son! I shoot buckshot at those glass balls, when I break 'em, instead of single bullets. And I'm goin' to have to start wearin' a wig, pretty soon, if my hair keeps fallin' out. I'm a fake, all right. But it's in a good cause. It helps to promote the West, and keep its memory alive. And that's the only

thing in this world I'm interested in. . . . Mighty fine team you got here, son. It'll be a pleasure to drive 'em."

"You—you like mules, Colonel?" The Teton Kid was cheering up by the minute, under these revelations.

"Course I like mules!" Cody was emphatic. "There's no critter I got more respect for than a good mule. They're ornery, an' cussed, an' pure pizen, sometimes. But for nerve, an' endurance, an' courage, you can't beat 'em. Sure, I ride a white horse in the ring, 'cause people expect it of me. But when I was on the plains, I mostly rode a little yellow mule. Remind me to tell you about him sometime, son—the smartest critter I ever knew; saved my life more'n once! And it was mules that pulled the stagecoaches, on the desert and in the mountains. It was mules that hauled the freighters and the Army supply trains. It was pack-mules that supplied the mountain settlements, prospectors' mules that helped find the gold—why, there just wouldn't have been any West, if it hadn't been for mules. The horses get all the attention, 'cause they're prettier and more romantic. But it was the honest, hard-workin' mule that was the backbone of the whole country. That's why I got your team for my show, son. I could have used a horse stage team; it'd have been a better flash, maybe. But I figured there just *had* to be mules on this outfit somewhere, or it wouldn't be real West at all! So I put 'em in the place of honor, drawin' the old Deadwood stage.

"And what's goin' to happen today will honor 'em even more. This here's the biggest thing that ever happened to mules, I reckon. It's the high spot in all mule history!"

"What is, Colonel? What's this all about, anyway? You're gittin' me all nervous—"

Buffalo Bill grinned at him. "Not half so nervous as you'd be if I told you, son!" he chuckled. "I don't trust you, and that's a fact. The mules'll be all right; they ain't impressed by human grandeur—that's the best thing about a mule! But you, son, you're different. You're a brave man; you'd face hostile Indians or bandits, or wild animals, with me; and think nothin' of it. But if I told you what you're going to have to face with me in a few minutes—well, I dunno; you might run out on me! Fact is, I'm kinda nervous myself. Tell you what, let's us have us a little snort! That'll brace us up." He reached under his fringed coattail, and produced a flat bottle. "This here's prime whisky. Real Scotch, from the private cellar of a duke. He sent me five cases, as a present. Drink as much as you want."

"But, Colonel—" The Kid looked around, apprehensively. "What about



the regulations? There's a fine, for drinking on the lot."

"Ain't nobody goin' to fine you while I'm around!" Buffalo Bill said grimly. "You go right ahead. Matter of fact, I didn't have nothing to do with them regulations, son. They're Salisbury's, not mine. 'Tain't my idee of how to run a show. No sirree! Why, when I started in by myself, with this outfit, I had me a whole railroad car that carried nothing but liquor; boys could help themselves as they liked; they got drunk every night, if they wanted to, I didn't care!"

"Really, Colonel?" The Kid stared at him, eyes gleaming. "Lordy! Lordy! I sure wish I'd been with you in those days!"

"Yep, we had us a high old time." Cody reminisced. "Trouble was, we kind of got to overdoin' it! Got so we was late to every town, an' even missed a couple of 'em altogether. The show almost went broke! Then

With the famous Buffalo Bill flourish, Cody boomed, "Your Majesties!"

this feller Nate Salisbury came along, and bought in as a partner, an' re-organized everything. His way seems to work better'n mine, so I let him run the outfit. But it ain't my way. No sirree! You go right ahead and drink, son. I'll stand back of you."

THE Kid raised the bottle. It was good whisky, though a trifle weak by Western standards. Cody watched him approvingly as he drank. "Good whisky never hurt nobody!" he declared. "Me, I drink ten glasses of it, every day of my life. My kidneys don't work right, unless I do!" He laughed, and dug the Kid in the ribs again, puffing clouds of cigar smoke.

"No, there's a lot about this outfit that don't suit me," he went on, tucking the bottle back on his hip. "But I put up with it, to get the part I do. This show's important to me, son;

mighty important. To me, it's more'n just an entertainment. It's my way of keepin' the memory of the old West alive. You see, the old life we knew is goin', goin' fast. You ain't been back to the plains, the last few years; you got no idea what it's like. Things is changin', son! The buffalo's mostly all gone, the big herds killed off. The Injuns are on reservations, now. The railroads are crowdin' out the stage lines; towns and cities are springin' up all over. The open plains are bein' fenced in. Why, there's already places where it's against the law fer a man to carry a gun, or start a fight, or even get drunk! Yes, the West is gettin' civilized, awful fast. Why, in a few more years, it won't be any different from the East, 'cept for its memories. The only way the youngsters can know what it was really like, will be from a show like this one."



Dad blame it! If he wasn't the most kingly figure in the group!

"And it's got to be a circus, son. No other kind'll do. I know; I tried the stage, first, but it didn't work. You can't show the old West under a roof! It's got to be in the open, where horses can run, where the boys can shoot, and ride steers and broncos, and carry on! The circus is the only place it fits. And circus life fits folks like us too, son. It's the nearest thing I know to the old free life we lived on the prairie. Travelin' around in wagons, livin' in tents, out under the open sky and the stars; plenty of excitement and danger—yep, it ain't so bad, son! I'm satisfied to be a circus owner the rest of my days. An' I'll 'circus' this shebang up even more, if I have to. I'll add elephants, and sideshows, and anything else that'll draw the crowds. Just so long as I can go on keepin' the memory of the old West alive. That's all I want!"

"But, Colonel, sir!" The Teton Kid scratched his long hair, puzzled. "If that's the idee—an' I'm shore with you on it, sir, if it is!—then why ain't we doin' it in our own country, where it'll mean somethin'? Why air we over here in this-here Europe, where we ain't even appreciated?"

CODY chuckled, shifting his reins. "Well, son, this European tour's part o' the idee, too. Maybe the most important part. We're here as ambassadors, you might say. Ambassadors of the New World, to the Old! You see, nobody over here has ever taken America seriously, before now. We was just a wilderness to them, filled with savages an' wild animals. They had no idee we had a real civilization growin' up over there, or that it'd amount to anything. But now we've brought our whole Western land

across the ocean an' showed it to 'em. Our American boys have outridden, outshot an' outentertained the best of 'em, on their own home grounds. None of 'em can ever doubt again that there's a great new nation in the world, that's goin' to play a mighty important part from now on. Mebbe even be the biggest of all, in the end. An' it was us that first showed it to 'em. They'll never forget our show, son! Why, do you know what the *London Times*, the biggest newspaper in England, said about us, just the other day? They said: '*Civilization itself consents to march onward in the train of Buffalo Bill!*'"

"An' if that don't convince you that we're appreciated, son—well, what's goin' to happen now sure ought to do it! Here come the Injuns; we can start now."

The Kid looked around, then stared in amazement! For instead of the mere dozen or so braves that

ordinarily pursued the stagecoach in his act, here came the whole tribe of them, in full panoply. Hundreds of them, every male of the show's contingent, from young boys to wrinkled old warriors, each on his finest pony and wearing his finest feathers and beadwork, and in full war-paint. It looked like an uprising, of the old days! Feathered tribal standards waved; tufted lances were brandished; gun-barrels glinted above the riding host, shrill yips sounded and tomtoms thumped. It was a sight the like of which the Kid, in all his years on the show, had never seen before.

AND ahead of them rode all the great chiefs: Red Shirt the Sioux, American Horse, Red Cloud, Long Wolf, No Neck, Short Bull, Revenge. Each was a dazzling figure in white buckskin, war-bonnet trailing almost to the ground—an awesome array that no other show could boast. Even old Sitting Bull himself was riding with them, today. The Bull was really only a medicine man, not a war chief; and his appearances with the troupe were usually confined to sitting in front of his wigwam. But he was riding, today, in all his glory, and on his finest thoroughbred.

"Ready, boys?" Buffalo Bill called to them.

"Ready, Pahaska!" they chorused, crowding behind the coach.

"Then we're off. Little Missie's through with her shootin', I reckon!" Cody gathered his reins, unfurled the long whip.

"But, Colonel!" The Kid had lifted a shotgun off the coach's top, was cradling it on his hip, in traditional style. "But what about them actors that ride inside? They ain't showed up yit."

"The actors ain't ridin' today, son." Cody chuckled. "Or mebbe, you might say, it's goin' to be a different kind of actors!" He cracked the whip. "Here we go! Hup, mules! *Git!*"

The team sprang into their collars, Western fashion; the coach shot forward like an arrow. It whirled through the entrance, jolting and bumping, and swung across the open space of the arena, the Indians following in a yipping cascade. The mules, after their first wild buck-jumps, settled to their famous trot, which was almost as fast as a gallop, harness jingling, long ears flapping, tassels bobbing. The ancient vehicle creaked and lurched along. A great roar of applause went up from the audience at sight of them. Sweeney's band, still on its white horses, was playing a lively air. Stiff in his pose as shotgun rider, the Teton Kid coached Buffalo Bill out of the corner of his mouth:

"Slack off on Laramie's rein a leetle, Colonel; his mouth's tender. Watch

thet swing-team jenny, Tahoe. She tries to swing her hindquarters out—hold her straight. And Wild Bill, on the pole, is shy at turns; keep an eye on him. You're doin' fine; you shore know how to drive!"

"Sure, sure, son! Everything's under control!" Cody's cigar was still cocked at a jaunty angle, puffing smoke. He sat straight as an arrow, handling the reins easily and cracking the whip. The crowd went wild, cheering, shouting, whistling. Their enthusiasm puzzled the Kid; not even the Indians, surging along behind them, the thundering hoofs of their hundreds of painted ponies seeming to shake the very earth, could account for it all.

"But, Colonel," he remonstrated, as they raced along, "you're supposed to swing in a circle for the act, not go straight across like this."

"The act's changed today, I told you." Cody grunted. "We're a-head-in' for the Royal Box first, to pick up our passengers. There they are! See 'em?"

The Kid looked ahead, shading his eyes. Then he gasped. The whole section reserved for royalty seemed to be in motion, spilling out into the arena itself. A double line of the fancy soldiers they called Coldstream Guards were lined up, in scarlet and bearskins, with rifles at "present." And between them was walking a group of men in brilliant uniforms. Shakoes, plumes, aigrettes, gold braid, swords and furred capes—they were the most dazzling sight the Kid had ever seen! The cowboy band had swung into a medley of strange tunes that were unmistakably national anthems; the audience was rising—

"Gawdamighty!" The Kid clutched Cody's arm in his excitement. "Them—why, them's kings, Colonel! Not jest one, but a whole passel of kings! What on earth—"

"Yep, that's what they are, son." Buffalo Bill grinned sideways. "Five kings, goin' to ride with us in the Deadwood Stage! Talk about making history. Lordy! Barnum himself never done anything like this. Now you know why I didn't dast tell you, son. Too late to back out now; we're a-rollin' right up to 'em. But don't be scared; all you got to do is just be yourself. Nothin' to it. I been consortin' with royalty all over Europe, just by bein' natural with 'em. It's what they like best; they're used to everybody bein' stuffy around 'em. Remember, they're human too, underneath all them fancy uniforms. An' you're a freeborn American citizen, which is as good as any king. . . . Hold the reins a minute, will you, son? I got to get down and do the honors!"

The coach halted. Cody ground out the cigar, swung down from the

high seat, and strode toward the group, sweeping off his hat with the famous Buffalo Bill flourish. "Your Majesties!" he boomed as he strode toward them. He stood before them, smiling and talking easily; while they crowded about him. And—dad blame it! The Kid rubbed his eyes. If he wasn't the most kingly figure in the group! All the fine uniforms and pomp could not compete with his yellow lion's mane, his towering height, his natural plainsman's dignity. The monarchs all visibly admired him; one, a young man in scarlet and black, much bemedaled, shook hands with him, and stood with a hand on his shoulder as they talked.

Then Cody led them over to the Indians, who had lined up behind the coach, and presented the chiefs to them, one by one. But Sitting Bull and Red Shirt and the rest were not greatly impressed; you could see that. These were the Great Chiefs of the White Men; but were *they* not Great Chiefs too? Each of them bowed coldly from the saddle, as his name was spoken, with unsmiling mahogany face; and then stared over their heads into a thousand years of Red Man's history, in which mere European royalty had played no part!

And then they were beside the coach, and Buffalo Bill was saying: "They want to meet you, too, Kid. I've told 'em about you. Your Majesty King Leopold II of Belgium, Your Majesties King Christian IV of Denmark, King Frederick of Saxony, King George I of Greece, and the Prince of Wales—this, Sires, is the Teton Kid, the best stage driver in the West."

THE Kid had recovered his aplomb by that time. He swept off his battered sombrero as he'd seen Cody do, and bowed with all the dignity of an American citizen. "Kings," he said, "I'm shore proud to meet you!" And the monarchs seemed delighted; they all smiled and nodded and uttered what he gathered were compliments, though he could hardly understand their strange English, and diverse accents. The King of Greece was the most intelligible; and he delighted the Kid by complimenting his team. "Superb mules!" he said, as he admired them. "In my country we have mules too. Many mules! But none so fine as these."

But it was the Prince of Wales that he liked best. He didn't just nod; he reached up and shook hands, exactly as any American would. And indeed he might have been any eager-faced Westerner, save for his glittering Guard's uniform and dress sword. Even the way he talked was nearly American. "I say, Mr. Kid," he said, eagerly, "it's ripping to meet you! Bill, here, has told me all about you;

we're old friends, you know. He says you've had all sorts of exciting adventures, out on the prairie. I'd love to get together with you, sometime, and hear you tell about them. Would you mind?"

"He sure wouldn't, Your Highness." Buffalo Bill chuckled. "Ain't nothin' us Westerners like better'n spinnin' yarns! Though as to how much truth is in 'em—well, that's another story!" And the assembled bluebloods all laughed.

"Now, then, Your Majesties, if you'll step inside—" Cody opened the coach door with a flourish. "Don't worry; there's plenty of room. The old Deadwood has carried twenty-one passengers at a time, in the old days. She'll hold the five of you, easy!"

ONE by one, the kings climbed in, with much rustling of capes and plumes, and clanking of swords. But the Prince of Wales hung back. "Oh, but, Bill," he protested, "I wanted to ride on top, with you! It's no fun, riding in there; one can't see anything. May I sit on the box, and watch you drive?"

Cody smiled. "Why, yes, Your Highness," he drawled. "I reckon we can squeeze you in, betwixt us. Eh, Kid?"

"Why, shore, Prince! Hop up!" The Teton Kid reached down a horny hand, and helped him up onto the high driver's seat. "Don't blame you a bit, Your Royalty!" he declared. "Me, I wouldn't ride inside a coach, neither. It's a lot nicer up here, though a mite dustier. But you kin see everything. Here! We'll even let you hold the shotgun, if you want!"

The Prince laughed delightedly. "Oh, I say! That would be jolly." He took the weapon, handling it, the Kid noted approvingly, like a man who knew his firearms. He liked the cut of this middle-aged man's jib more and more, he found. Maybe Englishmen and Americans weren't so different, after all, when you got to know them!

Then the Prince turned to Cody, who had climbed up after him. "I say, Bill," he said, "you play poker, don't you?"

Cody stared. "Now, Your Highness!" he expostulated. "What kind of a question is that? Of course I play poker!"

The Prince winked at the Kid. Then: "Well, I'll bet that this is the first time you ever held four kings at one time."

He laughed loudly at his own joke; and the Kid joined in. But Buffalo Bill did not even smile. He only cocked a quizzical eyebrow.

"Oh, no, Your Highness," he assured him solemnly. "I've held four kings before, on a number of occasions. I admit, however—" He

paused a second, for effect. "That it's the first time I ever held four kings—and the joker!"

The Prince doubled up with mirth. He leaned down, explaining the joke through the window to the occupants inside, in at least three different languages. They began to laugh too, the entire coachful roaring while the Indians stared with frozen-faced disapproval of such lack of dignity.

Then Cody took the reins from the Kid, and shook out his whip. "Well, here we go, everybody!" he announced. "Hang on! It'll be kind of a rough ride; the old coach ain't got any springs, she hangs on leather thorough braces. She'll rock, but don't be skeered. She won't tip over, no matter how fast we go. All set? Then *we're off!*"

He cracked the whip, shouted at the team. They leaped forward; the coach was off again, in a cloud of dust. It whirled around the great canvas ellipse, bumping and jolting past the reserved-seat section, with its striped canopy, and along the rows of open bleachers that lined the sides. The horde of Indians spurred their ponies behind it in a wild torrent, yipping and war-whooping. Sweeney's band was playing "Oh, Susanna;" but nobody heard it. The cheers and applause of the vast crowd wholly drowned the music.

The Prince, on the box, smiled and flourished his gun at the audience as they clattered along; the monarchs inside waved hands and handkerchiefs out of the windows. But as the coach went faster and faster, they ceased these acknowledgments, and devoted themselves entirely to holding on. The mules were not trotting, now; they were galloping, long ears flattened back, eyes rolling, tongues lolling, and small hoofs thundering along the packed earth. The old coach leaped and bounced, straining and creaking at every seam. It churned up dust, gouged ruts, and bounced clear into the air; the strain on the passengers was considerable.

They clattered around the upper turn, on two wheels, raced past the painted scenery and canvas "rocks" of the entrance, and thundered back down the other row of bleachers, almost invisible in their own dust cloud, and that of the pursuing riders. The pace increased even more as the team stretched out on the straight stretch, bucking and leaping and surging. The coach plunged like a ship in a hurricane; never, on its runs from Cheyenne to Deadwood, had it gone so fast before! Even the experienced Kid was holding on now. "Hey, Colonel," he muttered out of the corner of his mouth, "hadn't you better slow down a little?"

Then he shot a glance at Buffalo Bill. And froze! The great man's

hands were stiff on the reins; he was sawing them, pulling back with all his might. Cody wasn't going so fast of his own volition, the Kid realized with horror. The mules were out of control! They had the bits in their teeth; they were running away!

After all, it was natural enough. It had been many years since Buffalo Bill had driven professionally; the potations with which he'd fortified himself for today hadn't helped any; and the mules were not ordinary draft animals, but half-wild prairie beasts. They were used to being driven by just one man; and they knew that a stranger's hands were on the reins. But most of all, it was the Indians that frightened them. They were used to being pursued by a small band, not these thundering, screeching hundreds! For though the chiefs were riding like statues, with dignity befitting the occasion, they could not control their young braves, who were showing off in typical fashion. They were riding all over their ponies, brandishing their weapons, howling and screaming like maniacs, some of them even firing guns. The din was terrific, enough to frighten even staid equines—even more these skittish half-broken jacks with a strange driver. Foam-flecked, wild-eyed, bared teeth clenched on iron, the crazed beasts were racing to their own destruction and everybody else's.

And Buffalo Bill couldn't hold them! Sweat was standing out on his forehead now; his face was pale beneath its tan. Suddenly he was no longer the Great Plainsman, but just a fat, flustered middle-aged man, out of condition from years of loose living, no longer able to cope with emergencies. He sat like a sack, sawing helplessly at useless reins, while the wild team plunged on in a bucking, kicking avalanche, with banging doubletrees and snapping harnesses.

INSTINCTIVELY the Teton Kid started to reach over and grab the ribbons; he knew he could bring the mules under control. Then he remembered, just in time. Oh, Gawd, no; he couldn't do that! Ten thousand people were watching; and half the royalty of Europe were aboard. He couldn't disgrace Buffalo Bill Cody before them all. He alone must know of the Colonel's plight; whatever happened, no one else must even guess. To admit that of the idol of two continents, the great fighting hero of the West—that he couldn't even handle a mule team! Why, it'd ruin the Colonel—wreck his whole career. Better even have the coach crack up, than demean him in such a public manner.

Yet the Kid had to check the mules somehow! Their precious cargo must be protected. The Kid was no authority on international protocol, but

even he could imagine the consequences if four European monarchs, and the heir to a fifth throne were to be killed or injured in an American show vehicle! The thing was too appalling to contemplate. It had to be prevented, at all costs. But how, without touching the reins? Without being able even to yell "Whoa!" at the team?

Then suddenly a wild idea popped into the Kid's head. Maybe he must not yell "Whoa!" but he could—

The riders on the vehicle and the watching crowd suddenly saw him lean forward, yank off his hat and wave his arms in the air. He let out a wild "Yippe-e-e!" that rang above even the thunder of hoofs, the yelling of Indians. "Ki, yi, yi! Stretch out, you dern' hardtails! Show some speed! Give 'em a ride! You—Laramie, Pecos! All of ye! Git along! Yi! Yi! Yippeel!"

Inside the coach, the King of Belgium smiled indulgently. "Amusing, is it not?" he murmured. "The childish exuberance of these half-civilized frontiersmen?"

And "Ja-ja!" The King of Saxony agreed. "Most droll!"

But outside, the Teton Kid went on whooping and shouting at the top of his lungs, bawling at the mules, calling each one by name, apparently urging them on to greater speed. He sensed that the Prince, beside him, was watching narrowly, and wondered if he suspected anything. But there was nothing to do but keep on; it was his, and Buffalo Bill's, only chance.

AND it was working! The mules recognized his voice. They were lifting their heads, cupping back their long ears to listen. They were realizing that their beloved master was aboard, after all! The touch on their reins, that had alarmed them, was still strange; but at least a familiar voice was exhorting them, as it had all those years on the prairies. And they responded, automatically; they couldn't help it. They were ceasing their kicking and plunging, and straightening out; a rhythm was coming into their stride, and a smoothness. They were still running, but no longer wholly runaways.

And the Kid went on exhorting them, loudly. "Come on, you Pecos!" he yipped. "Ef you're th' leader, lead! Run, dag-nab ye, keep that pole straightened out! You, Tahoe, quit swingin' sideways; you cain't git no speed thetaway. Line up with Calamity! Wild Bill, you an' Wall-eye hold th' wheels steady, quit wigglin' hit. All together now, like a team! We got to show these furriners what speed's like, in th' West! Yi! Yi! Travell!"

And the jacks obeyed, from long habit. The team was wholly straight

now, running as a smooth unit—heads up, and bodies well aligned. Poles ceased to bang, harness to flap. And the pace was slowing, as fear left the beasts. One by one, they were relaxing the grip on the bits; as the familiar voice soothed them, even while it seemed to urge them on. And Buffalo Bill, working frantically at his reins, was beginning to get them under some sort of control.

But could he stop them? That was the big question. They had almost completed their circuit of the arena, were thundering down on the Royal Box again. The Kid went right on "a-whoopin' and a-hollerin'," waving both arms in the air, apparently from sheer animal spirits. But under cover of it, he was actually signaling a message in Indian sign language, over and over again, to the redskin escort behind the coach!

Sitting Bull was the first to read it. The wily old medicine man had been suspecting that something was amiss: Now, as he read the Kid's flashing fingers, he turned and grunted an order to Red Shirt and to American Horse. The three of them spurred their horses—no mere Indian ponies, were these, but cavalry officers' thoroughbred mounts, of racing caliber, captured in plains battles—ahead of the rest. They forged past the coach and the galloping team, and rode in front of it, holding their feathered standards aloft, as if escorting the vehicle.

It looked merely like a pretty tribute to the monarchs inside; and the audience applauded it as such, never suspecting. But once ahead, the three riders formed a solid barrier of their horses, and began to slow down. The team, unable to pass, had no choice but to do likewise. The pace slackened to a trot; the coach rolled up before the box, and halted exactly in front of it. And the Teton Kid relaxed, for the first time, and sat fanning himself frantically with his sombrero.

Ensued then the greatest ovation that staid London had ever known. Ten thousand people cheered, applauded, even tossed hats in the air. Buffalo Bill, standing up on the box, took ovation after ovation with all his usual matchless dignity; apparently he still had unusual recuperative powers! And the five monarchs and the Prince of Wales, alighting and also bowing to the crowd, all shook him by the hand, and thanked him for what they all insisted had been a most enjoyable ride.

"Of course," the King of Belgium admitted, "it was a little rough! Frankly, my colleagues and myself would have been a little nervous at the fast pace, if anyone but yourself had been driving. But with Buffalo Bill Cody at the reins, we all knew that we had nothing to worry about!"

Then they all walked back, through the file of guards presenting arms, to their seats. The audience sat down again; Sweeney's band blared a long chord. And Buffalo Bill raised his voice, in its famous sonorous boom.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, on with the show! Presenting now my famous cowboys, in fifteen minutes of the sports of the plains . . ."

"'Pears like you were doin' a heap o' hollerin' there a while back, son!" was all he said to the Teton Kid, as they drove out of the arena, amid the trick riders, bronco-busters, rope twirlers and bullwhip crackers.

And the Kid, also recovered now, looked him calmly in the eye. "Reck-on I wuz, at thet, Colonel!" he drawled. "I reckon mebbe you give me too much o' thet Duke's whisky!"

BUT it wasn't until some weeks later, at the end of the engagement, that the final act was played. The show was leaving London, after its triumphal success, for a brief swing around England, and then home. It was loading into railroad cars, in a cramped siding, by flaring torchlight. Buffalo and elk and broncos were herded into ordinary cattle-cars, Indians and cowboys and soldiers loading into day-coaches, the gaudy lettered wagons and prairie vehicles being hauled up the runs by the Percherons so beloved by Rosa Bonheur—all amid a vast throng of Londoners watching the amazing sight, the like of which they would never see again. There was only one "Buffalo Bill's Wild West!"

In a dim-lit stock car, the Teton Kid was bedding down his six mules for the journey, when he felt a touch at his elbow. He turned, and saw a Coldstream Guard, buckskinned; who saluted, and handed him a letter and a small package! Then he clumped down the runway to the ground and disappeared, before the Kid could say anything.

In the feeble light of a flare, he opened the package, and saw a watch: a huge gold watch and chain with links half an inch wide (evidently its donor had known well what would please a frontiersman's taste; it was certainly the largest and gaudiest watch in all London!) And on its back was engraved, in large letters: "TO THE TETON KID, FROM H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES."

And the note read: "For saving the lives of four European Monarchs, and a potential fifth; and thereby perhaps preventing a World War! But we mustn't ever let Bill know we know; must we?" And it was signed, "Your pard, Edward."

The Kid leaned against the slats of the car, stunned. "Well, what d'ya know!" he murmured. "Mules, what d'ya know about thet!"



A STORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST NAVAL BATTLE, WHICH TOOK PLACE OFF THE COAST OF MAINE IN 1775, AND HAS SOMETIMES BEEN CALLED THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA.

by RUHAMA JANS

Pitchfork Marines

PARSON JAMES LYON, Moderator of the Machias town meeting, rapped sharply on his pulpit. All alert, his audience on the rough pine benches in the unfinished meetinghouse, straightened to attention. The late afternoon breeze blew in briskly off the river, through the as-yet-unsashed windows. But no breeze could cool the heated tempers of the citizens of Machias that warm June afternoon in 1775. Anchored but a few rods from their assemblage, they could see the armed British schooner *Margaretta* riding at anchor, her swivel guns pointed townward; her young, smartly uniformed commander pacing her quarterdeck, impatiently wait-

ing the outcome of their conference. From time to time he cast an angry glance at the green-topped Liberty-pole towering conspicuously atop a hillock not far distant. Ensign Moore decidedly disapproved of that pole. In fact he had told the townsfolk that unless it came down promptly, he was going to fire on the settlement. Moore did not really want to do that—for one reason, because his fiancée, Esther Jones, lived there at the home of her uncle Stephen. But, being Irish and quick-spoken, Moore had fallen into an argument with the citizens over the Liberty-pole, had spat out his threat; and as an officer of the British Navy he felt bound to keep his word.

"Two questions are before this meeting," announced the Moderator, as the low buzz of tongues silenced. "In the first place, Captain Ichabod Jones hath arrived from Boston with a load of wheat and other provisions, and desires to reload his two sloops with lumber for sale there."

"To build barracks for British troops!" cut in a sneering voice.

Parson Lyon glanced sharply at his interrupter—a white-haired elder.

"Very like," he responded, "though we do not as yet know it for certain." He resumed his subject: "But Captain Jones, in view of the disturbed conditions, has circulated papers for signature, guaranteeing him the lum-



*Illustrated by
John Fulton*

ber and safe clearance. Since no majority, or indeed many of the citizens of Machias have signed, he requests that it be done at town meeting. The matter lies open for discussion."

Jeremiah O'Brien stood up like a tall pine tree. He smacked a clenched, sinewy fist down into a brown palm. "I say we do not. He has attempted compulsion by refusing provisions to those who will not sign. And if that lumber be not for the British general, why hath Jones brought along the *Margaretta* with her British commander for a safe convoy? I will sign no paper in aid of the enemy."

A murmur of approval and applause swept through the assembly.

FROM an aged man rose a prudent quaver: "But we must consider that there is in Machias less than a two-weeks' supply of food, and Jones is our only means of getting in the grain and other needfuls. There is no road nor even a good trail through the forests

to the Old Colony. Children must have bread, and—"

"If need be we can live on clams and fish awhile," a woman broke in. "Game fills the woods. There are friendly Indians who will sell us corn. What wheat we have, we'll save for the babes, the old and the ill."

"Machias will dare anything to preserve its rights and principles," declared Lieutenant Foster. Again applause rose from the audience. The minister rapped the pulpit.

"Then," said he deliberately, "I take it this meeting will not sign papers for Captain Jones to take out lumber. All who say thus, on their feet."

Everyone save a few known Tories rose unhesitatingly. The seated Tories looked uncomfortably at the floor under the disapproving glances of the others. As the voters resumed their places, Parson Lyon continued: "Now, as to yonder Liberty-pole, there is a demand and a threat. Is anyone through fear disposed to concede?"

There was dead silence, but fists clenched and jaws set.

"Does any citizen wish to speak?"

Jere O'Brien was up again. He spoke with fire and conviction.

"Friends, you have heard of how the first blood of the Revolution hath flowed—how Jonathan Harrington dragged himself to his doorway from Lexington Green to die at the feet of his bride—how Hosmer and Davis fell at Concord—how from every bush and stone wall along the road bullets sped the British back to Boston.

"Because of these things we, by unanimous consent, last week formed our Committee of Safety, and set that towering pine as emblem of our strong freedom. Also you know a request hath come from the Provincial Congress to use our best effort to a state of war. Old men and boys elsewhere have stood against regulars. Shall we, then, accede to this bluster of an angered youngster with his little boat, any more than we will sell to Ichabod Jones our birthright of freedom for a few bushels of wheat?"

The bare rafters echoed to the shouts of: "No! No! Liberty for—"



"Don't you dare harm his sloops," he yelled, "or by the Lord Harry, I'll return and burn your village!"

ever!" On the deck of his schooner Ensign Moore, listening to the uproar and guessing its import, stamped his heel impatiently. . . .

As the meeting adjourned, Ichabod, red and angered, hurried back to his sloop. He began unloading, dealing out provisions to the few Tories who ventured to approach him.

His nephew, Stephen Jones, owner of the general store, had been delegated by the Reverend Lyon to report to the commander the sense of the meeting—and he argued now with the fuming Moore.

"I tell you, Jones, I told them I would shoot, and I shall."

"Now, my dear fellow, listen to reason. By no means all of the town's voters were there." Jones laid his big hands firmly on the Ensign's obstinately squared shoulders, and looked persuasively at him. "A number haven't had time to get notice and come in from the lumber camps. Just hold off until Monday next, and I promise you I can get a full town meeting properly called by them. They will probably reconsider. Quite a few of the absentees are Loyalists."

"Well—" Moore toyed with his sword and scowled. "After all, I have no specific orders as to such a situation," he reflected. "Delay can do no harm; perchance it will resolve this very unpleasant quandary." To Jones he said, grimly: "All right, Stephen; but mind you, the twelfth and not a day more. They must vote that Liberty-pole, as they traitorously term it, comes down within an hour after the meeting ends. And I've a mind to throw a few shots over the town, right now, just to show I mean business."

Laughing, Stephen slapped Moore's back. "All right, you crazy Irishman, but mind your shots go wide."

Moore ordered his gunner to aim at the Liberty-pole. The cannonballs missed it but frightened a few citizens when they skimmed over the houses. But the shooting made most angrier and more determined.

SATURDAY evening Jeremiah and John O'Brien, accompanied by Lieutenant Foster and Josiah Wheaton, conferred at Colonel Lambert's.

"Jones informs me," reported John, "that the pole must come down Monday, or Moore absolutely will fire on the town."

Lambert curled his lip. "So we were threatened a week since. Yet it still stands."

"And will continue to stand, despite the King's officer, until it rots," said Foster, hotly.

"Have you heard from our messages to the western settlements?" asked Wheaton of Jere.

"This afternoon a youth brought word that all who can possibly leave will be in Machias tomorrow or by dawn Monday. But there's little powder among them. Those lacking muskets are fetching their pitchforks and scythes. All swear the pole shall stand." He slapped his hands together in satisfaction.

"John, you said you have a proposition," said Lambert.

"Yes. Jones informs me Moore will attend afternoon preaching on the Sabbath. Some of our friends will have already arrived. If we carry concealed arms, we can seize the Ensign after meeting, and take the *Margaretta*."

"That," observed Wheaton gravely, "will be open rebellion."

"Granted. But our example lies in the Old Colony. Let George say rebellion—we here call it revolution. Well, gentlemen?"

"With all my heart!" cried impetuous Foster.

"Aye," chorused the rest.

Said Wheaton, thoughtfully: "We should ascertain what powder and ball are available."

"Do not worry," grinned Jere. "All the women have been melting lead the

whole afternoon. My mother, despite our remonstrances, hath in her zeal melted the heirloom pewter teapot. She saith we have returned the tea, and may as well send the pot after it. The women are even crazier about keeping the Liberty-pole than the men are." . . .

Ere light, the Committee had concealed muskets in and about the meetinghouse. Before Sunday dawned, the men of Machias and those in from outlying spots met secretly at O'Brien's Brook. There was much argument as to procedure.

"We must decide swiftly," spoke up Lieutenant Benjamin Foster. "For since American blood has flowed, the sooner we take a stand, the better. Who stands with me? Here goes to cross the Rubicon!"* He leaped dramatically across the brook, all six O'Briens at his heels.

"I claim the privilege of taking Moore," cried John O'Brien, his blue eyes sparkling with eagerness.

Foster told off those who would sit in church and seize the officer and the Joneses. "Station yourselves inconspicuously around the outside," he directed the rest. "Pursue on signal." The move was planned for the end of the service.

AT preaching-time the plotters entered as usual and sat down here and there. John, following Moore in, placed himself directly behind his intended prisoner. The day was warm and humid. The sermon was long; flies buzzed about. Moore's uniform was hot, and he felt drowsy. A bumblebee grazed his cheek, droning loudly. Moore opened his drooping lids and idly followed its flight through the wide window-space. He saw the *Margaretta* swinging quietly at anchor in the river. Then his glance wandered upstream. Moore came wide awake in a hurry. Buckskin-clad woodsmen with muskets were crossing a log bridge a quarter-mile away.

"They'll surround me and try to take my ship," flashed through his mind. Abruptly he jumped on the bench, vaulted lightly through the window and raced for his gig before anyone knew what was occurring. The meeting broke up in confusion. Tearing through a wild blackberry patch to avoid the men at the door, briars clutched at his hose and snagged his feet. He made his gig safely, and its crew pulled wildly for the ship. "Swivels on the town!" shouted Moore as he leaped aboard. A rattle of musketry from about the church returned his fire. As he sent the shots over Machias, the *Margaretta* was dropping downstream. After almost a league, Moore anchored beneath a

*The brook at Machias has ever since been called the Rubicon.



Moore raced for his gig before anyone knew what was occurring.

high bank. The townsfolk followed him alongshore, collected atop the bank like a swarm of angry hornets.

"Surrender!" shouted Foster.

But Moore upped anchor and ran out toward the bay, to wait the result of Monday's meeting.

"Don't dare harm Ichabod or his sloops," he yelled as he got under way, "or by the Lord Harry, I'll return and burn your village about your disloyal ears!" He shook his sword at the crowd.

Clambering into canoes, dinghies and dories, they pursued the *Margaretta* some distance downstream, shooting and shouting a rough farewell. Parson Lyon, Bible under arm, stood on the wharf watching his flock depart, and wishing it were not unseemly for a minister to share in the chase. "A most unquiet Sabbath," he murmured, "but the spirit of freedom is of the Lord." He sauntered slowly back toward the deserted meeting-house.

Foster returned to the village, chuckling. "He crowded sail so fast to draw out from the bank," the Lieutenant reported, "that he went out with his mainsail on the wrong tack. 'Shift that sail!' yells he. But the clumsy fellows were in such haste that they let the main boom go on the run. It brought up against the main backstays, and snap went the boom! He's got down to Scott's Point and lashed to Foley's sloop, which lay there. He's helping himself to Foley's boom."

Monday dawned on a Machias seething with excitement. The Tories, sensing the high feeling, were lying low and keeping very quiet. On the wharf stood Josiah Weston and Dennis O'Brien. The youths were spec-

ulatively regarding the *Jones Unity*, anchored a few rods out. They knew nobody was aboard but the captain, who just then was in his cabin. Suddenly Weston burst out with:

"I say, Dennis, let's get a crowd onto Jones' sloop and take over that schooner downriver!"

"With all my heart! Who'll we get?"

"Here come Coolbrith and Kraft. Come here, boys—we have a scheme." The four heads came together.

A dory lay bobbing at the string-piece—and in piled the four. Before the skipper of the *Unity* realized what was going on, he found himself locked in his cabin, and despite his threats, the young patriots were taking his ship in to the wharf.

"I'll have you for piracy!" he yelled through the porthole.

They only laughed. When they reached the wharf, they opened the door. "Just lend us the sloop awhile," they said. They had swung their caps and cheered at top voice as they docked, shouting "Liberty forever!" That had brought the people a-running. The captain sized up the situation. After all, he was not a Tory, they were four to one and the crowd would back them.

"Settle with Jones," he told them, and walked quietly ashore.

"What's this?" demanded Jere O'Brien, who with Gideon and John had raced to the wharf with the rest.



"I'm not done with those Yankees!"

Wheaton explained, eagerly tumbling out his words.

Jere took fire. "Boys, he's right. We can take the *Margaretta*. Get arms—hurry!"

Jere picked thirty-seven athletic young fellows from the impetuous throng of volunteers. Josiah Weston said to them: "You are volunteer militia—albeit going to sea—and as is our usual custom in the militia, should elect a captain."

"Jeremiah—Jere O'Brien," the group shouted as one man. So Jeremiah it was who was chosen as the first elected naval officer in the Revolution.

"I'm going too," shouted Joseph O'Brien, brandishing a big club.

"Sixteen's too young for this business," his brother Jere told him. "You can't come—no, nor you either, Dad," he added as old Morris O'Brien stepped up. They turned away. The old man sighed, but obeyed orders. Joseph scowled, slipped around the crowd, and, mouth set in an obstinate line, he ducked under the wharf, scrambled along piles and timbers to the stern of the *Unity*. There he seized a dangling rope and clambered aboard. Nobody noticed him squirm over the deck and vanish down the hatch.

EVERYBODY not going was running about for supplies. Old men and boys, girls and women, puffing with haste and excitement, came lugging twenty-one fowling-pieces with three rounds of ammunition for each, axes, thirteen pitchforks—"One for each Colony," laughed Gideon—and knives. Caps awry, several old dames appeared bearing a pan holding a goodly roast of pork, and a basket overflowing with loaves. Two men rolled a full waterbutt aboard. The blacksmith trundled in on a handcart an old wallpiece musket, mounted it on the bitts of the windlass. Thus was the *Unity* armed against the swivels and the muskets of the *Margaretta*.

Ensign Moore was up the rigging with his spyglass, looking across the swamp to the wharf. "Aha!" said he finally. "So they've decided to come after me. I'd like well to fight them but confound it, I've no orders from Admiralty to fight." His Irish blood clamoring for a rough-and-tumble, he reluctantly put out to sea.

Lieutenant Foster was bringing the schooner *Falmouth Packet*, with a crowd from East Machias. Suddenly, among the shallows: "Hang it all!" he shouted. "We're aground. Man the dories and try to drag her off!" Despite sweating and pulling, the mud held. "Row over and tell O'Brien we can't get off before noon." Jere was not minded to wait until noon. "Tell Foster to follow us as soon as he floats," said he, and cast loose.

He addressed his militia. "Men, if any repent them of this undertaking, now is the last chance to enter yonder skiff and be rowed ashore." There was a pause. Then, sheepishly, three went slowly into the boat, followed by rude woodsmen's jokes and unseemly promises.

"Now, men," Jere ordered, "those white-livered fellows being gone, our business is to get alongside the schooner yonder. A palm of honor to the first aboard. Take this lumber lying on deck, pile it inside the taffrail as a breastwork to rest your muskets on. Twenty men and axes stand in reserve, to act as boarders when we have used up our ammunition. No firing until we are close. Fire on order only. Pick your men—you're all good hunters."

They soon saw the schooner was lying becalmed in the bay. Before they had gone far, they too were becalmed. "Out sweeps, out bowboats!" was the order. Towing and sweeping, they made for the *Margaretta*. Moore might have kedged, but he could not stand running away. Soon the *Unity* drew close.

"Sloop ahoy!" hailed Moore. "Keep clear, or I'll fire."

"In the name of the Colonies, surrender!" shouted back O'Brien. The men who had clambered back aboard from the boats were picking up their muskets; the pitchfork detail were still pulling at the clumsy sweeps with all their might.

"Again, keep off or I'll fire. I warn you!"

"Fire and be hanged!" Jere's defiance rang with determined confidence. McNeill stood ready with the wallpiece resting on the bulwark. "Fire!" shouted Moore. Three-pound cannonballs thudded into the *Unity's* timbers; and musket balls tore off a shower of splinters. Some wiped trickles of blood from heads and arms. McNeill, a musket ball through his brain, flung out his arms and sprawled out limply, dead. Jonathan Knight jumped into his post, aiming the wallpiece carefully at the helmsman of the *Margaretta*. Jonathan was gritting his teeth, avid for retaliation.

FROM the corner of his eye Jere glimpsed an unexpected figure moving among his crew. He turned to his Negro hired man, Richard Earle, who, musket in hand, stood beside him. "Dick," said he, "see Joseph just la'board of the mast? Let him fight, since he's here; but you fight beside him."

"I'll do that gladly, sir," said Earle, moving in the lad's direction.

Jere had no more time for stow-aways. The *Unity* had swept close to the *Margaretta*. From the British deck crashed another volley. "Stand by to lash fast!" roared O'Brien.



"Let's take over that schooner!"

"Fire!" The roar of musketry mingled with cheers and cries. With a blast from his wallpiece, Knight, with his moose-hunter's true aim, brought down the enemy's helmsman. The *Margaretta* swung out of control, and Jere saw her broach to before the *Unity*. Rip went the *Unity's* bowsprit through the *Margaretta's* foresail.

John O'Brien was standing in the forechains, ready to board. As the ships fouled, he made a great leap to the English deck. The position of the ships prevented lashing fast. Before John realized it, there he stood alone on the hostile deck. He saw seven marines heading for him with leveled bayonets, and the *Unity* drifting some twenty yards away. There was only one thing to do, and John did it fast. He dived overboard, kicking for depth. Jere held his breath as John did not come up and musket balls pelted into the water. "He's a good swimmer. Pray God he makes it under water," muttered Jere. Then he saw John's brown head bob up sleek as a seal, near the sweeps of the already returning *Unity*. Rope-ends splashed toward the swimmer. He grasped one, clambered to the taffrail, was dragged dripping on deck. Jere clapped him on the back. "The palm's to you, John. Now, men, stand ready to make fast this time."

Closing in, Jere ordered another volley. The grappling hooks went out, held. Moore stood on his quarterdeck, sword in hand, encouraging his crew. "Bring me grenades!" he shouted. He snatched one, hurled it

straight at O'Brien. Jere saw it coming, ducked. It flew past him, into the water. Moore raised another. As he did so, young Sam Watts drew a bead and sent a ball into the Ensign's chest. As Moore fell backward, another ball struck home.

Behind the impromptu breastwork the pitchfork marines ached for action. Jere knew ammunition was running low. "Up, lads!" he called. "The schooner is ours. Follow me! Board!"

The men as one leaped to the top, clambering impetuously behind their leader over the *Margaretta's* taffrail. In a second her deck was awl with hand-to-hand fighting; axes, cutlasses and clubbed muskets resisting the forks from peaceful fields. The second officer now in command—a mere boy—found pitchforks something outside his manual of arms. He ran from their fierce jabs to refuge in the cabin. Thence, in a lull, Jere heard him calling: "I surrender."

"Who calls? Do you all surrender?" roared Jere. "If so, throw down your arms."

There was a heavy clattering of weapons on the deck. Stepping quickly to the halyards, Jere hauled down the first British flag taken at sea in the Revolution. Up the shrouds ran Joseph Wheaton and cut away the pennant.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN appeared, cudgel in hand; looking somewhat the worse for wear with a black eye and a grazed shoulder showing through his torn homespun shirt. Behind him towered Richard Earle, mopping a bayonet scratch on his cheek. "Here he is, Captain. He sure can fight."

"You would, would you?" growled Jere, scowling hard to conceal his secret delight in his youngest brother. "Well, as the baby of this expedition, you shall have the enemy captain's sword instead of a cudgel. I ought to clap you in the brig for disobeying orders." Then Jere hurried down to Moore's cabin to see that he was having all possible attention.

Eyes closed, Moore lay on a red-painted chest in his cabin. The ship's surgeon was trying to revive him. From time to time the Ensign choked feebly, and a thin red stream trickled from the corner of his gray mouth. "He's conscious," said the doctor. O'Brien bent over him.

"Is there aught you want, sir? Why did you resist so long?"

Moore's lips moved feebly, though he did not open his eyes. "Not question—of my life—fought for honor. Take—Jones' house." A bubbling red froth drowned his words. He lapsed into coma.

"I can do nothing more," said the surgeon, and departed to busy himself with the other wounded.

The shore went wild as they drew in. Oldsters and yelling boys caught at the mooring-ropes as they were thrown, and made the ship fast to the wharf. Reverend Lyon stood for a moment with a prayer of thanksgiving on his lips; then, hearing Moore was dying, hastened to him. As the victors came ashore, a girl of seventeen broke through the crowd to cast her arms about Josiah Weston's neck. A fifteen-year-old lass followed suit. They laughed and cried as they hugged him.

"Hannah!" cried the astonished Josiah, giving the first a hearty kiss. "What do you here? And you, sis—don't smother me, you two."

"Your wife is a worthy great-granddaughter of Hannah Dustin," said a neighbor. "She and Rebecca, after you men left Chandler's River, collected some forty pounds of ball and lead about your village. They packed it through on their backs for the whole sixteen miles. They followed your party's trail through those woods all night, and came in this morning just after you set sail."

There was a shout: "Three cheers for Hannah and Becky!" The response was enthusiastic. The whole town seemed to be trying to embrace the flushed and excited heroines.

A hush fell as Ensign Moore, unseeing, deathly pale, was borne carefully on a litter to Stephen Jones' house. Jere walked beside him. When the little group reached the house, Esther Jones opened the heavy plank door. She looked at her beloved, and the color drained from her face. Her great black eyes fastened on Captain O'Brien in a look of horror and loathing he never was able to forget. "I hate you, Jere." She spoke in a low, venomous voice. Then she held the door wide to admit the bearers, and silent and erect, followed them into the dimness of the hall. O'Brien, hat in hand, remained on the doorstep. He stood, head bent, for a moment. Then he walked slowly back to the wharf.

THE village plunged into celebration. The Liberty-pole was decked with evergreen garlands. There were bonfires. False dawn was creeping over the waters before the last embers faded and the echoes of song and jubilation died. The next afternoon, solemnly and with military honors, they buried Ensign Moore.

The Committee of Safety and the townsfolk wanted Jere to go to Watertown, in Massachusetts, to report the affair to the Provincial Congress.

"No," said Jere. "Admiral Graves will certainly send something from Halifax after us. I want to be here when that happens. Send John." So John and Lieutenant Foster set out by sea to Marblehead, whence they pro-



ceeded overland. They brought back the thanks of the Congress and its order that Captain O'Brien was to "use his discretion in employing the captured vessels to the public advantage."

The local Committee of Safety, in view of Admiral Graves' expected retaliation, ordered armament taken from the *Margaretta* to fit out the *Unity* as a cruiser. Jere christened her *Machias Liberty*.

The last week in June a trapper came in from the direction of Halifax. "O'Brien, you better look sharp. Admiral Graves is hot. He's sending the *Diligent* with fifty men and ten guns, and the *Tappanauquish* of six guns and twenty men, to bring you in and hang you for piracy."

"So!" said Jere. "Let's see him catch me first." A coaster lay in the bay. "Get a crew of thirty-five, Foster," said O'Brien, "and take her out. I'll take the *Liberty*. We'll meet them

and maneuver to separate them. I'll take on the bigger vessel."

When lookouts brought word that the warships from Halifax were nearing the bay, out went the two.

A few hours later:

"I thought you said we were about to have a fight," smiled Foster.

"I did. But they seem to have thought differently."

"Anyway, here are we all, safe and sound, and two enemy prizes with never a shot fired. 'Twould be a fine thing, did all the war go thus."

"Well, let's take them in. Put her about, helmsman." The two started up river with their captures. Pretty soon Jere burst into a laugh as he looked through his glass at an object moving rapidly downstream.

"Take a look, William." He handed the glass to his first lieutenant. "If it's not Dad, fetching the doctor!"

"Thank goodness, nobody needs him," chuckled his brother.



"Sloop ahoy!" hailed Moore. "Keep clear, or I'll fire."

The Committee of Safety sent the two victorious captains to deliver the prisoners and report in person at the Cambridge headquarters. Sailing to Falmouth, marching overland to Cambridge, it took almost a month to get there. Washington invited them to dinner; rehearsed with delight their doings before appreciative officers. At Watertown the Congress thanked them. O'Brien left as the first Commander of a squadron appointed in the State Navy. His orders were to take the little squadron—the *Machias Liberty* and the two prizes—and cruise along the whole Massachusetts coast from Cap Cod to Canada, picking up passing British transports.

Admiral Graves, his face congested purple, raged again when he heard what had happened. "I'm not done with those traitorous *Machias* Yankees! I'll let them see what a frigate and a score of ships with a thousand men can do to their town and their

impudent Liberty-pole." He shoved his wig on the back of his head, picked up a quill and began writing orders.

Machias got wind of what was coming. "Better leave—all of us," counseled a timorous few.

"We'll stand," declared the O'Briens. "Who stands with us?" Volunteer after volunteer appeared. In no time one hundred and fifty men with muskets were gathered about the Liberty-pole.

"Large ships will have to stop below Scott's Point," said O'Brien. "We'll build a redoubt there, and defend the road to town." Off they marched, fife and drum and the women cheering—not a tear shed, at least in public.

O'Brien built the redoubt and sent out observers. Pretty soon they came hurrying back. "The squadron is here." Shortly, half a thousand soldiers, their bayonets glittering in the sun, were seen assembling on the shore.

"You see what we have to fight," O'Brien told his volunteers. He looked them over appraisingly. "If any regrets his bargain, let him be gone at once."

"No skulkers this time, Captain," shouted a tall woodsman, waving his gun. A laugh ran through the group.

"They are coming now, in a compact body," announced Lieutenant Foster. "Pick your mark and hold fire till you hear the order."

"Form a double rank," ordered the Captain. "Foster, take the first line. I'll take the second. When Foster's men fire, let them fall back through the rank behind, and reload while we fire. We do the same and thus continue. . . . Here they come!"

The nearing enemy, seeing a small body of civilians, cheered. Balls came whistling over the Americans' heads.

"Steady!" exhorted O'Brien. "Let them get a little closer—can't waste one shot."

They stood firm. Now the enemy were a hundred yards away, two hundred feet, one hundred—"Fire." A sheet of flame spurted the length of the breastwork. A cloud of sulphurous bluish smoke hung over them in the quiet air. Gaps opened in the advancing ranks.

"Rear rank, advance—fire!" called Foster. Another burst. In came O'Brien's men again. "They break. The enemy runs under the bank!" "Ah! They re-form! Here they come on the charge."

"Wait for a point-blank discharge," ordered O'Brien.

The Americans waited until they could fire almost into the onrushing faces. The blast was withering. "They break!" "They retreat!"

"After them, boys. Run them into the boats!" yelled Jere.

Dragging their wounded into the boats, the regulars rowed wildly for the brig which had landed them.

"Oho, the brig's fouled on the mud-bank!" shouted Jere. "Let them have a dose." Musket balls smacked against the hull, skimmed the deck. Finally, "There she goes," said Jere exultantly. "I wonder if more will try it. The frigate can't get into position for cannonading us."

THEY waited awhile. Grasshoppers chirped; a cow wandered past; nothing more appeared. Finally the look-outs hurried in, jubilant. "They're putting out, the lot of them. Looks like they don't fancy *Machias* company," said they.

"Here we go home, men," announced Jere. "We'll sup on something better than lead. Maybe the Admiral himself will come next time."

But that was the last from Admiral Graves.

The Liberty-pole remaining triumphant in the singing wind off the bay.

CRASH PILOT

HEAT came up from the parched sparkling desert and wound its hot claws through the buildings and yawning framework reaching up to the azure sky. Men and women stood around in huddled groups. A hitch-rack accommodated half-a-dozen listless ponies still sweating from the chase. Heat burned through the shelters and poured into the man-made shadows. Heat turned blue-steel guns to metal instruments so hot they could scarcely be hoisted from leather holsters unless gloves were worn.

The street was rutted and dusty. A slatternly boardwalk ran along one side, bordering the fronts of the Farewell Saloon, Hank Siddon's Store, the Rusty Gulch Harness Shop and the U. S. Gov't. Assay Office. There were additional weary-looking slab-sided edifices to make up the Main Street, but what they contained or why they had been built doesn't really matter.

A voice squalled over a metallic speaker sounding a throaty anachronism in the heat of a Western prairie. Tenuous wire cables snaked back and forth; engines and dynamos throbbed and produced power that punched through these cables and provided energy for the weird instruments huddled under a temporary shed.

"Okay! Okay! Here he comes," someone yelled. "Get your positions, everyone. Let's have some action this time."

The girl in the buckskin shirt—the girl with the fragile complexion, the periwinkle-blue eyes, the burnished bronze curls that peeped out from beneath her wide-brimmed gray hat, blanched again as she always did whenever they all stood ready to shoot. She huddled against the corner of the Farewell Saloon, and watched the gaudy-winged biplane start down from the sky.

There were other eyes watching the oncoming plane, but not for the same reason.

Boz Skeane, the director of "Silver Secret," the latest great-outdoors opus of Qualitas Pictures, was interested only in how well the job on hand was to be done.

Hewett Cooper, the male star of all the Qualitas gun-and-gal epics, was watching so that he could immediately rush into position and replace the



man who was crashing the plane for him on the steps of the Assay Office.

Only Hank Winters, the demon cameraman, was watching with an eye for the production; but Hank's mind was on Hal Prentice, the crash pilot who was bringing the old Waco in for the crash sequence.

Hank just wondered—and hoped.

When a guy crashes planes with intent, there's usually something wrong with him. Not so Hal Prentice. Hal was right, from the time he first figured out what made his old man's tractor go. Hal always had the right ideas, but he sometimes took the hard way to put them over.

For several months, now, Hal had been on the payroll of Qualitas Pictures as an aviation consultant. After three years in the Air Force, where he had served with only modest success from the "enemy planes downed" point of view, Hal had continued in the racket on what he could scrape together from his terminal-leave pay, the small wad of British pound notes he had gathered on the dice table outside Norwich before they sent him home to teach formation flying to a

covey of tyro Mustang flyers in Texas, and what he could induce a grateful government to allow him from a war-plane graveyard.

All this had provided a knock-down hangar on a strip of mesquite not far from Victorville, where Hal had attempted to make an airplane pay its way, just as they explained it in the glossy aviation rags. He had figured on running payrolls and spare parts into the hills for the oil companies. He'd hoped there'd be a charter job with a sweet hunk of publicity—like flying a beautiful girl to Boston or Baltimore and by his skill and daring through murk and line squalls, get her to the operating-table in time to save her life. He'd even mulled over the possibility of playing a leading rôle in the capture of some mysterious enemy subversive group, or preventing the widespread destruction of important military bases through some particularly wild hunk of flying.

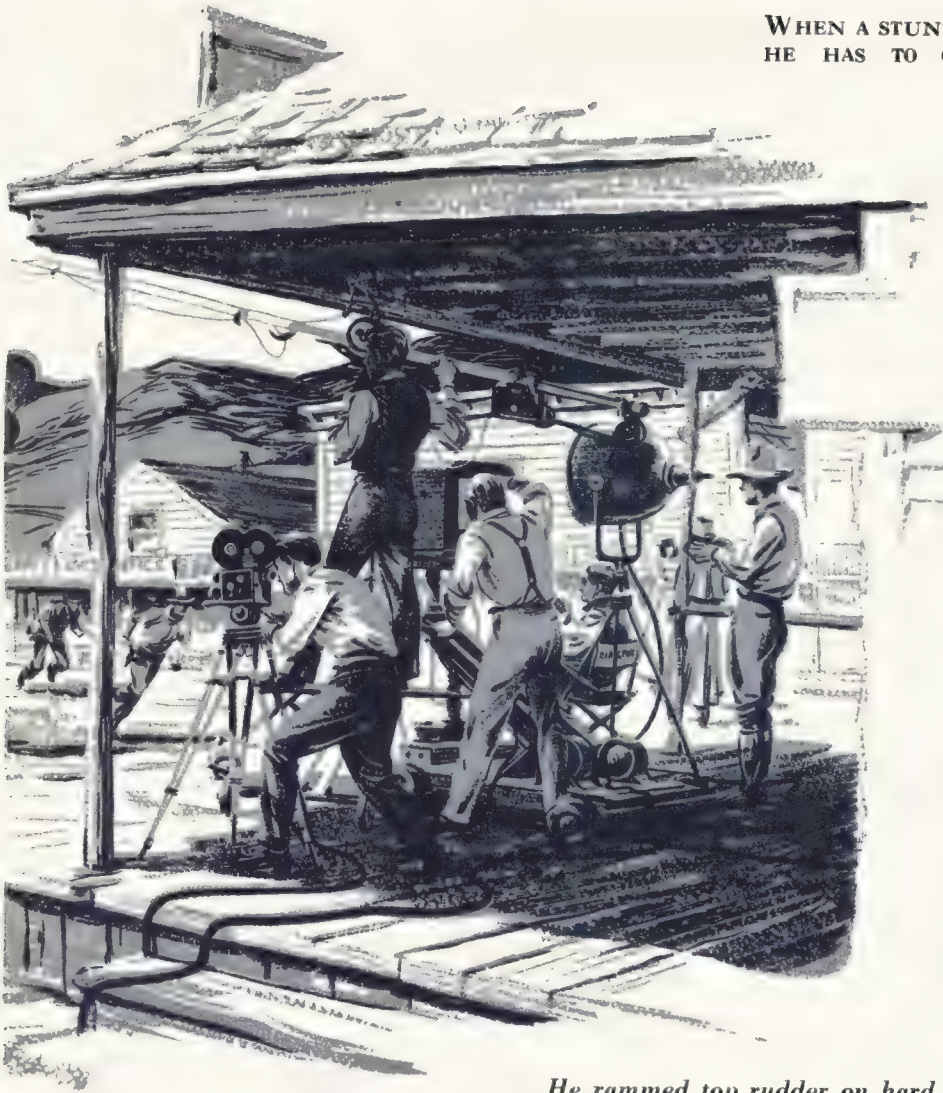
Hal Prentice never expected he would wind up in the movies.

But that came with stark simplicity.

One day Hal was tooling back to his alkali airport when he noticed a

WHEN A STUNT MAN CRASHES A PLANE FOR THE MOVIES,
HE HAS TO CALCULATE HIS HAZARDS ACCURATELY.

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE



*He rammed top rudder on hard,
then felt the wing-tip scrape.*

patch of odd goings-on somewhere below. Bright lights glittered off reflector panels. There was a lot of mysterious equipment hooked up by snakelike cables. There were men and women on horseback. There was a series of chuck-wagons and white-canopied Conestoga wagons—ten-gallon hats and sunbonnets, leather chaps and Mother Hubbards, horses, dogs and long-horned cattle.

None of that had been there three days before when Hal had flown north with a guy who wanted to go fishing—but quick.

Hal always reacted to any urge of curiosity. The wide range below gave him all the chance in the world. He simply dragged the throttle back, banked the old Fleet trainer over hard, spiraled down and glided over the puzzling set-up.

Maybe that's why Boz (Bosley) Skeane took an instant dislike to Hal Prentice. You just don't fly creaky old trainers smack into a scene when they have cameras grinding and a sound panel putting it all on important celluloid. Still, that's what Hal Prentice did.

But while his unscheduled visit to the Qualitas Pictures location may have been costly and imprudent, the untimely interruption later turned out to be a godsend to Hank Winters the cameraman.

"Look," he said, breaking in on Boz Skeane's tongue-lashing. "Forget it. The guy didn't know we were shooting. I can use him."

BOTH Boz Skeane and Hal Prentice switched their glances to the chubby little cameraman. Maybe that saved Boz from getting a clip on the whiskers, too.

"I need a larger lens hood," Hank said. "We can get light trouble later this afternoon on that panning scene. I can use that, and a smaller tripod. Let's send him into the Culver City Airport and have him pick up that stuff. I'll wire ahead for it. It may save us a full day. . . . What say, Mister?" he said to Hal.

But Hal was looking at Meg Driscoll, the Qualitas range star who had wandered into the argument. Meg is just like she looks on the screen, only here Hal could smell her, and

she reminded him of rosebuds in a bridal bouquet he had sniffed somewhere—rosebuds and primroses.

"Sure!" Meg said, beaming. "He'll go, and maybe I could go with him. I'm not in any of the sequences today. I could do with the ride."

"Sure!" Hal repeated. "Sure, I'll go!"

"Fat chance!" Boz Skeane exploded. "Fat chance, Miss Driscoll. We got about six days' shooting left on this job, and you want to go flying—in a hack like that? You must be crazy!"

"What's wrong with that bus?" demanded Hal pugnaciously. "She's licensed, and she's just had a complete overhaul. You don't fly 'em today, Mister, unless they perk right."

"It looks like a grape arbor—with a windmill stuck in front. What some of these yaps won't take into the air!" Boz exclaimed. Then he nodded to Hal: "Go ahead. See if you can get it to Culver City and pick up a package for this shooting crew."

"Pick it up yourself!" snapped Hal, his brown eyes flashing.

"There's a hundred bucks in it," Boz said, somewhat puzzled.

"Who said I was working for you?"

"Okay—I'll sign a chit for two hundred fifty."

"I'll go for nothing if I can take her," Hal said with startling simplicity. "What do you say, miss?"

"It's two hundred fifty—and not her," Boz Skeane bellowed. "Take it or leave it."

"I leave it," said Hal.

"That's a lot of dough for a guy who flies a crate like that."

"One more crack about that bus, and I'll ram you through the prop," Hal said, selecting a cigarette from a battered pack and fumbling through his old sun-tans for a match.

"Look!" Meg Driscoll broke in, and flicked her lighter for Hal. "This has gone far enough. We're having a tough enough time with Mr. Skeane as it is. Do me a favor, will you—What's your name?"

"I'm Hal Prentice, and I run an airport down the line a way—just north of Victorville. And any time you'd like to do some flying, I'll—"

"Later on, big boy," the girl said. "Do me a favor, will you? Buzz down to Culver City and pick up a package for Mr. Winters. Let's have some peace and quiet."

"Quiet, with no war-weary crates flipping into our scenes," said Director Skeane, and strode away making with the thumbs and forefingers like a Big Shot director.

"Get going," advised Hank Winters. "Culver City Airport. The Qualitas truck will be there waiting for you. Shoot back here with it, but don't come in until you get a signal from that trailer job over there. I'll see you get a green light if we're not shooting. Okay?"

"Okay," Hal Prentice said. "I'll be back, sister," he said to Miss Driscoll.

"You know, I think we can use you," the girl said with a smile.

That was months ago, and the job of tooling in a package of camera parts for Hank Winters gradually expanded. For a time Hal was kept busy fixing the engines on trucks and mechanical dollies. He flew Chuck Villard, the assistant director, about the area, looking for new locations.

BUT Qualitas made more than horse-opera pictures. They also had Hewett Cooper, an expensive hunk of man they were trying to make into a new Clark Gable. Cooper looked the part, but Mr. Cooper had no stomach for any rigorous activity, and by now it was too late to do anything about it.

That's where Hal Prentice came in—in more ways than one. Hal was exactly the same height as Cooper. He had crisp curly hair and the same sort of shoulders the costume and make-up departments were always trying to put on Cooper. On top of that, Hal Prentice would try anything once—especially if there was a fast buck in it. For Mr. Cooper he rode horses, drove fast cars in hair-raising chases and dived off bridges with reckless abandon. He worked with one idea in mind. He wanted to buy a real airport and have a real setup.

So far, so good; but it was soon evident on the Qualitas lots and locations that Hal Prentice was making with more than the dough and the stand-in stuff. Hal Prentice was making with Meg Driscoll like nobody's business. They went slow at first, because Meg was always very busy earning her three grand a week with Qualitas. You don't ram around nights when you have six or seven pages of script to memorize for the next day. There are early morning appearances at the studio for make-up, hours with the hairdresser, hours with the director long before you get in front of the camera. It all takes time; but the longer it takes, the deeper the impression.

That would have been okay with Meg and Hal except that Mr. Cooper suddenly discovered that it might go good if Qualitas could provide him with something in which he could

strut as an aviator. Where that brilliant idea came from, no one knew; but suddenly Mr. Cooper wanted to be an aviator.

All this just brings us back to the scene outside the U. S. Assayer's Office of the "Silver Secret" set. Maybe the script was strictly from stinko, but it was Mr. Hewett Cooper's job to prevent the *Bad Guys* from getting to the Claims Registry official who had a desk in the Assayer's Office. Anyway, that's how it came out when the script writers got through with their notes.

The *Bad Guys* had nailed old *Cyrus Caulfield* just as he had struck it rich up in the hills, and roughing him around some and leaving him for the sweepers, they head back to file old *Cyrus'* claim in their own names. If they can get there before *Cyrus* can do anything about it, the old prospector would have hacked that man-sized gouge out of the countryside just for marbles and the exercise.

But never mind how Hewett Cooper finds out about this. They explain that in the last fifty feet of film, and no one cares much by then, because they've finished up the box of popcorn, and they want to get out but fast, because there's another double feature down the block. What does matter is that Hewett Cooper is now an aviator, and he streaks off—poppets popping and air-speed indicator cranking up to 130—downwind—and starts back for Rusty Gulch.

He's hours behind the *Bad Guys*, of course, so he really has to do some tight flying to cut corners. He rams down cañons, hoicks over the peaks, cuts through a logging-camp road that threads through the redwoods and finally comes out (upside down) and sees Rusty Gulch just ahead. He also sees the dust left by the *Bad Guys* who are just entering the desert metropolis, and he figures they've beaten him to it.

He roars over the town and sees the purloiners of mine-claims not two hundred yards from the Assay Office steps. To do anything about it, Mr. Hewett Cooper would have to land well outside the town, race back on his cowboy heels and beat them to it.

Sure, it's impossible—but not for Qualitas Pictures, who have Hewett Cooper, and Hewett Cooper has Hal Prentice.

This is where Hal Prentice comes in.

This is what Director Skeane and his script guys have thought up for Brother Prentice. Maybe, as we said, Boz still holds a grudge for Prentice the stunt man. Maybe Hewett Cooper doesn't care much what happens to Prentice, since he, Hewett Cooper, is getting nowhere with Miss Driscoll.

All Hal Prentice has to do at this point is to head off the claim-swipers.

Simple! He just has to stop them from getting inside and signing their names in the Big Book. Only Hal Prentice is up there in an old Waco, and the nearest landing-space is at least a quarter of a mile away.

Sure, it's a pushover for the *Bad Guys*. They're in!

But Qualitas has a lot of dough in Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Cooper as the *Masked Blade* must goof up the plans; so all Hal Prentice has to do is to crash his ancient Waco smack on the steps of the Assay Office and head the *Bad Guys* off. All Hal Prentice has to do is to kill a glide through the false fronts of the Rusty Gulch buildings, and get a wing-tip to drag the street at the right point, so that he cartwheels over within a certain camera area, and piles the crate up on the steps, just as the *Bad Guys* have dismounted and are about to clatter up those steps.

Once that minor item has been accomplished, Mr. Hewett Cooper crawls out of his safety spot suitably clad as the *Masked Blade*, and appears to crawl from the wreckage of the Waco and follow the *Bad Guys* into the office.

He appears just in time, of course, to prevent them from filing the claim, and thus old man *Caulfield* is avenged and his potential bank-roll is saved.

Of course Hewett Cooper hugs and kisses Miss Meg Driscoll at the end; but after the shooting it will be Hal Prentice—if he's still maneuverable—who will drive her back to her ranch-type hostel on the fringe of the desert.

PRENTICE had planned the Rusty Gulch crash for weeks. They'd given him a script, and told him exactly what they wanted. He had selected the Waco biplane, because it offered certain structural features that would aid him in the trick.

Also, there was a fee of one thousand bucks concerned in the deal.

The biplane job fitted his plans exactly. Hal planned to use the top wing as cover, once he was down. The lower wing was what the trick depended on.

He knew exactly where he planned to touch in the first time. He had it all worked out, using figures and details obtained from the Civil Aeronautics Bureau. He knew just how far the ship would cartwheel if she hit at a certain speed. He knew at what angle she would hit if the wing was put down at the right angle.

Next he strengthened certain features of the fuselage, and weakened others. He wanted the break to come at certain points fore and aft of his seat. The break-points were important. He didn't want a shattered longeron poking through his kidneys or lungs, once the cartwheel business had been completed.



"You do the stunt work, Prentice," he snarled, "and leave the technical details to me."

That was the most important part. Prentice planned to walk away from it with everything he started with. He wanted no part of a pair of busted legs, or the business of living with his head in a leather support for a year or two. He wanted one thousand bucks, but he also wanted to stay looking like Hal Prentice—the Hal Prentice Meg Driscoll was so concerned about.

Dressed in a replica outfit of the *Masked Blade*, which consisted of a pair of Bond Street whipcords, an ornamental black silk shirt the mail-order houses supply to would-be cowboys, and a dainty domino mask which wouldn't have shielded the features of a four-year-old baby, Hal climbed aboard the Waco, kicked in what was left of the old starter, and with a last glance at his structural fixings, ran her through the mesquite and tumbleweed and climbed her into the Nevada sky.

He grabbed a little altitude, circled the location and waited for his signal from a lamp fitted to the top of Boz Skeane's trailer. Below, the set was spread for action. The cameras were hidden in nearby shacks, and microphones were attached to old lamp-posts, and in a letter-box nailed to the Assay Office door.

The first signal meant he was to clear the area and keep the roar of his motor off the sound track. When he got the final blinker he was to

head in for the town, buzz it once to look down and consider the situation. That would fit in with the close-up shots they'd made with Hewett Cooper sitting in a fixed plane back at the studio, in which a process shot had been thrown on a screen behind him, to give the effect of actual movement through an actual sky.

As Hal roared over the set, he got a blinker signal from Skeane, who huddled behind a sign over the Farewell Saloon, and he knew they were set for his crash.

FOR the first time, Hal Prentice sensed a cold finger of fear drawing a jagged line up and down his backbone with ice water. He hoicked up from the drag across the desert set and found he was trying to swallow something big and shapeless, something acid in taste, something that wasn't there, but took up a lot of larynx space.

He circled away and tried to figure the markers he had worked on, the points at which he would begin his final glide. He tried to pick out the design in the mesquite that had been there the day before, and over which he planned to cut his throttle and snap his switch.

None of it was apparent now. He might just as well have been flying over a hunk of Siberian tundra. He S-turned back and forth, trying to figure his check-points again, knowing

full well the cameras below were grinding off yards of very expensive film. He knew Boz Skeane would be snarling his wrath, and Hank Winters sweating great floods of perspiration for fear he would run out of film and miss covering the crash from every angle, as was required so the cutters would have enough footage to select for the final master reel.

Sweat was coursing down Hal's face now, and his silken mask was draining loose dye all over his cheeks. His throat was as dry as alkali, and his tongue running over his lips to get some sense of life in them.

There was a second or two when Hal wondered if he was dead already.

What was worse, he knew Meg Driscoll was down there watching and praying quietly, hoping he would make it without too much damage. If Meg hadn't been down there, it wouldn't have been so bad.

Next thing Hal knew he was making his approach for the final glide. He had tossed the check-points overboard and was shooting for the crash on straight foot-by-foot figuring. He knew the cameras set in the Rusty Gulch Emporium were now trying to get a shot showing the oncoming *Bad Guys* with the ominous Waco biplane hovering beyond and teetering in for the crack-up.

He had to go through with it now. He slapped his wide safety-belt to make sure it was still secure. The

throttle came back, and he snatched the ignition switch down and sat it out. The Waco dropped her nose. The metal prop changed the spectral colors it had been stirring in a wide circle, and gave off with splintered segments of light streaked with oily greens and blues. A few more seconds, and it was windmilling with the slipstream and not showing any too much ambition at that.

THERE was no stepping out of the picture now. Hal Prentice had to pile her up. It was too late to try to pick up an engine at this point; and if he could, she'd never pull enough to hoick him over the framework that made up the fronts of the Rusty Gulch street. There was nothing to do but try to hold her on course through the narrow street-strip bordered by the set fronts. If he missed now, he'd not only splatter himself all over the lot, but could take several other Qualitas employees with him.

Ahead he could see the opposition riders clattering up to the Assay Office tie-rack. The horses were flecked with dust and sweat. He had to hit a few feet beyond them, to satisfy the S.P.C.A. official, who was always on hand whenever animals of any kind were used in pictures.

Things whipped past Hal's eyes and became a flickering tangle of unidentified objects. He tried to remember at what point he was to ram his stick over and get the wing down. For an infinitesimal fraction of a second he couldn't remember which wing he was supposed to take it on.

Then his reflexes took over in spite of his fears. The wing went down and started to hack for the rutted roadway below. The Waco was tilted over perpendicular, and his controls were about to be reversed. He had to remember that, even though he was doing a jerk-job between a desert store and a cow-town honky-tonk. He rammed top rudder on hard to hold her as long as possible, and then felt the wing-tip begin to scrape through the roadway below.

W'heerr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ammmmmmmm!

The Waco held it for half-a-dozen yards, and then the wing collapsed. Hal had slit the main spars with a hack-saw at a point midway between the outer wing-struts and the root. He saw her buckle at that point, and drew his feet up clear just in case she came through.

Next, as she started to get her nose down and begin the planned cartwheel, he felt the longerons go beneath him, and he could only hope. The prop bit in and tossed a large clump of earth skyward; and through the kaleidoscopic whirl of events, he sensed that two of the cow ponies had bolted. Another was standing on its hindlegs. A sudden billow of dust

brushed the cascading scene out as a swab will erase garish details chalked on a blackboard.

There was a washboiler fanfare that made Hal gasp. The F-7 caved in, and her Wright motor stuffed itself into the dust and finally yanked itself from the bearers. They found it later ballled up behind the Assay Office.

But the Waco's hulk was pinwheeling toward the Assay Office steps now, and Hal was drawn up like a bug in a cocoon trying to keep from being skewered by wing ribs and battered by loose parts. The last he remembered with any degree of clarity was when the tail assembly came over and slapped the front steps of the Assay Office like a monstrous fly swatter. She smacked like a clap of thunder.

That's all Hal remembered. What went on after that was something Boz Skeane and his writers had planned, and from all accounts matters went on as required. Hewett Cooper crept out of his cover under the shelter of the Waco top wing and into what was left of the rear pit, forced himself up through a tangle of ribs, fabric and severed cables, raised his gloved fist, gave the triumphal cry of the *Masked Blade*, and scrambled up the steps of the slab-sided building.

Justice had triumphed again.

"How was it?" Hal asked when he came to on a settee in a company trailer backed clear of the action set. Meg Driscoll was swabbing an egg-sized lump over Hal's left eye. There was a long abrasion up his right arm from his wrist to his elbow that looked like a hunk of curry-combed meat. One of the medical guys was taking care of that.

"How do you feel?" Hank Winters asked. "Hurt bad anywhere, Hal?"

"I hurt bad all over," Hal grinned. "What happened?"

There was an out-of-focus circle of faces around him, and strange tuneless music streaking through his mind that reminded him of "The Lost Week-end." He tried to adjust and figure who people were. He could smell Meg, her hair, hands and her breath. He could whiff Boz Skeane too—Skeane smelled of expensive tobacco, new leather boots and soap. Hank was Hank, pungent with film emulsion and the metallic tang that came up off the camera dolly tracks.

"You sure you don't hurt bad anywhere in particular?" Hank pleaded.

"I guess I could walk if I had to, and I could hoist a can of beer if I had one," Hal muttered. "I'll live, I guess. How was it?"

"Wonderful!" said Meg, and put another poultice on the lump.

"It worked out swell," said Hank.

"It'll do," grumbled Boz, poking at the ice-cubes in his drink. "It didn't crack up the way you said."

"I had a heck of a time getting where I could creep into the wreck and come up like I was crawling out of the cockpit," another voice bleated from somewhere behind.

Hal blinked, and figured that was Cooper.

"Yeh," Boz added. "It didn't part where you said it would. Hewett had a heck of a time. He almost pulled his helmet and mask off, coming up through that mess. I guess we'll have to do some smart cutting to cover it up."

"That's too darned bad," Hal said with no particular expression. He was just beginning to make out the features and details of Meg Driscoll. "That actual crack-up was all right, wasn't it?"

"It will photograph well," Boz said, "but I was surprised. There wasn't too much noise to it. Maybe you didn't hit in hard enough, eh?"

"Creepers! It sounded to me like I'd slammed into a boiler factory," argued Hal. "Don't I get one of those drinks?"

"Well, you were pretty close to it, remember," the leaky-lipped director growled. "Still, maybe we can dub in some extra sound later on. It looked good, Hal, but it was so smooth there wasn't enough racket to make it believable. They'll swear we used models."

"They'll swear you used models if you overdo the sound stuff," warned the weary pilot. "In a crack-up like that, you have to be careful where you put extra sound. You'd get a better effect if there was a short period of silence. It's terrific that way."

Boz Skeane scowled, knowing full well Hal was right, but he wasn't going to be shown up that way. "You do the stunt work, Prentice," he snarled, "and leave the technical details to me. Next crash you pull, make sure you have her break where we want it. I won't buy another like that."

"Next crash?" inquired Hal over his shoulder. "Who says there's to be another?"

MEG looked up, startled. Hank stood there with the expression of a puzzled brindle bulldog, and Hewett Cooper backed away and walked out.

"I'm having one written into the script," Skeane said, and fumbled with a massive briar pipe.

"Another?" gasped Meg, with a cold pack arrested halfway to Hal's brow.

"He's under contract for the completion of the picture," Boz pointed with his pipe-stem. "Don't forget that. We got a beaut of an idea for a sort of climax."

"Another crack-up?" Hal asked, puzzled. "What does this *Blade* guy use? We just cracked up his Waco."

"So what? He gets another. We can get a hundred planes," Boz said with a wave of dismissal. "Here's the idea. The *Masked Blade* has outwitted the claim-jumpers, so now they figure to get even. They get a guy who flies, too. This guy is a former war pilot—"

"In what war?" smirked Hal.

"Any war. What does it matter? We won't give them time to ponder on history," Skeane rattled on. "Anyway, the opposition puts a guy into the air with a plane fitted with machine guns. We can do that too. He traps the *Blade* in a tough spot, and shoots him down."

"Oh, brother!" gasped Hal, and looked to Meg for support.

"So the *Blade* goes down in a spin, and crashes right this time. None of this taking it on a wing-tip. They have pulled that one in every air epic since 'Lilac Time.'"

"I just spin straight in, eh?" queried Hal acidly.

"That's it!" beamed Boz, who had been looking for the words. "You spin in smackol!"

"I'll bet you I know the rest of it."

"You do?"

"Sure. I spin in, and the prop augers the ground out for ten or fifteen feet, and out I come—"

"Yeh?" Boz Skeane almost pleaded.

"Out I come with both arms full of gold nuggets. . . . Right?"

The director let out a long wheezy breath. "Wonderful! That's exactly what I want. We'll have it the *Blade* needs a lot of dough to help someone else out. He's a sort of flying Robin Hood, and he's always doing good. Now he has a secret gold mine—and just because the opposition shot him down. . . . That's wonderful, Hal!"

"Yeh. . . . Now who's going to do it?" Prentice said.

Boz Skeane produced a wounded expression. "You are, Hal," he said. "There's nothing to it, is there? You get another thousand bucks. What are you binding about?"

"You got to do better than that. I'm not spinning in for any one thousand smackers. I might get one that will ruin my youthful charm." Hal managed a snide grin.

Meg Driscoll was speechless all this time. Suddenly she shot to her feet. "He's not doing it, Boz. You've got your air thrill, and it was swell. Hal's not taking any more chances for that sort of money."

"Oh, so that's the way it is, eh?" the director sneered. "Let me tell you something: He'll do this spin-in stunt, or he'll never do another job for Qualitas. Not while I'm handling the action-adventure stuff, anyhow."

"He doesn't have to do stunt work for Qualitas, or any other company," Meg flared up.

"Wait a minute!" Hal broke in. "Who's doing the stunts? I'll decide about this."

"Hal, I don't want you to take any more chances," the girl said almost tearfully. "There's a limit to this sort of thing."

"How much is there in this one, Skeane?" Hal said, patting Meg's arm.

"You do a spin-in so you hit on the wheels and nose," Skeane outlined, "and there's two grand in it—take it or leave it."

"Any kind of spin?" asked Hal, with a queer glint in his eye.

"A spin's a spin, isn't it?" bawled the director. "You just spin in; that's all. For that you get two grand."

"And all the splints I can wear," Hal said. "I'll take it, but I decide on the spin."

"You mean either to the right or the left?"

"You can select which way I spin, but I select the spin," said Hal, holding out his hand. "Right?"

Skeane took Hal's fist and said: "It's a deal!"

"Two grand for a spin-in," agreed Hal, "right or left-hand circuit. Give me a week to fix up another Waco for the job, and I'm all set."

"You can pick one up at Paul Mantz's field and fix it up any way you like. It's a deal."

HAL and Meg drove back to the ranch hotel after the day's shooting was completed. Meg was puzzled by the gleam of satisfaction on Hal's face.

"I think you're crazy—and thoughtless," she said. "After all I ought to matter somewhere in this."

"You do matter, sweet," Hal said and inhaled on his cigarette. "With this two grand and what I made today, I'll have a down payment on a sweet two-engined charter job that will put me on Easy Street. That's okay with you, isn't it?"

"But you don't have to take such chances. I've got enough—"

"That's out!" Hal said resolutely. "I'm not sponging on you. This has to be my deal. I'll provide my stake in the deal, or there's no deal."

"You're impossible!" the girl said, and took it out on the accelerator.

"Look! This job Skeane has cooked up sounds rugged, but take my word for it. I can make it work. I'll spin it in for him, but not the way he figures. The dope fell for a gag he'll never get out of. Take my word for it, I can't miss."

"Can't miss what? Winding up in a wheel-chair?"

He patted her knee pleasantly and said: "You wait, sister. You wait and see."

Hal kept the same smug smile on his dial all the time he worked on the new Waco they flew out for him. He put in an industrious period taking

The smoke-box was sending out a plume of smoke.



out all unnecessary instruments, and padding the panel with sponge rubber. After that he made a complete check of the metal structure, and worked out what he called the dissipation of forces so that he would get a crack-up that would not injure him too much.

First he removed the fuel tanks from the top wings, and had a smaller one put just forward of the fire-wall to eliminate any chance of spraying himself with raw fuel which might ignite after the pile-up. A chemical box was fitted to provide a suitable plume of black smoke during the climax.

Next there was the matter of altering the legs of the undercarriage so they would buckle on the impact. He learned from Skeane that the picture called for a right-hand spin, so he had to make the hack-saw cuts accordingly.

Then he went over the scene site with Skeane and Hank Winters to get some idea of what he was supposed to do. Skeane had gobbled up Hal's weird idea of hitting in and coming up with a fistful of nuggets. The pile-up was to take place in a none-too-wide gorge in a craggy section of the location. Laborers had been put to work creating the impression that a dry creek-bed ran through this gorge-like site. Sagebrush and greasewood dotted the sides of the

*Illustrated by
Arthur Harper*



With a final rush Stan tore at the smoking Waco and pounded home his last burst of hate.

slopes and Hal realized he had to do some real precision flying to get in and hit exactly the way that Skeane wished.

He took measurements and then climbed to the top of the slope and looked down. He mentally checked objects to work from when he began the spin. By now he began to wonder if his trick would get him out of this tight spot.

"Listen," Hank said once when they were alone. "I hope you know what you're doing."

"I think I do."

"I know what Skeane and Cooper are doing," the cameraman said.

"I know what they *think* they're doing," Hal smiled.

"Look, you're a nice guy, and this isn't funny," Hank said in a pleading tone. "They're playing rough, pal."

"It's a rough racket."

"They put guys behind bars for less than what those two lugs are thinking."

"Keep talking," Hal said, and listened thoughtfully.

"I'm not saying they're figuring to knock you off. It can happen, but they're not figuring it that way," Hank muttered. "Maybe you don't see it that way, but if you and Meg Driscoll are getting real chummy, you can be playing Boz Skeane and Cooper a dirty trick."

"Could be," agreed Hal.

"You and Meg do the trudge up the aisle, and where does it leave Skeane? If I know Meg, she'll pull out of pictures, and Skeane's meal-ticket goes up the creek. He never made a good movie until Meg came along. He couldn't direct a flea circus, that guy. Any dope can make pictures with gals like Meg."

"I see what you mean."

"Same way with Cooper. He came up from bit parts, which is all he's worth, on Meg's work. Put him in with any others, and what does he do?

He acts like a guy who walked into the scene by mistake. You take Meg Driscoll off the Qualitas payroll, and you start a depression, brother."

"Cripes! Meg doesn't want to stay on this treadmill all her life," exploded Hal. "No gal does. It's just a job, to people like her. She's had all the excitement and the glamour. What future is there to it? The smart ones get out with their bundle and call it a scene. That's how Meg figures."

"Yeh, but you helped her figure. She never had any such ideas before you came along, big boy."

"So you figure Boz and Cooper worked out this stunt to bump me out of the picture, eh?" Hal asked with a smile.

"No guy can spin in and get away with it. Even I know that much. You crock yourself up and wind up in a wheel-chair, what do you have to offer a gal like Meg Driscoll?"

"A guy has to keep his word," Hal said with a faraway look. "I told him I'd spin in and that's what I'll do—only I'll do it my way."

"A spin's a spin," warned Hank morosely.

"That's the deal."

"I guess none of you aviator guys has any brains," Hank reflected, "or you'd never be in it in the first place."

By the end of the planned week Boz Skeane had his writers pad the script and write in the new final scene. The new Waco was fixed up to take the shock as Hal had planned it. Once the plane had been adjusted Hal took it up and checked out the engine and controls. But he went far enough away from the location area to practice his precision job. The smoke-box worked to perfection.

The whole company reflected the tenseness of the situation by the time the scene site was cleared and the cameras set up in the mesquite

patches. Actors and actresses stood around in their costumes, their make-up flecked with desert dust and their teeth gritty with desert sand. Meg Driscoll had seen the rushes on the first crack-up and that had been bad enough. What could happen today was more than she dared even to contemplate. . . .

She had already torn three small handkerchiefs to shreds.

Three times that morning she had begged Hal to call it a deal and let someone else risk the scene. Hal had only laughed and patted her affectionately and said: "Just think, baby, we'll be in business once I bring that hulk down."

"Yeh," Hank Winters had added. "You'll be in business with a clawful of pencils and a tin cup, you dope!"

Once more Hal laughed, kissed Meg gently on the forehead and climbed into the jeep.

"Don't watch me," he called back. "Watch Skeane's face when I start down. It'll be funny!"

"Funny, like in meat grinder," Hank snarled after him.

HAL's crate was all daubed up as had been the original. His mechanic was checking everything and Stan Morton, one of Paul Mantz's pilots, was standing nearby inspecting the adjustments Hal had incorporated into the crash job. Stan was playing the part of the opposition pilot who was to trap Hal over the gorge and shoot him down.

"What a guy won't do for money," Stan said with a wry grimace.

"Be quiet," laughed Hal. "You'll always be able to say you shot someone down."

"You really gonner spin this hulk in, Hal?" Morton asked with honest concern.

Hal winked. "Look!" he said and sat wide-legged and held an imaginary joy-stick. "I'm gonner spin like this."

He rammed his right foot forward, drew the stick back and then eased it over into the right-hand corner. Then he made another motion with an imaginary throttle. "Get it?" he asked.

Stan blew out but no whistling sound came. He grinned wide and said: "Oh, *that* kind of a spin! I get it."

"Let's go!"

"I begin firing when I get the light from you," Stan said.

"Right! Stay in position and jazz back and forth with me until I shoot the light set in the camel-back. I'll check it once we get in the air."

"Right!"

They moved out and took off, working from signals set up on a nearby mound. Stan's ship carried an automatic camera which when switched on showed what happened to the

Blade's Waco once it was fired on. Other fill-in sequences had already been filmed and were ready for the cutting-room. All they had to do now was to have the opposition pilot roar down on Hal and shoot him down. The rest was up to Hal.

By now Hal realized what he was in for. Up to this point he had covered up his real feelings, but he knew now that while he had figured out how to spin her in, according to plan, there was more to it than just that. The kind of spin Hal had figured out demanded a split-second decision a few feet off the ground. After spinning any distance he might not have the visual responses necessary to make this precise decision.

WELL, there was no turning back now. The heliograph signal below was giving him the word to go.

Hal turned and looked back. Stan was slamming out of a clump of Arizona cloud and ramming for him, flying an old P-40 fitted with guns that fired frangible bullets. These missiles enabled the guns to be fired at a speed comparable to that employed when regulation ammunition was being used, but the frangible bullets, a combination of graphite and plastic, broke up shortly after leaving the muzzle so that they presented no particular hazard to anyone outside a certain safety zone.

Another camera-plane raced along with them and began shooting broad-side action as Hal and Stan maneuvered over the desert cañon. When Hal figured he was in position, he pressed a button which snapped on a light set behind his head which told Stan to start throwing lead.

"Here we go," Hal said and heard the rattle of Stan's guns as they snarled in short heated bursts. There were times when he felt small particles of the frangible bullets smack into his wings.

He pulled the chemical-box switch and immediately a thin plume of smoke curled out from under the engine cowling. He yanked a series of wires, and false pressed-paper panels began to flick from the fuselage. A slab of metal covering the wing-tank caps flicked up and fluttered away. The smoke scarf increased in size and density and then with a final rush Stan tore at the smoking Waco and pounded home his last burst of hate. The P-40 bellowed over the Waco with a scream of revenge.

"Right!" breathed Hal and checked his position over the cañon. "Perfect, Stan!"

He knew a battery of cameras were checking on him now and it was a spin-in job—or nothing.

First he drew back his throttle so that the prop was ticking over slightly faster than idling speed. Then he

kicked the rudder over and drew the stick back. The Waco slobbered into a stall, started to fall off and then started to flat-spin.

Well, Skeane said he wanted a spin-in job, but he didn't say just what sort of spin. A flat-spin was spin enough for anyone.

Hal sat there and held her nose up and kept her in the flat spiral and checked his position above the pile-in point. The smoke box was sending out a plume of velvet smoke that was being twirled into a tight corkscrew design and produced a startling effect. From below it looked as if the Waco was augering down tight, but strange to relate, she was taking what seemed hours to do it. The spin was tight enough and Hal had to close his eyes now and then to maintain his visual perception. The ship held her flat position through careful handling of the stick and throttle, but she was taking a long time to get down, which was how Hal had planned it all the time.

He risked another look down at his target mark and everything below was beginning to mix into a greenish-gray pudding of rock, mesquite, sand, mud and glare off the reflector panels.

The earth was coming up slowly, just as Hal had planned, but to produce the effect of a nose-in spin he had to time a switch only a few feet above his target mark. If he started it too soon, he could hit just as though he had tight-spun all the way in. If he pulled it late, Boz Skeane would not get the nose-and-wheels effect he had demanded.

No effect—no check!

He looked again. The target spot below was now a swirl of greens, browns and grays. It was like looking inside a soda-fountain mixer with a frosted chocolate on the way. There was no way of checking his height that way.

"Brother!" he breathed and fought to keep the Waco in the flat circuit. If she got her nose down now—whammo!

The instruments left were of no help. This was a matter of feet and inches, to pull it off right. Another glance below and the frosted chocolate was swirling up into a sickening froth. What a hope!

He looked out along his lower wing and realized that the details on the side of the cañon were somewhat more distinct. There was an out!

The Waco was more difficult to handle now but somehow Hal managed to keep power on and enough suitable rudder and elevator to keep her swirling. The smoke plume was settling down on him and it was becoming difficult to see in any direction. Finally he flipped off the chemical-box and took a last sight down

the wing on a mesquite bush that hid a sound camera. That gave him some idea of his position and when it seemed that the wing would begin slicing through the scrub and bush he cut the gun, nosed her down—and hoped!

There was the planned period of almost-silence. The Waco seemed to hold her breath and then there was a resounding crash of tortured metal. Again a prop blade went skyward. A belch of dust and smoke and pebbles billowed up. The wheels hit and broke off through their hack-sawed legs and with a final pæan of boiler-factory clatter she piled up.

Hal sat there for some seconds and finally found muscular reaction to kick the rudder. That meant he was all right and that they could let him finish the sequence by crawling out, staggering around in the costume of the *Masked Blade*, until he toppled into the hacked-out gold-nugget bonanza.

From the shelter of the shooting area Boz Skeane and Hewett Cooper stared with unbelieving eyes as they saw Hal crawl out, clamber over the top of the broken fuselage, give the *Masked Blade* gesture of defiance to the P-40 as it swept over the scene firing a last burst into the wreckage.

It was then that Hal hit the dirt to come up with the nuggets. While they were dollying the sound camera in close, Boz husked: "Jeepers, but that was a spin! We thought you'd go all the way to China. You sure you're all right?"

"It was a push-over," Hal grinned. "You get what you wanted?"

"He sure did!" broke in Hank Winters. "There never was a crash shot like that, Hal."

"By the way," queried Boz, "what sort of a spin was that—where you can walk away from it that way?"

"YOU asked for a spin-in. You got one," Hal grinned. "That was a flat-spin. An old-timer told me about that. It seems they had to teach the Early Birds how to crash as well as how to fly. In a flat-spin you hit one-seventh as hard as you would if you came down in a tail-spin. It's something to know, Buster. It's something to know."

Boz Skeane exhaled like a gorged porker. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and gave up. "Oh, well, let's get clear and finish up. Remember, Cooper. All you do now is pick up the nuggets and just stare at 'em. That's all there is to do now. Quiet, everybody. Roll 'em, Hank."

Hewett Cooper stepped in and took Hal's place. That's all there was to do. Hal was making his way through the tangle of actors and grips to where Meg Driscoll was standing.

That's all there was to it. By now, they were both in a flat-spin.



SHILOH

LIEUTENANT PALMER METCALFE:
AIDE-DE-CAMP, JOHNSTON'S STAFF.



THE sky had cleared; the clouds raveled to tatters; and at four o'clock the sun broke through, silver on the bright green of grass and leaves, and golden on the puddles in the road. All down the long column men quickened the step, smiling in the sudden burst of fine weather. They would point at the sky and the shining fields and call out to each other: the sun, the sun! Their uniforms, which had darkened in the rain, began to steam in the sunny April heat, and where formerly they had slogged through the mud, keeping their eyes down on the boots or haversack of the man ahead, now they began to look around and even dance aside with little prancing steps to avoid the wet places.

As we rode past at the side of the road, they cheered and called out to us: "You better keep up there. Don't get left behind." Replacing their hats from cheering the General, they jeered at me especially, since I was the youngest and brought up the rear: "Jog on, sonny. If you lose him, you'll never find him again!"

This was mainly a brown country, cluttered with dead leaves from the year before; but the oaks had tasseled, and the redbud limbs were like flames in the wind. Fruit trees in cabin yards, pear and peach and occasional quince, were sheathed with bloom, white and pink, twinkling against broken fields and random cuts of new grass washed clean by the rain. Winding over and among the red clay hills, the long column was strung out front and rear, accordion action causing it to clot in places and move spasmodically in others; it was as if the road itself had come alive, had been sowed with the dragon teeth of olden time, and was crawling like an enormous snake toward Pittsburg Landing.

Seen that way, topping a rise and looking back and forward, it was impersonal: an army in motion, so many tons of flesh and bone and blood and equipment: but seen from close, the mass reduced to company size in a short dip between two hills, it was not that way at all. I could see their faces then, and the army became what it really was: forty thousand men—they were young men mostly, even younger than I, and I was nineteen just two weeks before—out on their first march in the crazy

weather of early April, going from Mississippi into Tennessee where the Federal army was camped between two creeks with its back to a river. This was the third day out, and their faces showed it. Rain and mud, particularly where artillery and wagon trains had churned the road, had made the march a hard one. Their faces were gay now in the sunlight; but when you looked close, you saw the sullen lines of strain about the mouths and the lower eyelids etched with fatigue.

We had doubled back down the column all morning, then retraced, and as we approached a crossroads a few hundred yards west of last night's headquarters, we saw General Beauregard standing in one of the angles beside a rail fence and talking with two of the corps commanders, General Bragg and General Polk. Beauregard was shaking his head, his big sad bloodhound eyes rimmed with angry red, and his hands fluttering. He was obviously upset, which was understandable, for it was ten hours past the time when we should have been pressing them back against the river.

When we rode up, they turned and waited for General Johnston to speak; and when he had greeted them with that careful courtesy he always used, Beauregard began to repeat what he had been saying to the others. He favored canceling the movement, returning to Corinth. Just hearing him say it, I felt suddenly tired all over.

"There is no chance for surprise," he said, shaking his head earnestly and shrugging his shoulders that French way he had. "They'll be entrenched to the eyes."

General Johnston looked at him for a moment without saying anything, then turned to Bishop Polk (they had roomed together at West Point) and asked what he thought. Men in the passing column turned their heads, watching, but they did not cheer, because they could see it was a conference.

Polk said his troops were eager for battle; they had left Corinth on the way to a fight, he said, and if they did not find one they would be as demoralized as if they had been whipped. He said it in that deep pulpit voice of his; it was as if I could hear his vestments rustle, and it sounded fine. General Bragg said he felt the same way about it: he would as soon be defeated as return without fighting. General Breckinridge, commander of the reserve, rode up while Bragg was speaking. He lifted his eyebrows, surprised that withdrawal was even being



THE STORY OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST BATTLES—TOLD, IN THE INTEREST OF FAIRNESS, FROM THE VIEWPOINTS OF SEVERAL PARTICIPANTS, NORTH AND SOUTH . . . A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL.

by SHELBY FOOTE

considered, and he sided with the Bishop. General Hardee was the only corps commander not present, but there was no doubt which side he would favor: Hardee was always spoiling for a fight.

When General Johnston had heard them out, he drew himself up in the saddle, leather creaking, and said quietly: "Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight tomorrow." It was as if a big weight had been lifted from my shoulders, and I could breathe again. He told them to form their corps according to order, and to have the troops sleep on their arms in line of battle. As he pulled his horse aside, passing me, he spoke to Colonel Preston.

"I would fight them if they were a million," he said. "They can present no greater front between those two creeks than we can, and the more men they crowd in there, the worse we can make it for them."

I NEVER knew anyone who did not think immediately that General Johnston was the finest-looking man he had ever seen; and everyone who ever knew him loved him. He was a big man, well over six feet tall and close to two hundred pounds in weight, neither fat nor lean, and he gave at once an impression of great strength and great gentleness. His expression was determined and calm as we rode away, and his eyes were shining. This was as it should be. For this was his hour of vindication after two months of retreat and ugly talk which had followed adulation. When he crossed the desert from California in '61, dodging Apaches and Federal squadrons from cavalry posts along the way, and started north to Richmond from New Orleans, he was hailed at every way station as the savior of liberty; and when he reported to President Davis in September, he was appointed General Commanding the Western Department of the Army of the Confederate States of America—a long title—responsible for maintaining the integrity of a line which stretched from Virginia to Kansas along the northern frontier of our new nation. That was a lot of line; but no one then, as far as I ever heard, doubted his ability to do whatever was required of him. This was largely because they did not know what forces he had to do it with.

He had twenty thousand poorly organized and poorly equipped troops to defend the area between the mountains of eastern Kentucky and the Mississippi River. By

January he had managed to double that number, disposing them this way: Polk on the left at Columbus opposing Grant; Hardee in the center at Bowling Green opposing Sherman; and Zollicoffer on the right at Cumberland Gap opposing Thomas. At each of these points his commanders were outnumbered two and three to one. Hoping to hold off the Federal offensive so that he would have more time to recruit and train his army, he announced that his situation was good, that he had plenty of troops, and that he had no fears about holding his ground.

These things were printed in newspapers North and South. Those were high times, everyone still drunk on Manassas, and politicians talking about whipping the enemy with cornstalks; and the only disagreement among our people back home was whether one Southern volunteer was worth ten Yankee hirelings or a dozen, though ten was the figure most frequently quoted, since people's minds ran mostly to round numbers in those days. General Johnston must have known that reverses were coming, and he must have known, too, that when they came, the people would not understand.

They came soon enough. First, in mid-January at Fishing Creek, his right caved in: Zollicoffer himself was killed when he rode out front in a white rubber raincoat; and his army was broken and scattered deep into Tennessee, demoralized. Early next month Fort Henry fell to Grant's attack, and ten days later Fort Donelson. Bowling Green was evacuated then, outflanked; and Nashville was left to the enemy, the first real Southern city to be lost.

People were outraged: they had been expecting an advance, and now within a month everything had changed; Kentucky and Tennessee were being abandoned without a fight. They yelled for the General's scalp. But when the Tennessee representatives in Richmond went into the President's office and demanded that he dismiss the Confederate commander in the West, Mr. Davis told them; "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, we had better give up the war, for we have no general," and bowed them out.

That was low ebb, but General Johnston took the blame just as he had taken the praise. He knew that the only way to regain public favor was to give the nation a victory, and he knew that the only way to halt the

Federal advance was to concentrate and strike. He chose Corinth, a railroad junction in north Mississippi, near the Tennessee River, as the place to group his armies. Grant, he believed, would try to break the Memphis & Charleston railroad, which ran through Corinth, whenever Buell reinforced him. General Johnston planned to destroy Grant before Buell came up, after which he would attend to Buell. It was that simple.

So Polk fell back from Columbus, leaving a strong garrison at Island Number 10, and Bragg came up from Pensacola and Ruggles from New Orleans, and Van Dorn was told to march from Arkansas and cross the river near Memphis; he was expected any day. Grant's army was in camp at Pittsburg Landing on the near bank of the Tennessee River about twenty miles from Corinth. While General Johnston was concentrating, scouts and spies brought him full reports on Grant's strength and dispositions. He knew what he would find at Pittsburg: an army no larger than his own, with its back to the river, unfortified—the only digging they did was for straddle trenches—hemmed in by boggy creeks, disposed for comfort, and scattered the peacetime way. He went on with his plans; he would strike as soon as possible.

By the end of March we were almost ready. The Army of the Mississippi (Beauregard had named it) was divided into four corps, ten thousand under Polk, thirteen thousand under Bragg, seven thousand under Hardee, and six thousand under Breckinridge. We were as strong as Grant and stronger than Buell. Everything was set except for the delay of Van Dorn, who was having some difficulty getting transportation across the river. We waited. On the second of April Polk sent word that one of the enemy divisions was advancing from the river—heading for Memphis maybe, we thought, though later we found this was not true; and that night a cavalry scout reported that Buell's army was marching hard from Columbia to join Grant. Within two hours of the time the scout reached headquarters, General Johnston ordered the advance on Pittsburg Landing. Van Dorn or no Van Dorn, the march would begin Thursday, and we would strike Grant at daybreak Saturday, April 5th.

I worked all of Wednesday night with Colonel Jordan, assistant adjutant general on Beauregard's staff, preparing the march order. He used the opening section of Napoleon's Waterloo order as a guide; there was always plenty of material about Napoleon wherever Beauregard pitched his tent. First we sent out a warning note for all commanders to have their troops assembled for the march with three days' cooked rations in their haversacks. Then the Colonel hunched over the map with a sheaf of notes which Beauregard had written for him to follow. It was not much map, really; and when I first looked at it, all I saw was a wiggle of lines and a welter of notations in longhand, some of them even written upside-down. But as the Colonel went on dictating, it became simple enough, and after a while it even became clear. I did not know which I admired most, Napoleon or Colonel Jordan. I was proud to be working with him.

Two roads ran from Corinth to Pittsburg: On the map they resembled an Indian bow, with the two armies at the top and bottom tips. The southern route, through Monterey, was the string, and the northern route, through Mickey's, was the bow itself. Bragg and Breckinridge were to travel the string, Hardee and Polk the bow. Beyond Mickey's and within easy charging distance of the enemy outposts, they were to form for battle in successive lines, Hardee across the front with one brigade from Bragg, who was to form the second line five hundred yards in the rear. Polk was to march half a mile behind Bragg, supporting him, and Breckinridge was to mass the reserve corps in Polk's rear.

The flanks of the army, with the corps extended individually across the entire front, rested on the two

creeks which hemmed Grant in. As we advanced, each line would support the line in front, and the reserve corps would feed troops from the rear toward those points where the resistance was stiffest. That way the Federal army would be jammed into the northward loop of the creek on the left, or back against the Tennessee itself.

It was the first battle order I had ever seen, and it certainly seemed complicated. But once you understood what it was saying, it was simple enough. I had had a share in composing it, watching it grow from notes and discussion into what it finally became: a simple list of instructions which, if followed, would result in the annihilation of an army which had come with arrogance into our country to destroy us and deny our people their independence: but—even though I had watched it grow line by line, myself supplying the commas and semicolons which made it clearer—when it was complete, I could look at it as if it had been done without my help; and it was so good, so beautifully simple, it made me catch my breath.

It did occur to me, even then, that all battle orders did this: they would all result in victory if they were followed; but this one seemed so simple, somehow so *right*, that I began to understand how Shakespeare must have felt when he had finished "Macbeth," even if I had supplied only the punctuation. Colonel Jordan was proud of it too; I believe he really thought it was better than the one by Napoleon which he had used as a model, though of course he did not say so.

It worked so well on paper, on the flat clean paper! On paper, in the Colonel's lamp-lit office, when we saw a problem, it was easy to fix: all we had to do was direct that corps commanders regulate their columns so as not to delay each other, halting until crossroads were cleared, keeping their files well closed, and so forth. It did not work out that way on the ground, which was neither flat nor clean—nor, as it turned out, dry. The troops were green. Most of them had never been on a real march before, and many of them received their arms for the first time when they assembled in their camps that Thursday morning; frequently, during halts, I saw sergeants showing recruits how to load their muskets the regulation way. They were in high spirits, advancing on an enemy who for the past three months had been pushing us steadily backward over hundreds of miles of our own country, and they marched with a holiday air, carrying their muskets like hunters, so that the column bristled with gun-barrels glinting at wild angles like pins in a cushion.

I stood with General Johnston beside the road and watched them go past, men of all ages and from all sections of the country, wearing home-made uniforms, many of them, and carrying every kind of firearm, ranging from modern Springfields and Enfields back to flintlock muskets which were fired in the War of 1812. When the Ninth Texas swung past, we saw an elderly private who marched with the firm step of the old-time regular. He was singing a song:

*I've shot at many a Mexican
And many a Injun too
But I never thought I'd draw a bead
On Yankee-Doodle-Do.*

The General turned to me with a smile. He too was marching against the flag under which he had served most of his life. During the period when he was being hailed as the savior of liberty, there were page-long biographies of him in all the newspapers, but they were as full of errors as they were of praise. I knew, because I had the true story from my father, who had spent many a night with him beside a campfire down in Texas.

Albert Sidney Johnston had just passed his fifty-ninth birthday at the time of the battle. He was born in Kentucky, the youngest son of a doctor. After two years

at Transylvania University, he went to West Point, where he was older than most of the cadets, and more serious. He was nineteen. Leonidas Polk was his roommate. Jefferson Davis, who also had followed him at Transylvania, was two classes below him. Johnston graduated high in his class, and thus was privileged to choose his branch of service. He declined a position as aide to General Scott, and chose the infantry.

While he was a young lieutenant, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, he attended a ball in St. Louis where he met the girl he married one year later. She was from Louisville, and I have heard my father say she had the loveliest singing voice he ever heard. In the spring and summer of 1832 she stayed home with her parents while her husband went to fight in the Black Hawk war. When he returned, he found her dying. Physicians pronounced her lungs weak, bled her freely and often, and placed her on a diet of goat's milk and Iceland moss.

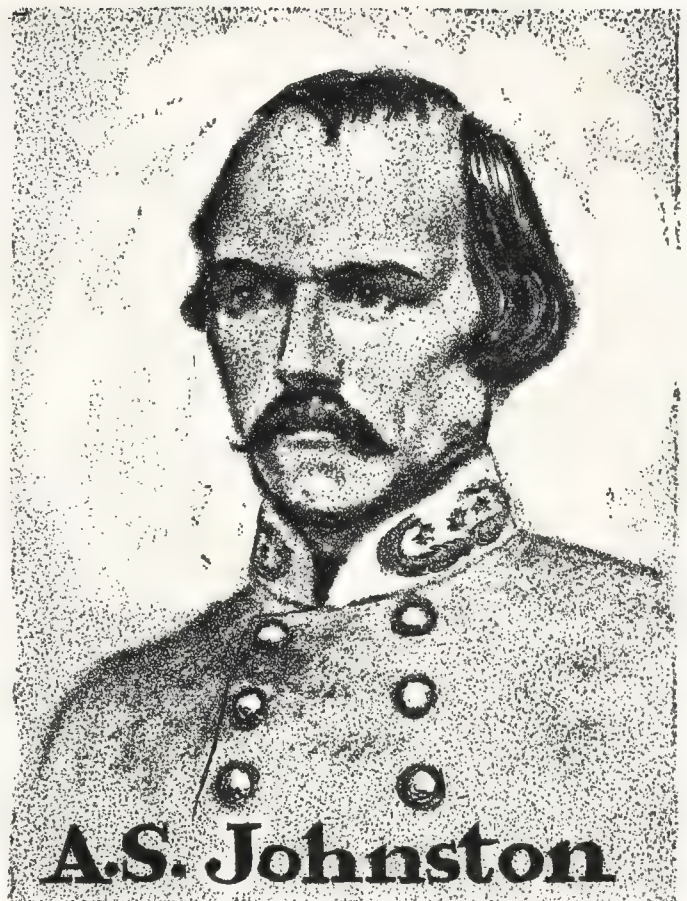
Johnston resigned from the Army and came home to nurse her. That was 1833, the year the stars fell. In late summer of the second year she died. After her death he retired to a farm near St. Louis, where they had intended to live when he left the Army. But life was intolerable there, too filled with memories of the things they had planned together. It was at this time that he heard Stephen Austin speak in Louisville, and threw in with the Texas revolutionists. He wanted more of soldier life by then.

He joined as a private trooper, but soon was appointed adjutant general. When he was made commander of the Texas army and proceeded to his post, he found that Felix Huston, who had been serving as acting commander—Old Leather Britches he was called—felt that being superseded was an affront he could not abide. Though he did not blame Johnston personally, he decided his only redress was to challenge him to a duel. He sent Johnston the following note: *"I really esteem your character, and know that you must be sensible of the delicacy of my situation. I therefore propose a meeting between us, in as short a period as you can make convenient."*

Johnston replied: *"After reciprocating the sentiments of respect and esteem which you have been pleased to express toward me, it only remains to accord you the meeting proposed. I have designated seven o'clock, a.m., tomorrow"—and signed it "Your most obedient servant A. S. Johnston."*

He had the choice of weapons, by the code; but as there were no dueling pistols available and as Huston had no experience with rapiers (Johnston himself was an expert with them) he agreed to use Huston's horse pistols. They were hair-trigger weapons, and Huston had a reputation for being able to light matches with them from fifty feet. Johnston watched Huston's trigger finger, and every time Huston was about to line up the sights, Johnston would fire without taking aim, causing Huston's finger to twitch and the shot to go astray. After five wild shots Huston was boiling mad, his skill as a marksman being ridiculed. Years later my father, who was one of the seconds, said it would have been highly comical if it had not been deadly serious. Huston finally managed to steady himself, angry as he was, and put the sixth shot into Johnston's hip.

After a slow and painful five weeks spent recovering from the wound, during which time Texas won her independence, Johnston served as secretary of war in the cabinet. About this time he married a young cousin of his first wife—mainly, my father said, to have someone to mother his children. His share in the Mexican war was limited by politics, but he fought at the Battle of Monterey under Zachary Taylor, whom he much admired. My father was there too, and told me afterward that Johnston fought in the garb of a typical Texan, wearing



a red flannel shirt, blue jean pants, checkered coat and a wide-awake hat, but I was never able to imagine him dressed that way, no matter how hard I tried.

After the war he retired to China Grove plantation in Brazoria county, enjoying life with his family, until in late '49 he was recalled into the United States Army by old General Taylor, who had been elected President. Six years later Jefferson Davis, secretary of war under Franklin Pierce, gave him command of the newly organized Second Cavalry, and he spent the next two years fighting Indians on the frontier. Robert E. Lee was his lieutenant-colonel, William Hardee and George Thomas his majors. In the late '50's he led his troops against the Mormons in Utah, and when he returned east in 1860, brevetted brigadier, he was appointed to command on the Pacific coast, with headquarters at Fort Alcatraz near San Francisco. When Texas seceded, he crossed the desert with thirty pro-Southerners and became ranking general on the active Confederate list. After him came Lee, Joe Johnston and Beauregard.

That was his life, and it was a simple one. He knew disappointments, including the death of the one he loved most in the world, had a conspicuous share in a successful revolution, and knew the humdrum life of a country farmer. Then at a time when he had every right to think he was through with war and the call of glory—both of which he disliked—he found himself at storm center of the greatest event of his country's history. At first there had been praise. Then had come the vilification. And now, standing beside the road and watching his troops start out on their march against the army which pushed him back three hundred miles while the clamor of the South rang in his ears, accusing him of incompetence and even of treason, there was satisfaction for himself and justification in the eyes of the people.

There was clear weather, not a cloud in the sky, when the march began. Regiment by regiment the army lurched into column, rifles dressed at right shoulder



shift and the men stepping out smartly, lifting their knees as if on parade. Then the rain began. At first it did not bother them, not even the abrupt thunderous showers of Tennessee in April, but soon the wheels of the wagons and the artillery pieces had churned the road into shin-deep mud, and after the first dozen laughs at men who slipped and sprawled, it began to wear thin. There were halts and unaccountable delays, times when they had to trot to keep up, and times—more frequent—when they stood endlessly in the rain, waiting for the man ahead to stumble into motion. The new muskets grew heavy; haversack straps began to cut their shoulders, and there was less laughing and more cursing as the time wore past. Friday, when I approached the column from the rear, the road was littered with discarded equipment, extra boots, sabers and bowie knives, overcoats, Bibles and playing-cards. At one point, four miles out, there was a steel vest thrown into a fence corner, already flecked with rust, but gleaming like old silver in the rain.

All that day as I moved along the column I came upon regiments halted beside the road, the troops leaning on their rifles while the commanding general's address was read to them by their colonels. General Johnston had written it Wednesday night in Corinth while we were composing the battle order.

"Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

"I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and discipline and valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate you and to

despoil you of your liberties, your property and your honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children, on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, and the happy homes that would be desolated by your defeat.

"The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you; you are expected to show yourselves worthy of your lineage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you confidently to the combat—assured of success.

"A. S. Johnston, General commanding."

I heard it delivered in all styles, ranging from the oratorical, with flourishes, to the matter-of-fact, depending on the colonel. Many of them had been public men, and these made the most of the occasion, adding remarks of their own and pausing between sentences and phrases for the applause of their men, particularly after "women of the South," which was good for a yell every time. But generally speaking, the result was the same: the troops cheered politely, lifting their hats, then fell back into ranks to continue the march.

Bragg had almost as many men as the other three commanders put together. Marching all day Friday, he made just six miles, so he had to send word for Hardee to wait for him beyond the crossroads where their columns would converge. It must have galled him to have to send that message, for when I carried a dispatch to him that night at his roadside camp, he was hopping mad. A tall gangling man, not yet fifty, he was made ferocious-looking by thick bushy eyebrows which grew in a continuous line across the bottom of his forehead. He was a West Point graduate and a hero of the Mexican War, and his troops were acknowledged to be the best-drilled in our army.

They got that way because of the strictness of his discipline. I heard once that one of his soldiers attempted to assassinate him not long after the Mexican War by exploding a twelve-pound shell under his cot, and I believe it, for there were men in his corps on the present campaign who would go that far in their hatred of him, or at least they said they would. Anyway, he left the Army about that time and came to Louisiana and became a sugar-planter in Terre Bonne parish, and I heard he made a good one.

I NEVER knew him down there, but I used to hear my father speak of him, and indeed his name was known everywhere because of what old Rough-and-Ready Taylor was supposed to have said to him at Buena Vista: "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" though later I heard Bragg himself tell that what General Taylor really said was "Captain, give them hell!" When Louisiana went out of the Union, he was put in command of her volunteer forces, and later President Davis appointed him brigadier general and sent him to Pensacola to be in charge of Confederate troops there. He had a reputation for firmness in everything. If his men did not love him, at least they respected him as a soldier, and I believe Bragg preferred it that way.

Hardee waited, as Bragg had requested; and it was late Saturday evening before all the troops were in position to attack. It was no wonder that Beauregard wanted to go back and start over again. In his mind, surprise was everything; and he had good cause to believe that the enemy knew we were there, for when the rain stopped, the men began to worry about the dampness of the powder in their rifles; instead of drawing the charges and reloading, they merely tested them by snapping the triggers as they marched: all Saturday evening there was an intermittent banging of muskets up and down the column, quite as rackety as a sizable picket clash.

And that was not all. When the sun came out, their spirits rose: everything that had been pent up in them during three days of glum marching and waiting in the rain came out with the sun, and they began to shoot at birds and rabbits along the road. West of Mickey's; within two miles of the Federal outposts, I watched an entire regiment bang away at a nine-point buck which ran the length of the column down a field adjoining the line of march. They were Tennessee troops who prided themselves on their marksmanship, but as far as I could tell, not a ball came within ten feet of that buck; he went into the woods at the far end of the field, flaunting his white scut in their faces. It was about this time, too, that many of the men began to tune up their yells, screaming like wild Indians just for the fun of it.

AND that was not all, either. At one point Saturday evening Beauregard heard a drum rolling nearby; but when he sent orders to have it silenced at once, the messenger came back and reported that it could not be done because the drum was in the Federal camp. Beauregard reasoned that if he could hear enemy drum-taps, there was no doubt that the Federals had heard the random firing and whooping in the Confederate column. Our whole advantage lay in surprising them, he believed, and since we had plainly lost all chance for surprise, it was best to call off the attack until another time. That was when he rode away and located Bragg and Polk, to whom he was giving his opinion about abandoning the battle plans when General Johnston came up and reversed his decision.

While the troops were deploying for battle, three lines of ten thousand men each, with the reserve of six thousand massed in the rear and cavalry guarding the flanks at the two creeks, the sun set clear and red beyond the tasseling oaks on tomorrow's battlefield. There was a great stillness in the blue dusk, and then the stars came out. The moon, which had risen in the daylight sky, was as thin as a paring, a sickle holding water but unclouded. I never saw the moon so high or so remote, a dead star lighting a live one upon which forty thousand men, young and old but mostly young, slept on their arms in line of battle, ready for the dawn attack through the trees before them. God knows what dreams came to them, or how many lay there sleepless, thinking of home.

General Johnston slept in an ambulance wagon. We staff members unrolled our blankets about a small campfire, and for a while we lay there watching the firelight flicker. Every now and then there would be a scrap of talk, mainly about how good it was that the weather had cleared, but it would not last long; it would break off of itself, the way talk will do when a person has his mind fixed on something that has nothing to do with whatever it is he is talking about. Finally there was only the deep, regular breathing of the sleepers, and the quiet night beyond the low dome of light from the fire.

I thought of my father, who had been a soldier himself and lost an arm in Texas, fighting under the same man I would fight under tomorrow; and of my mother, who died when I was born, and whom I knew only as a Sully portrait over the mantel in my father's study, and some trunks of clothes stored in the attic of the house in New Orleans. It seemed strange. It seemed strange that they had met and loved and gone through all that joy and pain, living and dying, so that I could lie by a campfire in Tennessee under a spangled reach of April sky, thinking of them and the life that produced me.

Then all at once, as I was falling asleep, I remembered Sherman that Christmas Eve at the academy in Louisiana, the way his tears were bright against his red beard as he walked up and down the room where the tall headline in the newspaper had told of the secession of South Carolina. I was seventeen then, a long time ago. "You are bound to fail," he said. "In the end you'll surely fail."

Now somewhere beyond that rim of firelight, sleeping in his headquarters tent on the wooded plateau between those two creeks, he probably had long since forgotten me and all the other cadets. Certainly he never imagined some of them were sleeping in the woods within a mile of him and ready to break upon his camp before sunup.

Again the sleep came down, but just before it closed all the way, I saw again that vision which had come to me a hundred times before: The battle is raging, flags flapping in the wind and cannon booming, but everything shrinks to one little scene; Sherman in the Yankee brigadier's uniform and myself facing him, holding him prisoner there with the pistol level between us. "You see," I say. "You see you were wrong. You said we would fail, but you were wrong;" and he says: "Yes. I was wrong. I was wrong, all right," watching the pistol, and the tears are still bright on his beard.

I had thought I would not sleep. It seemed I ought to make some sort of reckoning, to look back on my life and sit in judgment over what I had done. But it was not that way. After two days in the saddle and a night in the rain, I suppose I was tired enough. Anyway, I went to sleep with nothing on my mind except those few scattered images of my father with his empty sleeve, and my mother who was only a portrait ("Bride of quietness," I called her once and showed him the poem: *Yet do not grieve; She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair*) and Sherman surrendering to me on tomorrow's battlefield. Before I even had time to tell myself I was losing consciousness, my thought began to take on that smooth effortless quality that comes in sleep, and I was nowhere, nowhere at all.

THERE were no drums or bugles to waken us that morning, but there was a hand on my shoulder, and at first I could not understand. "Wake up. Wake up." Then I saw Captain O'Hara bent over me, and I knew where I was. All the others were stirring already, some standing and buckling on their swords, some sitting on their rumpled blankets and pulling on their boots. Last night's fire was gray ashes. There was pale light in the tops of the trees; dawn was making.

We were sitting there drinking coffee when General Beauregard rode up. His staff was strung out behind him; their spurs and sabers jingled pleasantly, and their neat uniforms were sprinkled with drops of dew from the trees. The General looked fresh and rested, and he was wearing a flat red cap which gave him a jaunty air. As he dismounted, General Johnston stepped out of the ambulance and Beauregard crossed to meet him. They came toward us, accepting cups of coffee from the General's bodyservant; and when they drew near, I was surprised to hear Beauregard again urging the return to Corinth. He was as earnest as before. He said he had heard Federal bands playing marching songs most of the night, and at irregular intervals there had been bursts of cheering from the direction of the river bank. This meant only one thing, he said: Buell had come up. And now there were eighty thousand men in the Union camp, entrenched and waiting for us to attack.

General Johnston did not say anything. He just stood there listening, looking quite calm and blowing on the coffee in the tin cup to cool it. Suddenly, catching Beauregard in midsentence, there was a rattle of musketry from the right front. It was a curious ripping sound, like tearing cloth. General Johnston looked in that direction, the cup poised with a little plume of steam coming off it. Everyone looked toward the sound of firing, then back at him.

"The battle has opened, gentlemen," he said. "It is too late to change our dispositions."

Beauregard mounted and rode away, his staff jingling behind him. The rest of us went to our horses. When

we were mounted, General Johnston sat there for a moment with the reins loose in his hands. The sound of the firing grew, spreading along the front, and it occurred to me that the General might be praying. Then he twitched the reins, and as his big bay horse began to walk toward the opening battle, he turned in the saddle and spoke to us: "Tonight we will water our horses in the Tennessee River."

CAPTAIN WALTER FOUNTAIN: ADJUTANT, 53D OHIO.



ALWAYS claimed that the adjutant should not even be on the O.D. roster; but when Colonel Appler ruled otherwise and it came my turn, I took it in good grace and did as efficient a job as I knew how. When he complained next day about me moping around half dead on my feet, confusing the orders and sending the wrong reports to the wrong headquarters, I would simply tell him it was his own doing for putting me on line-officer duty. I did not require more sleep than the average man, probably; but without a minimum I would certainly doze at my desk tomorrow.

Earlier, the night was clear. There was a high thin moon, and all the stars were out. However, after the moon went down at half-past twelve, you could not see your hand in front of your face. I had thought that was just an expression, a manner of speaking; but at four o'clock, when I made the final rounds with the sergeant, I tried it and it was true. This took careful doing, because many of the men had never been on guard duty before, and after so much picket firing yesterday, they were skittish and ready to shoot at their own shadows. The main thing was not to sneak up on them. I rattled my saber wherever I went, and fortunately did not get fired at. When we got back to the guard tent I trimmed the lamp wick, arranged the things on the table, and sat down to write my letter.

*On Outpost
Sunday 6 April*

Martha dearest:

I head this letter Sunday because it is long past midnight. Your poor husband has drawn O.D. (officer of the day, it means), which in turn means he will lose his sleep—but that is all right because it gives him a chance to write to his best girl without the interruptions that always bother us so when I try to write at other times. This will be a nice long letter, the kind you are forever asking for. You know how much I miss you, but do not suppose you will mind hearing it again. . . .

The guard-tent pen was even worse than usual. While I was scraping it, I could hear, above the scree-screes of the knife against the quill, the sound of an owl hooting somewhere in the trees outside, enough to give a man the creeps; and in the rear of the tent the off-duty men were snoring and coughing the way they always did in this crazy country. Bango lay with his head just outside the circle of light, his eyes shining out of the darkness like big yellow marbles. He was what they call a Redbone hound in these parts, the biggest dog I ever saw. He had been our regimental mascot ever since a day three weeks ago we were marching past one of these country shanties, and he came trotting horse-size out of the yard, making straight for the color bearer, who was scared half to death, thinking he would lose a leg, at least. But the hound fell right into column alongside the colors, stepping head-high in time to the cadence. A woman stood on the shanty steps, calling him to come back, come back, sir, but he would not pay her any mind. He had rejoined the Union, the men said, and they gave him a cheer. The color sergeant named him Bango

that same day. Now he lay there looking at me with his big yellow eyes, just beyond the circle of lamplight.

General Grant saw us out on parade two days ago and held up the entire column while he got down off his horse to look at Bango. He was always crazy about animals, even back in the Georgetown days when I was just a boy and he was driving the logging wagon for his father. He said Bango was the finest hound he had ever seen.

You would not know old Useless Grant if you could see him now. I keep reminding myself he is the same one who came through home twenty years ago, just out of West Point that time he drilled the militia. He trembled when he gave the commands, & was so thin & pale & I could see he hated it. It's even harder to connect him with the man who came back from being kicked out of the Army for drinking & all the tales we heard about him in St. Louis & out in Ill. The men all swear by him because he is a fighter—& I think we ought to be proud he is from Georgetown.

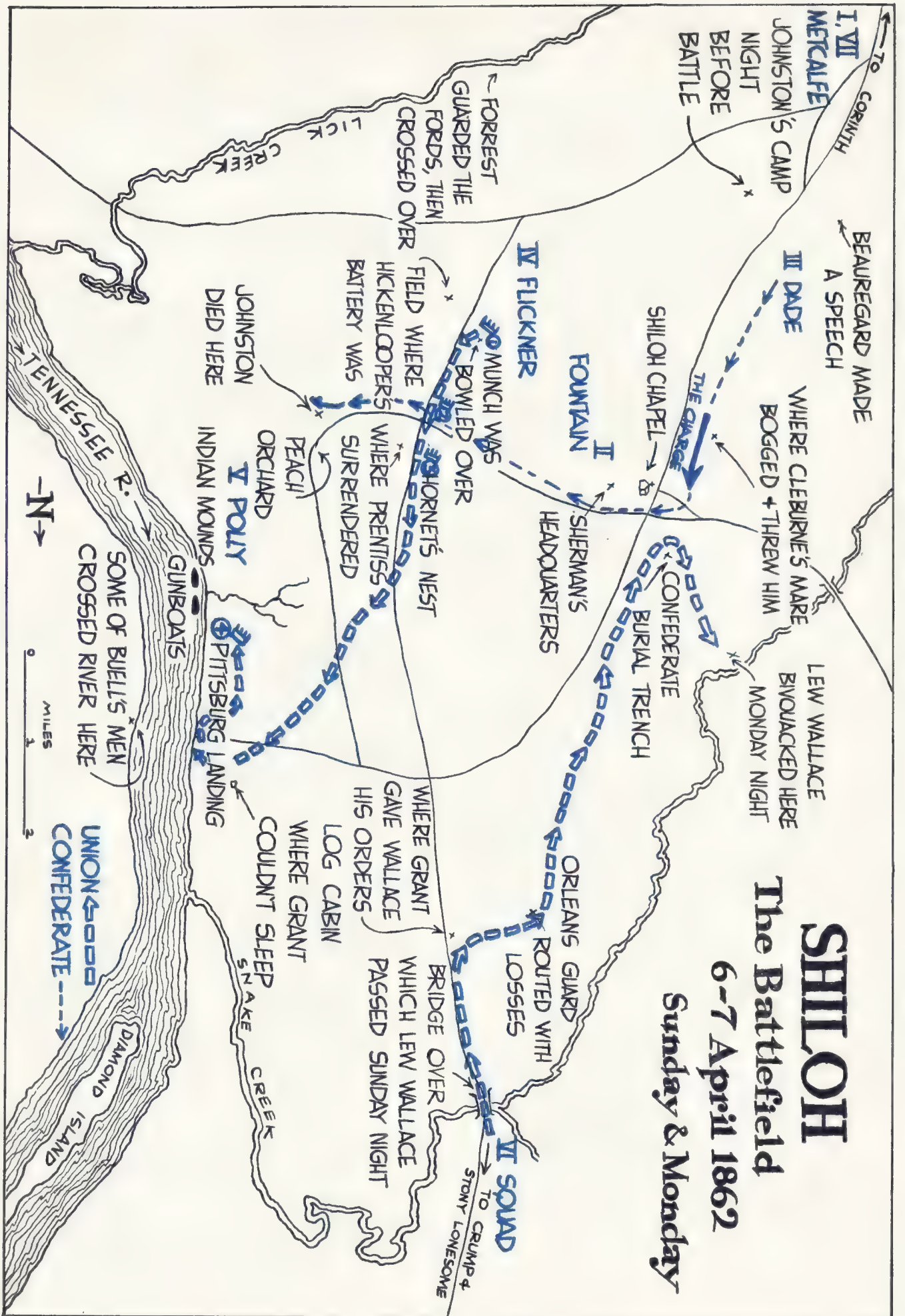
It was the operation against Belmont last October in southeastern Missouri across the river from Columbus, Kentucky, that first attracted public attention to Grant. He attacked the Confederates and routed them, but his men turned aside to loot the camp instead of pressing the attack; and the Rebels, who were cowering under the riverbank, had time to catch their breath. When reinforcements came from the opposite shore, they counterattacked and Grant retreated.

This was no victory. Strictly speaking, it was not even a successful campaign. He just went out and came back again, losing about as many as he killed. But the fact that struck everyone was that he had marched in dirty weather instead of waiting for fair, had kept his head when things went against him, and had brought his command back to base with some real fighting experience under its belt.

By then we were pressing them all along the line. When Thomas in the east had defeated Zollicoffer, wrecking his army, Grant moved against Middle Tennessee. Gunboats took Fort Henry by bombardment; and when that was done, Grant marched the twelve miles overland to Fort Donelson and forced its surrender after two days of hard fighting. The Rebels in the fort sent a note asking for terms, and Grant wrote back: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be expected. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

People back home went crazy with joy, ringing church-bells and hugging each other on the street. That was when I enlisted. Everybody knew the Donelson message by heart ("I propose to move immediately upon your works"—they said it in every imaginable situation until it got to be a joke) and the nation had a new hero: Unconditional Surrender Grant, they called him. Best of all, though, the fall of the forts had flanked the enemy armies. The whole Confederate line caved in, from Kentucky to the Mississippi River. They fell back, and we followed.

That was when General Halleck was put in command. I saw him once in St. Louis; it was in February when I went down after my commission. He looked a little like an owl, and he had a peculiar habit of hugging himself across the chest and scratching his elbows when he was worried. He had plenty to worry him now. Buell moved slowly, careful lest old foxy Johnston turn on him with something out of his bag of tricks; and Grant went off to Nashville ("God knows why," Halleck said; "it was clear out of his department") and would not acknowledge any messages sent him. About this time Halleck got an anonymous letter saying Grant had slipped back to his old habits and was off on a bender. So Halleck took



Grant's army away from him and gave it to General Smith.

O my darling it is six weeks today, this very Sunday, we have been apart. It seems a lot longer. That day that we marched away for Paducah, going to the war & everyone out in their Sunday best to cheer us off, it seems so long ago. In your last, you said how proud you were I looked so elegant in uniform, but I was the one should have been proud because you put all the ladies to shame, & if I was a captain among the men surely you were a colonel among the ladies & such a pretty one too!

Now you must not be jealous, dearest girl, because if you could see these country Secesh women you wouldn't be. They wear mother Hubbards & are thin as rails, every one. It must be because their men have worked them so hard I suppose, scrubbing clothes and boiling soap & everything. They just stand on their porches & stare at us marching by. O if looks could kill. Really I think they would like to have us on their side—vain wish!

When we got to Paducah we were brigaded with two other Ohio regiments in Sherman's division. That created excitement among us, for Sherman had been removed from command of troops in November on suspicion of insanity, because he had told the Secretary of War that the Government would need two hundred thousand well-trained troops to crush the rebellion in the Mississippi Valley alone. But finally Halleck had decided that he was not crazy, just high-strung and talkative, and had given him a division under Smith.

Halleck ordered Smith to move up the Tennessee River to Savannah. We went on transports. We were green; most of us had never left home before—officers as well as men, except the officers carried their greenness better—and here we were, traveling south up an enemy river past slow creeks and bayous and brooding trees. I thought that if this was the country the Rebels wanted to take out of the Union, we ought to say thank you and good riddance. The men crowded the rails, watching the swampland slide past. None of them said much. I supposed, like myself, they were thinking of home. For it was a strange thing to be in a distant place, among things you had never seen before, all because our people in Congress had fought among themselves and failed to get along, and there were hotheads in the South who thought more of their Negroes and their pride than they did of their country. Watching that dismal swampland as it slid past, there must have been many a man who was thinking of home and the ones he had left behind.

I miss you so much.

From Savannah, Smith sent Sherman farther south, toward the Mississippi State line, to break the Memphis & Charleston railroad which passed through Corinth, where Beauregard was busy collecting the scattered Rebel armies. This was probably the most important railway in the Confederacy, the main supply line from the Trans-mississippi to their armies in the east. Two gunboats escorted us up the river, and it was good to have them. Everyone, Rebel and Union alike, respected gunboats.

WE came off the transports at midnight in the hardest rain I ever saw, and by daybreak we were far inland. Most of the bridges across the creeks had been washed away. The rain came down as hard as ever. The cavalry, operating out front, lost men and horses drowned trying to ford the swollen creeks; and behind us, the Tennessee was rising fast, threatening to cut us off by flooding the bottom across which we had marched from the boats. It was agreeable to everyone in the division when Sherman ordered us back to the transports. The gunboats stayed with us, going back down the river and covered our disembarkation at Pittsburg Landing, which we had passed coming up from Savannah.

It had been a nightmare operation, floundering in the bottoms. Probably we had done no earthly good. We were wet and tired and hungry and cold. Some of us had been somewhat frightened. But curiously enough, when we were back aboard the transports where they passed out hot coffee and blankets, everyone felt fine about the whole business. For one thing, we had been into the enemy country—a division on its own, looking for trouble: that gave us a feeling of being veterans; and for another, we had seen our commander leading us.

SHERMAN was not the same man. He was not so nervous as in camp. He was calm and ready and competent, and when he saw the thing was not possible, he did not fret or fume; he did not hesitate to give it up. Whatever else he might be, he certainly was not crazy.

There is a thing I hope you will do for me, Martha—Bake me one of those three deck cakes like the one you brought out to camp that day while we were training near home. All I got that time was a single slice. Every officer in the regiment cut himself a hunk & of course Col Appler got the biggest, but they all said how good it was. They shall not get a sniff of this one, though. Wrap it carefully so it won't get squashed & mark it Fragil, but do not write on the box that it is food, because there is no sense tempting those lazy mail clerks any more than necessary—they are already fat on the soldiers in the field. I can taste it right now, it will be so good, so do not delay, please.

In peacetime Pittsburg was the Tennessee River landing where steamboats unloaded their cargoes for Corinth, twenty miles to the southwest. There was a high bluff at the river bank. It rose abruptly, its red clay streaked at the base with year-round flood-stage marks. Beyond the bluff, a hundred feet above the water level, there was a rough plateau cut with ravines and gullies whose creeks were swollen now because of the rainy season. Oaks and sycamores and all the other trees common to this region were so thickly clustered here that even at midday, by skirting the open fields and small farms scattered there, you could walk from the landing three miles inland without stepping into sunlight. If you carried an axe, that is; for the ground beneath the limbs and between the trunks of trees was grown so thick with vines and creepers that a man leaving the old paths would have to hack through most of the way. We spent a rough week clearing our camp-sites, but after that was done, it was not so bad.

The Landing itself was between the mouths of two creeks which emptied into the Tennessee about five miles apart. Looking southwest, with your back to the river, Snake Creek was on your right and Lick Creek on your left. A little more than a mile from the mouth of Snake Creek another stream, called Owl Creek, branched off obliquely toward the left. The farther you went from the Landing, the narrower the space between the creeks became. Roughly, the plateau was a parallelogram, varying from three to five miles on a side, and cross-hatched with a crazy network of wagon trails running inland from the Landing and footpaths connecting the forty- and fifty-acre farms. It was confusing when we first arrived. Messengers went badly astray going from one camp to another, and guards even roamed from their posts without knowing it. All that first week you saw men asking the way to their camps; they had gone to the bushes and got turned around and could not find their way back. I got lost myself every time I stopped without taking proper bearings. It was embarrassing.

But after we had been there a few days we became used to it, and realized what a good, strong position Sherman had selected. He had an eye for terrain. Those creeks, swollen now past fording, gave us complete protection on the flanks in case the Rebel army obliged us by coming up to fight us on our own ground. Through

the opening to the southwest we had a straight shot for Corinth on a fairly good road down which we could march when the time came for us to move out for the attack on Beauregard.

Hurlbut's division landed with us. Within a few days the others had arrived, Prentiss and McClernand and W.H.L. Wallace. Lew Wallace had his division at Crump's Landing, which was downstream on the Tennessee about five miles north of Snake Creek. Our division was out front—the position of honor; they called it that just to make us feel good, probably, for certainly there was small honor involved—three miles down the Corinth road from the Landing, the line stretching roughly east and west of a small Methodist log meeting-house called Shiloh Chapel, near which Sherman had his headquarters. Hurlbut was two miles behind us, within a mile of the Landing. Prentiss took position on our left flank when he came up, and McClernand camped directly in our rear. W.H.L. Wallace was to the right and slightly to the rear of Hurlbut.

There were forty thousand of us. General Smith, who had his headquarters at Savannah, was in command of the Army, but it was Sherman who chose Pittsburg Landing as the concentrating point and who made the dispositions. We drilled and trained all day every day, march and countermarch until we thought we would drop, improving the time while waiting for Buell's army to arrive from Nashville. When he joined us, we would be seventy-five thousand. The Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Ohio, combined under Halleck, would march against the Rebel intrenchments around Corinth. There was not a soldier who did not realize the strategic possibilities of the situation, and everyone was confident of the outcome.

WHEN the war began a year ago, all the newspapers carried reprints of speeches by Confederate orators, calling us Northern scum and mercenaries and various other fancy names, and boasting that Southern soldiers were better men than we were, ten to one. Then Bull Run was fought, a disgrace that bit deeper than talk. That was when we began to realize we had a war on our hands, and we buckled down to win it.

Belmont and Fishing Creek and Donelson showed what we could do. We pushed them back through Kentucky and Tennessee, taking city after city and giving them every chance to turn and fight. If they were worth ten to one of us, they certainly did not show it. Now we were within an easy march of Mississippi, one of the fire-eater States, first to leave the Union after South Carolina, and still they would not stand and fight.

Of course there is nothing to do but drill, drill, drill; but we did not come down here on a picnic anyway. God forbid—it is not my notion of a picnic grounds. Everyone feels that the sooner we move against them the better, because when we move, we are going to beat them & end this war. It has come a long way since Bull Run—we have taken our time & built a big fine army, the finest ever was. For the past half year we have beat them wherever they would stop for battle, & I believe this next will wind it up.

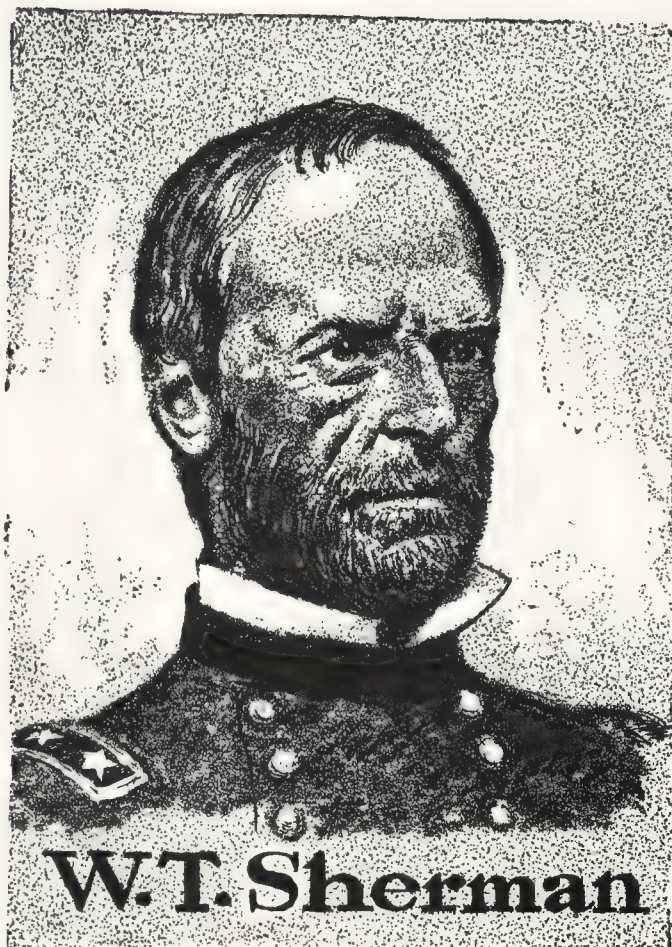
Then General Smith skinned his leg on the sharp edge of a wagon seat, and it became so badly infected that he had to be relieved. Halleck put Grant back in command; he had found that the anonymous letter was untrue, along with some other scandal about the mis-handling of captured goods at Donelson. We cheered when we heard that Grant was back. He kept his headquarters where Smith's had been, at a big brick house in Savannah, nine miles down the Tennessee and on the opposite bank, overlooking the river. We saw him daily, for he came up by steamboat every morning and returned every night. The men liked being in his army, for fighting under Grant meant winning a victory.



He was a young general, not yet forty, a little below average height, with lank brown hair and an unkempt beard. His shoulders were sloped, giving him a slouchy look which was emphasized by the private's blouse he wore with the straps of a major general tacked on. I could remember when he used to haul logs for his father's tanyard back home in Georgetown. There was eight years differences in our ages—a big span between boys, enough certainly to keep me from knowing him except by sight; but I could remember many things about him. He was called Useless Grant in those days, and people said he would never amount to anything. Mainly he was known for his love of animals. He loved them so much that he never went hunting, and he refused to work in the tanyard itself because he could not bear the smell of dripping hides. He had a way with horses; and later at West Point he rode the horse which set a high-jump record there.

When I watched him drill the militia at Georgetown after he finished at the academy—he had graduated far down the list and had almost every demerit possible marked against his name in the department record—I got the idea he hated the Army. Seeing him stand so straight and severe, maneuvering the troops about the courthouse square, I thought how different this was from what he would prefer to be doing. Then the Mexican War broke out, and though he had some administrative job, we heard he distinguished himself under fire.

Next thing we knew, he had married into a slave-owning family down Missouri way, which was something



of a joke to us, because Old Man Grant had been one of the original abolitionists in our country. However much West Point might have changed him, his method of asking his girl to marry him was just like the Ulyss' we had known back home. The way I heard it, they were crossing a flooded bridge, the buggy jouncing, and his girl moved over and took his arm and said: "I'm going to cling to you no matter what happens" (she was a Missouri girl, all right), and when they were safe on the other side Grant said to her: "How would you like to cling to me for the rest of your life?"

For five or six years after that we did not hear of him at all. Then one day everybody knew about him. Stationed on the West Coast, away from his family, he took to brooding and finally drank himself right out of the Army. His father-in-law gave him an eighty-acre farm near St Louis. Grant cleared the land himself and built with his own hands a log house which he named Hardscrabble. It was about this time that a man from home went down to the city on business and came back and said he had seen Grant on the street, wearing his old Army fatigue clothes and selling kindling by the bundle, trying to make ends meet. But it was no go. He sold out and went into town, where he tried to be a real-estate salesman.

You would think that if ever a man had a chance to succeed in anything, it would certainly be in real estate in St Louis in the '50's, but that was no go, either. So Grant moved to Galena, Illinois, where his brothers were in the leather business, and went to work selling hides for a living, the same occupation he had hated so much twenty years before. Mostly, though, he sat around the rear of the store, for he was such a poor salesman that the brothers refused to let him get near their customers. He had a well-born wife and four children to support, and at thirty-eight he was a confirmed failure in every sense of the word.

At first not even the declaration of war seemed to offer him any opportunity. Following the firing on Sumter, he served as drillmaster of the Galena volunteers; but when the troops marched away he stayed behind because his position was not official. Then his real chance came. The Governor made him a colonel in charge of recruit training at a camp near Springfield, and not long afterward he picked up a St Louis newspaper and read that he had been made a brigadier general. This had been done at the insistence of an Illinois Congressman who claimed the appointment for Grant as his share of the political spoils. No one was more surprised at the promotion than Grant himself.

He was neither pro nor anti on the slavery question, though his father had been an abolitionist and his wife had kept her two Negroes with her all through their marriage. A proclamation which he issued in Kentucky—"I have nothing to do with opinions. I shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors"—first attracted the attention of the Government, which was having its troubles with generals who were also politicians. But it was not until the Battle at Belmont that they began to see his fighting qualities. Then the double capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, especially the unconditional surrender note which he sent to Buckner, made his name known everywhere.

The coming great Battle of Corinth will be fought not more than a month from now. The Rebels are massing & we are massing too—and soon we shall go down & get our revenge for Bull Run. After that I am sure to get a furlough & we shall be together again. It seems so long. Martha, I give you fair warning now—nothing but Unconditional Surrender, I propose to move immediately upon your works. (For goodness sakes don't let anybody see this, not even a peek.)

It gave us confidence just seeing Grant ride among us in his old private's blouse, looking calm and controlled, no matter what came up, and always smoking a cigar. He smoked a pipe before; but after Donelson people sent him so many boxes of cigars he felt obliged to smoke them. The soldiers never put much stock in all the tales about him drinking and carousing, for we saw him daily in the field. There may have been little whisky-lines around his eyes, but they were there before the war. We knew that he had seen to it himself that the whisky would not get him this time the way it had done eight years before.

He had an officer on his staff named John Rawlins, a young hard-faced man in his late twenties, dark complexioned with stiff black hair to match. He had been a lawyer in Galena, handling legal affairs for the Grant Brothers leather store, and that was how Grant met him. As soon as he was made brigadier, Grant sent for Rawlins and put him on his staff. Rawlins had a gruff manner with everyone, the General included. Other staff officers said he was insubordinate twenty times a day. That was what Grant wanted: someone to take him in hand if he ever let up. I saw his bold, hard signature often on papers passing over my desk—*Jno A Rawlins*—and you could tell, just by the way he wrote it, he would not take fooling with. There was a saying in the Army: "If you hit Rawlins on the head, you'll knock Grant's brains out." But that was not true. He was not Grant's brains: he was Grant's conscience, and he was a rough one.

So that was the way it was. There had been flurries of snow at first (the sunny South! we cried) but we were too busy clearing our camp-sites to think about marching, anyway. Soon afterward the weather cleared, half good days and half bad, and Sherman made a practice of sending us down the road toward Corinth on conditioning marches, with flankers out and a screen of pickets,

just the way it would be when we really moved for keeps. It was fine training. Occasionally there would be meetings with Rebel cavalry, but they would never stand and fight. We would see them for a moment, gray figures on scampering horses, with maybe a shot or two like hand-claps and little pearly gobs of smoke coming up, and then they would vanish. It was part of our training, being shot at.

It was during this period that Colonel Appler and I began to fall out. He had a wild notion that all members of his command, cooks and clerks and orderlies included, should not only be well versed in the school of the soldier, but also should take part in all tactical exercises. All my clerks complained, and most of them even applied for transfer. One or the other, they said, but not both.

So I went to the Colonel and put my cards on the table. He was angry and began to bluster, complaining that he could never get his orders carried out without a lot of grousing. He said that all headquarters personnel were lazy, and he looked straight at me as he said it. Finally he began to hint that maybe I did not like being shot at. Well, truth to tell, I had no more fondness for being shot at than the next man, but I was not going to stand there and take that kind of talk, even if he was my regimental commander. I saluted and left. And next morning when I checked the bulletin board, I saw that I had been put on O.D. for the night.

IF this had been an ordinary, personal sort of feud I would have been enjoying my revenge already: for Colonel Appler had been making a fool of himself, the laughingstock of the whole army, for the past three days. He was a highstrung sort of person anyhow, jumpy and given to imagining that the whole Rebel army was just outside his tent-flap. Friday afternoon, April 4th, a regiment on our left lost a picket guard of seven men and an officer, gobbled up by the grayback cavalry, and when the Colonel advanced a company to develop the situation, they ran into scattered firing, nothing serious, and came back without recovering the men.

All day Saturday, Colonel Appler was on tenterhooks. Other outfits began to call us the Long Roll regiment because we had sounded the alarm so often. The last straw came that afternoon when a scouting party ran into the usual Rebel horsemen, and the Colonel sent me back with a message to General Sherman that a large force of the enemy was moving upon us. I was angry anyhow because I had found just that morning that he had put me on O.D. that night, and then after dinner he had made me accompany him on the scout so I would not have time to get ready properly for guard-mount. Now he had added the crowning indignity by making me carry one of his wild alarms, crying "Wolf!" again for the God-knows-whath time, back to the General himself. I knew the reception I would get at division headquarters, especially if Sherman turned that red-headed temper of his loose on me. My hope was that he would be away somewhere on-inspection or something. Then all I would have to put up with would be the jeers of the adjutant and the clerks.

As luck would have it, I met the General riding down the road toward our position, accompanied by an aide and an orderly. When I told him what Colonel Appler said, Sherman clamped his mouth in a line. I could see that he was angry. He had received that message from the Colonel too many times already. But he did not say anything to me; he just set spurs in his horse, and soon we came to a clearing where Colonel Appler and some of his staff were standing beside the road with their horses' reins in their hands.

Colonel Appler began to tell Sherman how many Rebels there were in the woods out front. He was excited, and he threw his arms around and stretched his

eyes. Sherman sat there patiently, hearing him through and looking into the empty woods. When the Colonel had finished, Sherman looked down at him for a moment without saying anything. Then he twitched his reins, turning back toward camp. As he turned, he spoke to Colonel Appler directly.

"Take your damned regiment back to Ohio," he said, snapping the words. "Beauregard is not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours. There is no enemy nearer than Corinth."

And he rode away. It was certainly a rebuke to Colonel Appler, administered in the presence of his men. I heard one of them snicker.

Charley Gregg has been promoted 1st Lieut in Co. G. He bought himself an armored vest in Saint Louis & clanks when he walks. The man who sold it to him said if it did not stop bullets, bring it back & he would give him another. Ha ha! You would not catch me wearing a thing like that—it would be like admitting in public you were afraid. The men make jokes about getting him out with the tin snips but Charley likes it & wears it all the time clanking.

Dawn had come while I was writing my letter. It was cool and clear, the Lord's day and a fine one. Somewhere out front, over toward the right, the pickets already were stirring. There was a rattle of firing from that direction—two groups of soldiers, grayback horsemen and a bunch of our boys, earning a living—but that meant nothing more than that there were some nervous pickets on the line for the first time, itching to burn a little powder and throw a little lead the way they always did. It died away, and the birds began to sing.

The guard tent, facing northwest so that the sun came up in the rear, was out in an open field a few hundred yards short of a swale which crossed the center of the clearing. In the swale there was a small stream with a thin screen of willows and water oaks along its banks. The willows were green already but the oaks had just begun to bud. I could see through the fringe of trees the field continuing beyond for a few more hundred yards to where it ended abruptly at a line of heavy woods at its far margin. Sherman's headquarters tent had been pitched directly in rear of the guard tent, out of sight. Shiloh Chapel was to the right rear, visible through the trees which were tinted blood-red now, the color moving down as the sun rose higher.

NEAR at hand but out of sight, between the guard tent and division headquarters, the cooks were stirring. I could hear them talking above the rattle of pots and pans. I could even recognize their voices. One was Lou Treadway. He was from Georgetown. Back home he always had his pockets full of tracts and was ever ready to talk salvation to anyone who would listen. He knew his Bible, cover to cover, and at the drop of a hat he would expound on a text, usually an obscure one that gave him plenty of room for interpretation. He was a little wrong in the head, but a good cook.

"Take that log chapel yonder," he was saying. "It's called Shiloh. Do you know what that means, brother?"

"Can't say I do," the other cook said. I could tell from the sound of his voice he was plenty weary of old Lou's eternal preaching. But this was Sunday and Lou was all wound up. There was no way of stopping him.

"Second Samuel, brother." I could the same as see him nod his head that positive way he had. "Says it's what all the children of Israel, God's chosen, was working toward. Yes, brother—a place for them to lay down their worries. Bible scholars interpret that it means the Place of Peace." And he went on expounding.

Now mind you Martha, no more reproaching me for not writing long letters that give all the news about myself. Here are three pages of big sheets close written—you can-

not say again your husband never writes you long letters. Guard duty would not be so bad if every man could spend it this way writing to the one he misses most.

Its a beautiful Sunday morn, the sun just coming up. I bet you are asleep in bed. Remember what I said that last night about next time? All the birds are singing.

Birds were tearing their throats out, hopping around in the budding limbs, and there was a great scampering of animals out front in the thickets. It was fine to be up at that time of the morning, even if it had meant staying up on guard all the night before. I did not feel a bit sleepy, but I knew it would come down on me that afternoon. For the first time, this Southern country took on real beauty, or else I was a little drunk from lack of sleep. I forgot about Colonel Appller and the way he was always ranting because I misspelled a few words in his orders. The countryside looked so good that it reminded me of spring back home in Ohio, when everything is opening and the air is soft with the touch of summer and fragrant with rising sap and bursting buds.

O my dearest, if only you knew how much I

There was a rattle of sound all across the front of the position, like snapping limbs, and another racket mixed in it too, like screaming women. Bango lifted his head, the big yellow eyes still glazed with sleep. I recognized it as the sound of firing, and then there were the thudding booms of cannon. Beyond the swale and through the screen of trees along the stream I saw rabbits and fluttering birds and even a young doe with her month-old fawn. She ran with nervous mincing steps, stopping frequently to turn her head back in the direction from which she had come.

Then I saw the skirmishers come through. They looked tall and lean, even across that distance. Beneath their wide-brimmed hats their faces were sharp, and their gray and butternut trousers were wet to the thighs with dew. They carried their rifles slantwise across their bodies, like quail hunters.

PRIVATE LUTHER DADE: RIFLEMAN, 6TH MISSISSIPPI.



WHEN I went to sleep, the stars were out; and there was even a moon, thin like a sickle and clear against the night; but when I woke up, there was only the blackness and the wind sighing high in the treetops. That was what roused me, I believe, because for a minute I disremembered where I was. I thought I was back at home, woke up early and laying in bed waiting for Pa to come with the lantern to turn me out to milk (that was the best thing about the army: no cows) and Ma was in the kitchen humming a hymn while she shook up the stove.

But then I realized that part of the sound was the breathing and snoring of the men all around me, with maybe a whimper or a moan every now and then when the bad dreams came, and I remembered. We had laid down to sleep in what they call line of battle, and now the night was nearly over. And when I remembered, I wished I had stayed asleep: because that was the worst part, to lay there alone, feeling lonely, and no one to tell you he was feeling the same.

But it was warm under the blanket and my clothes had dried, and I could feel my new rifle through the cloth where I had laid it to be safe when I wrapped the covers round me. Then it was the same as if they had all gone away, or I had, and I was back at home with my brothers and sisters again, myself the oldest by over a year, and they were gathered around to tell me good-by the way they did a month ago when I left to enlist in Corinth after General Beauregard sent word that all true men

were needed now to save the country. That was the way he said it. I was just going to tell them I would be back with a Yankee sword for the fireplace, like Pa did with the Mexican one, when I heard somebody talking in a hard clear voice not like any of my folks; and when I looked up, I saw it was Sergeant Tyree.

"Now roll out there," he said. "Roll out to fight."

I had gone to sleep and dreamed of home, but here I was, away up in Tennessee, further from Ithaca than I had ever been in all my life before. It was Sunday already, and we were fixing to hit them where they had their backs to the river, the way it was explained while we were waiting for our marching orders three days ago. I sat up.

FROM then on, everything moved fast with a sort of mixed-up jerkiness, like Punch and Judy. Every face I saw had a kind of drawn look, the way it would be if a man was picking up on something heavy. Late ones like myself were pulling on their shoes or rolling their blankets. Others were fixed already; they squatted with their rifles across their knees, sitting there in the dark munching biscuits, those that had saved any, and not doing much talking. They nodded their heads with quick flicky motions, like birds, and nursed their rifles carefully, keeping them out of the dirt. I had got to know them all in a month, and a few of them were even from the same county I was; but now it was as if I were seeing them for the first time. All the put-on had gone out of their faces, and they were left with what God had given them at the beginning.

We lined up. And as Sergeant Tyree passed among us, checking us one by one to make sure everything was where it was supposed to be, dawn begun to come through, faint and high. While we were answering roll-call, the sun came up big and red through the trees, and all up and down the company front they begun to get excited and to jabber at one another. "The sun of oyster itch," they said, whatever that meant. But I was glad to see the sun again, no matter what they called it.

One minute we were standing there, shifting from leg to leg, not saying much, and more or less avoiding each other's eyes; then we were going forward. It happened that sudden. There was no bugle or drum or anything like that. The men on our right started moving, and we moved too, lurching forward through the underbrush and trying to keep the line straight the way we had been warned to do, but we could not. Captain Plummer was cussing a blue streak. "Dress it up," he kept saying. "Dress it up, goddam it, dress it up," all the way through the woods. So after a while, when the trees thinned, we stopped to straighten the line.

There was someone on a tall claybank horse out front, a fine-looking man in a new uniform with chicken guts all the way to his elbows, spruce and spang as a gamecock. He had on a stiff red cap, round and flat on the top like a sawed-off dicebox. He was making a speech. "Soldiers of the South!" he shouted in a fine proud voice, just a little husky, and everybody cheered. All I could hear was the cheering and yipping all around me, but I could see his eyes light up and his mouth moving the way it will do when a man uses big words. I thought I heard something about defenders and liberty, and even something about the women back home, but I could not be sure. There was so much racket. When he was through, he stood in the stirrups, raising his cap to us as we went by, and I recognized him. It was General Beauregard, the man I had come to fight for, and I had not even heard what he said.

We were lined up better now, because we were through the worst of the briers and creepers; but just as we got going good, there was a terrible clatter off to the right, the sound of firecrackers mixed with a roaring and yapping like a barn full of folks at a Fourth of July dogfight

or a gouging match. The line began to crook and weave because some of the men had stopped to listen, and Captain Plummer was cussing them. Joe Marsh was next to me; he was about thirty, middle-aged, and had seen some battle up near Bowling Green. "There you are," he said, speaking slow and calm and proud of himself. "Some outfit has met the elephant." That was what the men who had been in action always called it: the elephant.

They had told us how it would be. They said we would march two days, and on the third day we would hit them where they were camped between two creeks with their backs to the river. We would drive them, the Colonel told us; and when they were pushed against the river, we would either kill or capture the lot of them. I did not understand it much, because what the Colonel said was full of tactics talk. Later the Captain explained it, and that was better but not much. So then Sergeant Tyree showed it to us by drawing lines on the ground with a stick. That way it was clear as could be.

It sounded fine, the way he told it; it sounded simple and easy. Maybe it was too simple, or something. Anyway, things did not turn out so good when it came to doing them. On the third day we were still marching, all day, and here it was the fourth day, and we were still just marching, stop and go, but mostly stop. The only real difference was the column was moving sideways now, through the woods instead of on the road. From all that racket over on the right, I thought maybe the other outfits would have the Yanks pushed back and captured before we even got there to see it. The noise had died down for a minute; but as we went forward it swelled up again, rolling toward the left where we were, rifles popping and popping, and all the soldiers yelling like crazy in the woods. It did not sound like any elephant to me.

We came clear of the woods where they ended on a ridge overlooking a valley with a little creek running through it. The ground was open all across the valley, except where the creek bottom was overgrown, and mounted to another ridge on the other side where the woods began again. There were white spots in the fringe of trees; these were tents, I made out. We were the left brigade of the whole army. The Fifteenth Arkansas, big men mostly, with bowie knives and rolled-up sleeves, was spread across the front for skirmishers, advanced a little way in the open. There was a Tennessee regiment on our right, and two more on our left and still another at the left rear with flankers out. Then we were all in the open, lined up with our flags riffling in the breeze. Colonel Thornton was out front, between us and the skirmishers; his saber flashed in the sun. Looking down the line, I saw the other regimental commanders, and they all had their sabers out too, flashing sunlight just like Colonel Thornton's. It was like a parade.

This is going to be what they promised us, I thought. This is going to be the charge.

THAT was when General Johnston rode up. He came right past where we were standing, a fine big man on a bay stallion. He had on a broad-brim hat and a cape, and thigh boots with gold spurs that twinkled like fire. I watched him ride by, his mustache flaring out from his mouth, and his eyes set deep under his forehead. He was certainly the handsomest man I ever saw, bar none; he made the other officers on his staff look small. There was a little blond-headed lieutenant bringing up the tail, the one who would go all red in the face when the men geyed him, back on the march. He looked about my age, but that was the only thing about us that was alike. He had on a natty uniform, bobtail jacket, red silk neckerchief, firegilt buttons, and all. I bet his ma would have had a fit if she could have seen him now.

General Johnston rode between our regiment and the Tennessee boys on our right, going forward to where the

skirmish line was waiting. When the colonel in charge had reported, General Johnston spoke to the skirmishers: "Men of Arkansas, they say you boast of your prowess with the bowie knife. Today you wield a nobler weapon: the bayonet. Employ it well." They stood there, holding their rifles and looking up at him, shifting their feet a little and looking sort of embarrassed. He was the only man I ever saw who was not a preacher and yet could make that high-flown way of talking sound right. Then he turned his horse and rode back through our line, and as he passed, he leaned sideways in the saddle and spoke to us: "Look along your guns, and fire low." It made us ready and anxious for whatever was coming.

Captain Plummer walked up and down the company front. He was short, inclined to fat, and he walked with a limp from the blisters he had developed on the march. "Stay dressed on me, wherever I lead," he said. "And shoot low. Aim for their legs." All up and down the line the flags were flapping, and other officers were speaking to their men.

I was watching toward the front, where we would go, but all I could see was that empty valley with the little creek running through it, and the rising ground beyond with the trees on top. While I was looking, trying hard to see was anybody up there, all of a sudden there was a *Boom! Boom!* directly in the rear, and it scared me so bad I almost broke for cover. But when I looked around, I saw they had brought up the artillery, and it was shooting over our heads toward the left in a shallow swale. I felt real sheepish from having jumped; but when I looked around, I saw that the others had jumped as much as I had, and now they were joking at one another about who had been the worst scared, carrying it off all brave-like, but looking kind of hangdog about it too. I was still trying to see whatever it was out front that the artillery was shooting at, but all I could see was that valley with the creek in it, and dark trees on the flanks.

I was still mixed up, wondering what it all meant, when we began to go forward, carrying our rifles at right shoulder shift the way we had been taught to do on parade. Colonel Thornton was still out front, flashing his saber and calling back over his shoulder: "Close up, men. Close up! Guide centerrrrr!" The skirmishers went out of sight in the swale, the same as if they had marched into the ground. When we got to where they had gone down, we saw them again, closer now, kneeling and popping little white puffs of smoke from their rifles. The rattle of firing rolled across the line and back again, and then it broke into just general firing. I still could not see what it was they were shooting at, specially not now that smoke was banking up and drifting back against us with a stink like burning feathers.

Then, for the first time since we left Corinth, bugles began to blare and it passed to the double. The line wavered like a shaken rope, gaining in places and lagging in others, and all around me they were yelling those wild crazy yells. General Cleburne was on his mare to our left, between us and the Fifth Tennessee. He was waving his sword, and the mare was plunging and tossing her mane. I could hear him hollering the same as he would when we did wrong on the drill field; he had that thick Irish way of speaking that came to him whenever he got mad. We were trotting by then.

As we went forward, we caught up with the skirmishers. They had moved around a place where the ground was flat and dark green and there was water in the grass, sparkling like silver. It was a bog. We gave to the right to stay on hard ground, and the Fifth Tennessee gave to the left; the point of swampland was between us and growing wider as we went on. General Cleburne rode straight ahead, waving his sword and bawling at us to close the gap; and before he knew what had separated us, the mare was pastern-deep in it, floundering and bucking

to get rid of the General's weight. He was waving his sword with one hand and shaking his fist at us with the other, so when the mare gave an extra hard buck, General Cleburne went flying off her high side and landed on his hands and knees in the mud. We could hear him cussing across two hundred yards of bog. The last I saw, he was walking out, still waving the sword, picking his knees high and sinking past his boot-tops every step. His face was red as fire.

The brigade was split, two regiments on the right and four on the left. With the swamp between us, we would have to charge the high ground from two sides. By this time we had passed around where the other slope came out in a point leading down to the bog, and we could not even see the other regiments. When we hit the rise, we began to run. I could hear Colonel Thornton puffing like a switch engine. Nobody was shooting yet, because we did not see anything to shoot at; we were so busy trying to keep up, we did not have a chance to see anything.

THE line was crooked as a ram's horn. Some men were pushing out front, and others were beginning to breathe hard and lag behind. My heart was hammering at my throat, and it seemed every breath would bust my lungs. I passed a fat fellow who was holding his side and groaning. At first I thought he was shot, but then I realized he just had a stitch. It was Burt Tapley, the one everybody giped about how much he ate; he was a great one for the sutlers. Now all that fine food was staring him in the face.

When we were halfway up the rise, I begun to see black shapes against the rim where it sloped off sharp. At first I thought they were scarecrows; they looked like scarecrows. That did not make sense, except they looked so black and sticklike. Then I saw them moving, and then the rim broke out with smoke, some of it going straight up and some jetting out toward our line, rolling and jumping, and there was a humming like wasps past my ears. I thought: "Lord God, they're shooting; they're shooting at me!" And it surprised me so, I stopped to look. The smoke kept rolling up and out, rolling and rolling, and some of the men passed me, bent forward like they were running into a high wind, their rifles held crossways so that the bayonets glinted and snapped in the sun, and their faces were all out of shape from the yelling they were doing.

When I stopped, I began to hear all kinds of things I had not heard while I was running. It was like being born again, coming into a new world. There was a great crash and clatter of firing, and over all this I could hear them all around me, screaming and yelping like on a fox-hunt, except there was something crazy mixed up in it too, like horses and mules I heard once caught in a burning barn. I thought they had all gone crazy. They looked it. Their faces were split wide open with screaming, their mouths twisted every which way, and this crazy yelping coming out of them. It was not like they were yelling with their mouths; it was more like the yelling was something pent up inside them, and they were opening their mouths to let it out. That was the first time I really knew how scared I was.

If I had stood there another minute, hearing all this, I would have gone back. I thought: "Luther, you got no business mixed up in this ruckus. This is all crazy," I thought. But a big fellow I never saw before ran into me full tilt, knocking me forward so hard that I nearly went sprawling. He just looked at me sort of desperate, like I was a post or something that got in the way, and went by me, yelling. By the time I got my balance, I was stumbling forward, so I just kept on going. And that was better. I found that as long as I was moving, I was all right, because then I did not hear so much or even see so much. Moving, it was more like I was off to myself, with just my own particular worries.

I kept passing men lying on the ground, and at first I thought they were winded, like the fat fellow. That was the way they looked to me. But directly I saw one with the front of his head mostly gone, what had been under his skull spilling down his face, and I knew they were there because they were hurt. Every now and then there would be one just sitting there holding an arm or a leg and groaning. Some of them would reach out at us and even call us by name, but we stayed clear of them. For some reason we did not like even the sight of them.

I saw Lonny Parker, that I grew up with, and he was holding his stomach and bawling like a baby, with his face all twisted and big tears on his cheeks. But it was not any different with Lonny; I stayed clear of him too, just as if I had never known him, much less grown up with him. It was not a question of luck, the way some folks will tell you (they will tell you it is bad luck to be near the wounded): it was just that we did not want to be close to them any longer than it took to run past them, the way you would not want to be near someone who had something catching, like smallpox.

We were almost at the rim by then, and I saw clear enough that they were not scarecrows. That was a foolish thing to think, anyhow. They were men, with faces and thick blue uniforms. It was only a glimpse, because then we gave them a volley, and smoke rolled out between us. When we came through the smoke, they were gone, except the ones who were on the ground. They lay there in every position, like a man I saw once who had been dragged out on bank after he was run over by a steamboat and the paddle-wheel hit him. We were running and yelling, charging across the flat ground where white canvas tents stretched in an even row. The racket was louder now, and then I knew why. It was because I was yelling too, crazy and blood-curdled as any of them.

I passed one end of the row of tents. That must have been where their officers stayed, because breakfast was laid on a table there, with a white cloth nice as a church picnic. When I saw the white-flour biscuits and the coffee, I understood why people called them the Feds and us the Cornfeds. I got two of the biscuits—I had to grab quick; everybody was snatching at them. And while I was stuffing one of them in my mouth and the other in my pocket, I saw Burt Tapley. He had caught up when we stopped to give them that volley, I reckon, and he was holding the coffee-pot like a loving-cup, drinking scalding coffee in big gulps. It ran from both corners of his mouth, down onto the breast of his uniform.

OFFICERS were running around waving their swords and hollering "Form! Form for attack!" they yelled at us. But nobody paid them much mind; we were too busy rummaging the tents. So they begun to lay about with the flats of their swords, driving us away from the plunder. It did not take long. When we were formed in a crazy line, reloading our guns, all the squads and companies mixed every which way, they led us through the row of tents at a run. All around me, men were tripping on the ropes, and cussing and barking their shins on the stakes. When we got through, I saw why the officers had been yelling for us to form.

There was a mob of Federal soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder in the field beyond the tents. I thought it was the whole Yankee army, lined up and waiting for us. Those in front were kneeling beneath the guns of the men in the second rank, a great bank of blue uniforms and rifle barrels and white faces like rows of eggs, one above another. When they fired, the smoke came at us in a solid gray wall. Things plucked at my clothes and twitched my hat; and when I looked around, I saw men all over the ground, in the same ugly positions as the men back on the slope, moaning and whimpering and clawing at the grass. Some of them were making high yelping sounds like hurt dogs.

Smoke was still thick when the second volley came. For a minute I thought I was the only one left alive. Then I saw the others through the smoke, making for the rear, and I ran too, back toward the tents and the slope where we had come up. They gave us another volley as we ran, but it was high; I could hear the balls screeching over my head. I cleared the ridge on the run; and as I came over, I saw them stopping. I pulled up within twenty yards or so, and lay on the ground, panting.

No shots were falling here, but everybody laid low because they were crackling and snapping in the air over our heads on a line with the rim where our men were still coming over. They would come over prepared to run another mile, and then they would see us laying there, and they would try to stop, stumbling and sliding.

I saw one man come over, running sort of straddle-legged; and just as he cleared the rim, I saw the front of his coat jump where the bullets came through. He was running down the slope, stone dead already, the way a deer will do when it is shot after picking up speed. This man kept going for nearly fifty yards before his knees stopped pumping and he crashed into the ground on his stomach. I could see his face as he ran, and there was no doubt about it, no doubt at all: he was dead, and I could see it in his face.

That scared me worse than anything up to then. It was not really all that bad, looking back on it (it was just that he had been running when they shot him, and his drive kept him going down the slope) but it seemed so wrong, so scandalous, somehow so *unreligious*, for a dead man to have to keep on fighting—or running, anyhow—that it made me sick at my stomach. I did not want to have any more to do with the war if this was the way it was going to be.

I was what you might call unnerved. So what happened from then on was all mixed up in the smoke. We formed again and went back through the tents. But the same thing happened: they were there, just as before, and when they threw that wall of smoke and humming bullets at us, we came running back down the slope. Three times we went through, and it was the same every time. Then a fresh brigade came up from the reserve, and we went through together.

This trip was different; we could tell it even before we got started. We went through the smoke and the bullets, and that was the first time we used bayonets. For a minute it was jab and slash, everyone yelling enough to curdle your blood just with the shrillness of it. I was running, bent low with the rifle out front the way they had taught me, and all of a sudden I saw I was going to have it with a big Yank who wore his coat unbuttoned halfway to show a red flannel undershirt. It just occurred to me (it is strange the things that will occur to a person at a time like that): What kind of a man would wear a red undershirt in April?

I saw his face from below, but he had bent down, and his eyebrows were drawn in a straight line like a black bar over his eyes. He was full grown, with a wide brown mustache; I could see the individual hairs on each side of the shaved line down the middle. Then something hit my arm a jar, and I stumbled against him, lifting my rifle and falling sideways. He turned with me, and we were falling, first a slow fall the way it is in dreams, then sudden, and the ground came up and hit me: ho! We were two feet apart and looking at each other. He appeared even bigger now, up close, and there was something wrong with the way he looked. Then I saw why.

My bayonet had gone in under his jaw, the hand-guard tight against the bottom of his chin, and the point must have stuck in his head-bone, because he seemed to be trying to open his mouth but could not. His eyes were screwed up, staring at me and blinking a little from the strain. All I could do was look at him; I could not



I could see his face as he ran, and there was no doubt about it, no doubt at all: he was dead.

look away, no matter how I tried. A man will look at something that is making him sick, but he cannot stop looking until he begins to vomit: something holds him. It was that way with me. Then, while I was watching him, this fellow reached up and touched the handle of the bayonet just under his chin. He touched it easy, using just the tips of his fingers, tender-like. I could see he wanted to grab and pull it out, but he was worried about how much it would hurt and he did not dare.

I let go the rifle and rolled away. There were blue-coats running across the field and through the woods beyond. All around me men were kneeling and shooting at them like rabbits as they ran. Captain Plummer and two lieutenants were the only officers left on their feet. Two men were bending over Colonel Thornton, where they had him propped against a tree with one of his legs laid out crooked. Captain Plummer was not limping now; he had forgotten his blisters, I reckon. He was not even hurt, as far as I could see, but the skirt of his coat was ripped where somebody had taken a swipe at him with a bayonet.

He went out into the open with a man carrying the colors, and then he began to wave his sword and call out in a high voice: "Sixth Mississippi! Sixth Mississippi, rally here!"

Men began to straggle over, collecting round the flag, so I got up and went over with them. We were a sorry lot. My feet were so heavy I could hardly lift them, and I had to carry my left arm with my right, the way a baby would cradle a doll. The Captain kept calling: "Rally here! Sixth Mississippi, rally here!" But after a while he saw there were not any more to rally, so he gave it up. There were a little over a hundred of us, all that were left out of the four hundred and twenty-five who went in an hour before.

OUR faces were gray, the color of ashes. Some had powder burns red on their cheeks and foreheads, and running back into singed patches in their hair. Mouths were rimmed with grime from biting cartridges, mostly a long smear down one corner, and hands were blackened with burnt powder from the ramrods. We had aged a lifetime since the sun came up. Captain Plummer was calling us to rally, rally here, but there was not much rally left in us. There was not much left in me, anyhow. I felt so tired it was all I could do to make it to where the flag was. I was worried, too, about not having my rifle. I remembered what Sergeant Tyree was always saying: "Your rifle is your best friend. Take care of it." But if that meant pulling it out of the man with the mustache, it would just have to stay there. Then I looked down, and be darn if there was not one just like it at my feet. I picked it up, stooping and nursing my bad arm, and stood there with it.

Joe Marsh was next to me. At first I did not know him. He did not seem bad hurt, but he had a terrible look around the eyes, and there was a knot on his forehead the size of a walnut where some Yank had whopped him with a rifle butt. I thought to ask him how the Tennessee breed of elephant compared with the Kentucky one, but I did not. He looked at me, first in the face, until finally he recognized me, and then down at my arm.

"You better get that 'tended to."

"It don't hurt much," I said.

"All right: have it your way."

He did not pay me any mind after that. He had lorded it over me for a month about being a greenhorn, and here I was, just gone through meeting as big an elephant as any he had met, and he was still trying the same high-and-mightiness.

We were milling around like ants when their hill is upset, trying to fall in the usual way by platoons and squads, but some were all the way gone and others had only a couple of men. So we gave that up and just fell in in three ranks, not even making a good-sized company. Captain Plummer went down the line, looking to see who was worst hurt. He looked at the way I was holding my arm. "Bayonet?"

"Yes sir."

"Cut you bad?"

"It don't hurt much, Captain. I just can't lift it no higher than this."

He looked me in the face, and I was afraid he thought I was lying to keep from fighting any more. "All right," he said. "Fall out and join the others under that tree."

There were about two dozen of us under it when he got through, including some that had not been able to fall into ranks in the first place. They were hacked up all kinds of ways. One had lost an ear, and he was the worst worried man of the lot. "Does it look bad?" he kept asking, wanting to know how it would seem to the folks back home. We sat under the tree and watched Captain Plummer march what was left of the regiment away. They were a straggly lot. We were supposed to wait there till the doctor came.

We waited, hearing rifles clattering and cannons booming and men yelling further and further in the woods; and the sun climbed up and it got burning hot. I could look back over the valley where we had charged. It was

not as wide as it had been before. There were men left all along the way; they laid there like bundles of dirty clothes. I had a warm, lazy feeling, like on a summer Sunday in the scuppernong arbor back home, and the next thing I knew I was sound asleep. Now that was strange, I tell you, for I was never one for sleeping in the daytime, not even in that quiet time after dinner when all the others were taking their naps.

When I woke up, the sun was past the overhead, and only a dozen or so of the wounded were still there. The fellow next to me—he was hurt in the leg—said they had drifted off to find a doctor. "There ain't no doctor coming here," he said. "They ain't studying us now we're no more good to them." He had a flushed look, like a man in a fever, and he was mad at the whole army, from General Johnston on down to me.

My arm was stiff, and the blood had dried on my sleeve. There was just a slit where the bayonet blade went in. It felt itchy, tingling in all directions from the cut, like the spokes of a wheel, but I still had not looked at it, and I was not going to. All except two of the men under the tree were leg wounds, not counting myself, and those two were shot up bad around the head. One of them was singing some song about the bells of Tennessee, but it did not make sense.

"Which way did they go?"

"Ever which way," the fever man said. "Yonder way mostly." He pointed over to the right. The shooting was a long ways off now, loudest toward the right front. It seemed reasonable that the doctors would be near the loudest shooting.

I thought I would be dizzy when I stood up, but I felt fine, light on my feet and tingly from not having moved for so long. I walked away nursing my arm. When I reached the edge of the field I looked back. They were spread around the tree trunk, sprawled out, favoring their wounds. I could hear the crazy one singing.

I WALKED ON, getting more and more light-headed, until finally it felt like I was walking about six inches off the ground. I thought I was still asleep, dreaming, except for the ache in my arm. And I saw things no man would want to see again. There were dead men all around, Confederate and Union, some lying where they fell, and others up under bushes where they had crawled to keep from getting trampled in the charge. There were wounded men too, lots of them, wandering around like myself with their faces all dazed and pale from losing blood and being scared.

I told myself: "You better lay down before you fall down." Then I said: "No, you're not bad hurt; just keep going." It was like an argument, two voices inside my head and neither one of them mine: "*You better lay down.*"

"No: you feel fine."

"*You'll fall and they'll never find you.*"

"That's not true. You're just a little light-headed. You'll be all right."

"*No, you won't. You're hurt. You're hurt worse than you think. Lay down, Luther.*"

They went on like that, arguing, and I followed the road, heading south by the sun until I came to a log cabin with a cross on its ridgepole. It must have been some kind of headquarters, because there were officers' inside bent over maps, and messengers kept galloping up with papers.

I took a left where the road forked, and just beyond the fork there was a man standing with the reins of two horses going back over his shoulder. When I came up, he looked at me without saying anything.

"Where is a doctor?" I said. My voice sounded strange from not having used it for so long.

"I don't know, bud," he said, but he jerked his thumb down the road toward the sound of the guns. "Should

be some of them back up there back of where the fighting is." He was a Texan, by the sound of his voice.

So I went on down the road. It had been a line of battle that morning, and the dead were scattered thick on both sides. I was in a fever by then and thinking crazy, and it seemed to me that all the dead men got there this way:

God was making men, and every now and then He would do a bad job on one, and He would look at it and say, "This one won't do," and He would toss it in a tub He kept there, maybe not even finished with it. And finally, 6 April 1862, the tub got full and God emptied it right out of heaven, and they landed here along this road, tumbled down in all positions, some without arms and legs, some with their heads and bodies split open where they hit the ground so hard.

I was in a fever bad, to think a thing like that, so there is no telling how long I walked or how far, but I know I came near covering that battlefield from flank to flank. It must have been a couple of hours and maybe three miles; but as far as I was concerned, it could have been a year and a thousand miles. At first all I wanted was a doctor, but finally I did not even want that. All I wanted was to keep moving, because I had an idea if I stopped, I would not be able to start again. That kept me going.

I did not notice much along the way, but once I passed a large open space with a ten-acre peach orchard in bloom at the far end, and cannon puffing smoke up through the blossoms, and great crowds of men trying to reach it; they would march up to the orchard in long lines and melt away, and there would be a pause before other long lines marched up and melted away too. Then I was past all this, in the woods again, and I came to a little gully where things were still and peaceful, like in another world almost, and the guns seemed far away. That was the place for me to stop, if any place was. I sat down, leaning back against a stump, and all the weariness came down on me at once. I knew I would not get up then, not even if I could have, but I did not mind.

I did not mind anything. It was like I was somewhere outside myself, looking back. I had reached a stage where a voice can tell you it is over, you are going to die, and that is all right too. Dying is as good as living, maybe better. The main thing is to be left alone; and if it takes dying to be let alone, a man thinks: "All right, let me die." He thinks: "Let me die, then."

This gully was narrow and deep, really a little valley, less than a hundred yards from ridge to ridge. The trees were thick, but I could see up to the crest in each direction. There were some dead men and a few scattered wounded along the stream that ran through, but I think they must have crawled in, because there had not been any fighting here, and no bullets were falling. I was leaning back against the stump, holding my arm across my lap like a stick of kindling, and facing the forward ridge, when I saw two horsemen come over, side by side, riding close together, one leaning against the other. The second man had his arm around the first, holding him in the saddle.

The second man was in civilian clothes, a boxback coat and a wide black hat. It was Governor Harris; I used to see him when he would visit camp to talk with the Tennessee boys—electioneering, he called it. The first man had his head down, reeling in the saddle, but I could see the braid on his sleeves and even the stars sewed on his collar. Then he lolled the other way, his head rolling, and I saw him full in the face. It was General Johnston.

His horse was shot up, wounded in three legs I think, and his uniform had little rips in the cape and trouser-legs where minie balls had nicked him. One bootsole flapped loose, cut crossways and almost through. In his

right hand he had a tin cup, holding it with one finger hooked through the handle. I heard about the cup afterward. He got it earlier in the day when he was riding through a captured camp, and one of his lieutenants came out of a Yankee colonel's tent and showed him a fine brier pipe he had found there. General Johnston said: "None of that, sir. We are not here for plunder." But then he must have seen he had hurt the lieutenant's feelings, for he leaned down from his horse and picked up this tin cup off a table and said; "Let this be my share of the spoils today," and used it instead of a sword to direct the battle.

They came down the ridge and stopped under a big oak at the bottom, near where I was, and Governor Harris got off between the horses and eased the General down to the ground. He began to ask questions, trying to make him answer, but he would not. He undid the General's collar and unfastened his clothes, trying to find where he was shot, but he could not find it. He took out a bottle and tried to make him drink (it was brandy; I could smell it) but he would not swallow; and when Governor Harris turned his head, the brandy ran out.

Then a tall man, wearing the stars of a colonel, came hurrying down the slope, walking fast and making straight for where General Johnston was laid out on the ground. He knelt down by his side, leaning forward so their faces were close together, eye to eye, and began to nudge him on the shoulder and speak to him in a shaky voice: "Johnston, do you know me? Johnston, do you know me?" But the General did not know him; the General was dead. He still looked handsome, laying there with his eyes glazed over.

PRIVATE OTTO FLICKNER:
CANNONEER, 1ST MINNESOTA BATTERY.



E would have reached about to my chin if he had stood up, but he would not. When I asked him to get up and take his punishment for calling me a coward, he said: "If you're so all-fired brave, sonny, what are you doing back here with us then?"

"I ain't scared the way you made out," I said. "I'm what they call demoralized."

"Yair?"

"It's just I've lost my confidence."

"Yair?" He kept saying that.

"Get up here, and I'll show you."

But he would not. He just sat there hugging his knees and looking at me. "If you want a fight, go on up the bluff," he said. "That's where the fighting is."

I intended to jump him, sitting or no, but what can you do when a man talks like that, saying right out in front of God and everybody that he is scared; it would be the same as fighting something you found when you kicked up a rotten log. The others thought it was fun, guffawing at hearing him talk that way. They could laugh about it now; they had got used to being scared, and now they made jokes about it.

They would come down from above looking shame-faced, but after a while, after they had been down here an hour, they would brighten up and begin to bluster, bragging about how long they had held their ground before they gave way. "I've done my part," they said. But they were all thinking the same thing: *I might be a disgrace to my country. I might be a coward, even. But I'm not up there in those woods getting shot at.*

And I must admit I had it reasoned out the same way. You would form at the warning and get set for some honest fighting, stand up and slug, and they would come yelling that wild crazy yell—not even human, hardly—and you would stand there at the guns throwing solid shot, then canister and grape, holding them good.



And then word would come to bring up the horses: it was time to retire to a new position because some paddle-foot outfit on your right or left was giving way, and you had to fall back to keep from getting captured. Twice was all right; you thought maybe that was the way it was supposed to be. But three times was once too often. Men began to walk away, making for the rear, and when Lieutenant Pfaender called to them to stand-to, they just kept walking, not even looking round. So finally, after the third time, I walked too. So much is enough, but a little bit more is too much.

THERE were five in this group I joined, not counting the dog. The fellow that had him said he was a Tennessee hound, but he looked more like a Tennessee walking-horse to me. At first I thought he was shot up bad: there was clotted blood and patches of torn skin all over his hide: but the fellow said he was not even scratched. He was demoralized, like me, the fellow said. Then he told how it happened.

"I was on guard last night," he said. He had that Ohio way of talking. "We come off post at four and went to our bunks in the back of the guard tent. Just before dawn my Tennessee quickstep signaled me a hurry-up call for the bushes, and when I went out, I saw the officer of the day—it was Captain Fountain from up at regimental headquarters—sitting at a table out front writing a letter by lamplight. The dog was at his feet, sleeping, but when I went past, he picked up his head and looked at me with those big yellow eyes of his, then dropped his jaw back on his paws and went to sleep again. When I come back he didn't even look up. He was our mascot, and he knew every man in the 53d by sight. We named him Bango the day he joined up.

"When I woke up it was daylight, and all outside the tent there was a racket and a booming. 'Why, that's cannon,' I told myself, still halfway asleep. 'We're attacked!' And I grabbed my gun and started for the front of the tent, but there was a terrible bang and a flash before I got there, and smoke enough to blind you. It cleared some then and I saw what had happened. A

Rebel shell had come through the tent fly and landed square on top of Captain Fountain. It went off in his lap before he had time to know what hit him. There wasn't much of him left.

"It blew blood and guts all over the dog, scared him so bad he wasn't even howling; he was just laying there making little whimpering sounds, bloody as a stuck hog, trembling and breathing in shallow pants. I went out and formed with the others, but soon as Colonel Appler seen the Johnnies coming across the field, he got down behind a log and hollered: 'Retreat! Save yourselves!'

"Well, I know a sensible order when I hear one, and if anybody asks me what I'm doing back here, I'll say I'm where my Colonel sent me. Which is more than most of you can say.

"On my way to the rear, I passed the guard tent again, and there was Bango the same as before, laying there whimpering with the Captain's blood all over him. So I brought him back here with me to see could he get himself together again, but he don't seem to be doing so good."

He reached down and stroked the dog on the muzzle, but Bango did not pay him any mind. He just laid there with his belly close to the sand, breathing quick little breaths up high in his throat, and his eyes all rimmed with red. I could see his hide quiver under the dried blood. I said: "Why don't you take him down to the river and wash him off?"

"Well, I don't know," the Ohio man said. "I think maybe if he gets another shock he'll start snapping."

Seeing the size of those jaws, I could not blame him. After all, when you came right down to it, he was a Rebel dog anyhow. There was no telling what he would do. . . .

When it began, we were in position on the right of the Corinth road at the edge of a strip of woods where our tents were pitched. There was a big open field on the left of the road, and Captain Hickenlooper's Ohio battery was advanced into the field. The infantry was in camp along our front, and some more were in our rear. We had been there two days.



We were there six hours, and surely that was the hardest fighting of this or any war.

At three o'clock that morning I laid warm in my blankets and heard the advance party going out on a scout. I know the time, because I took out Granddaddy's watch and struck a match to see it by. This party was going out because General Prentiss had had a feeling all the day before that something spooky was going on out front. I went back to sleep then, feeling glad I was in the artillery and did not have to be up beating the bushes for Rebs at blue o'clock in the morning, and almost before I had time to know I was asleep, I heard them coming back and the long roll sounding.

By sunup we were posted at the guns, watching the infantrymen come past. They had a serious look on their faces but they still could joke with us. "You easy-living boys had better get set," they said. "There's Johnnies out there thicker than fleas on a billy goat."

We did not see them, though, for a long time. This was what we had been training for all those weeks of roll-call and drill, greasing caissons and gun carriages, tending the horses and standing inspection, cleaning limber chests and sorting ammunition. We were downright glad it had come, and all the fellows began making jokes at one another. The Hickenlooper boys would call over to us, wanting to know how Minnesota was feeling today, and we would call back, telling them they had better be 'worrying about Ohio, because Minnesota was all right; Minnesota could take care of herself.

ALL this time there was a big ruckus over on the right. It rolled back and forth, getting louder and more furious with yelling mixed up in it, but still they did not come. We kept expecting word to limber up and move in the direction of the firing. We did not like it, waiting that way. It was the same old story—hurry up and wait—while the sound of the shooting swelled and died and swelled again. Everybody began to ask the sergeant questions:

"Ain't they coming this way, Butterball?"

"Yair, Sergeant: when are they coming this way?"

"Hold your horses," he said. "They'll be here, all right."

"I wish if they was coming, they'd come on."

"They'll be here," Sergeant Buterbaugh said.

He was a college-man, up for a commission, and to tell the truth, I never liked him, but he certainly had a way of saying things. He knew all the stars and could tell you their names.

Sure enough, soon as the words were out of his mouth, the infantry began popping away and smoke began lazing up from the bushes out front. I could not see what they were shooting at; far as I could tell, they were just banging away at nothing to keep themselves amused, the way our pickets sometimes would do. Captain Munch walked up and down, going from gun to gun and saying "Steady. Steady, men," like he thought we might all take a notion to go into a dance or something. We stood there at cannoneers' posts, ready to fire when he gave us the target. I was on the handspike because of my size. Then the firing stepped up and smoke began to build up and drift back against us. There was a high yipping sound somewhere out in front of it, like a cage full of dogs at feeding time.

They did not come the way I thought, at all. I thought it would be the same as on parade, long lines of them marching with their flags spanking the wind and their sleeves and pants legs flapping in cadence and us standing at our posts the way it was in gun-drill, mowing them down. But they did not come that way. They came in dribbles, scattered all across the front and through the woods, no two of them moving the same way, running from bush to bush like mice. No sooner I would see a man than he would be gone again. The only thing that stayed put was the smoke; it banked up a dirty gray and rolled along the ground with little stabs of yellow flicking in it where the muzzles flashed. There was a humming in the air like in the orchard back home when the bees swarmed, only more so.

But Captain Munch began to sing out commands, and from then on it was hot work, rant and prime and touch her off, roll her back and load her up again. All six guns were going full time, throwing big balls of fire and smoke out over the battery front, and we were cheering

while we fired. I could not see it very well, but the Captain was bringing us in on a regiment of Rebels drawn up at the far end of the field. We had the range, about a thousand yards, and we could see the flags go down fluttering, and the men milling around while the balls chewed up their ranks.

During a pause, while I stood at the trail and the rest were out front swabbing the bore, I looked over to the right and saw the gun in the next platoon lying on its side, one of its wheels splintered to the hub and the other one canted up at a crazy angle. I could not think what had done that to it, except possibly a premature, when all of a sudden the ground between the two guns flicked up, throwing dirt at me the way water would splash if you slapped it with a plank, and when I opened my eyes there was a little trench scooped out, about eight inches wide and maybe half that deep, and I knew what did it. Nothing but a cannonball did that; there must be a Rebel battery ranging in on us. But if I was not sure then, I knew it soon after, because here came another one, and I saw it coming. It was a ricochet and it bounced along, whooping and bouncing, hitting the ground every twenty feet or so. I got the wild idea it somehow had a mind of its own.

"That's coming my way," I thought. "That one's for me."

But it hit in front, taking an extra hard bounce, and sailed right over our gun, exactly down the line of the tube and the trail. I could almost feel it in my hair. It made a whuffing sound going over, and I could even see the fuse lobbing around on one side of it, sputtering. I looked to see where it was going, and saw it go past Captain Munch on the bounce, spinning him around sideways like a man hit by a runaway horse, and go on into the woods, rooting and banging the trees until it went off with a big orange-colored flash, the fragments singing and clipping leaves. Captain Munch just laid there, and directly some men ran over and picked him up and carried him off to one side.

THEN there were infantrymen running between the guns. Some looked back over their shoulders every now and then as they ran, but most of them had their heads down, going hard toward the rear. There were horses mixed up in it (I had forgot there were horses in war; it seemed all wrong) and Sergeant Buterbaugh had me by the arm, shaking me, and I could see his mouth moving but the words did not get through. The horses kicked and plunged, and I saw what it was. They were limbering for a displacement. I snagged a caisson getting under way and held on tight while it jounced and rattled across the furrows of the plowed field. I was so busy trying to stay on (we lost two that way; they flew off with their arms outstretched like big birds and landed in the dust, not making a sound) I did not see where we were going. Next thing I knew we were off to the side of the road, preparing for action again, only this time we had four guns instead of six and now Lieutenant Pfaender was battery commander.

"Action rear!" Sergeant Buterbaugh was hollering. The horses were lathered and blown. "Action rear!"

But it was the same thing again, the same identical business all over again. By the time we got off a few rounds, the infantry began passing us. There was the same mix-up when the Johnnies got our range and the horses came up plunging with the bits in their teeth, and then we were limbered and off again. The only real difference was that this time we did not lose any guns or men. It seemed that just when we got set to do some real good, word came down to clear out or be captured.

The third position was different. It was near midday by then. General Prentiss had drawn the whole division in a line along an old sunken road that wound through the woods, and what was left of our battery was split in

two, one section of two guns two hundred yards beyond the other, both just in rear of the road and the line of infantry. They had their dander up now, they said, and they did not intend to give up any more ground. Every man built a little pile of cartridges beside him and laid down in the sunken road with his rifle resting on the shoulder. "Let them come on now," they said, speaking through their teeth. Their mouths were set kind of rigid-like, but there was still a worried look around their eyes. I wondered if they meant it.

They meant it, all right. We were there six hours, and surely that was the hardest fighting of this or any war. This time it was almost the way I had imagined it would be: they came at us in rows, flags flapping and everything, and we stood to our guns and cut them down. When we gave them a volley, rifles and cannons, their line would shake and weave from end to end like a wounded snake, and they would come on, trampling the blackberry bushes, until we thought this time they were coming right over us, but then they would break and fall back over their dead, and there would be a lull. But not for long—and they would come at us again.

It did not seem to me that they were men like us, not only because of the way they were dressed (they wore all kinds of uniforms; some even had on white—we called these their graveyard clothes) but mostly because of the way they would not stop. They took killing better than any natural men would ever do, and they had a way of yelling that did not sound even partly human, high and quavery without any brain behind it.

After we had been there three-four hours I began to notice that the gun was harder and harder to roll back into position. Fighting like that, you expected casualties. But then I saw that all the missing ones were not leaving because they had been shot. A man would stand there during a lull and there would be something come over his face like you see on the faces of children just before they bust out crying—sort of bulged around the mouth and shifty-eyed—and then he would start walking, not even looking round, not paying any mind to anyone who called out to him. He was heading for the rear; he had had enough. He had had enough, and he did not care who knew it.

I never would have done a thing like that, never in all this world; but when word came down to prepare to displace again, it seemed like all the spark went out of me. Maybe it was gone already, but I think not. I was so proud of the way we had held them, and I think that was what did it more than anything: to think you were doing so well and then to be told it was all for nothing. All of a sudden I felt dog-tired and miserable.

I began to walk to the rear. Lieutenant Pfaender was calling after me: "Flickner! Flickner!" but I went on, through the blackjack scrubs. And he called again: "Flickner! Flickner!" but I went on. I suppose by then he saw I really meant it, and he did not call me any more.

My daddy took pride in telling how my granddaddy fought against Napoleon in the old country. It disappointed him that I never showed any interest in such things, and that I would not even learn the language. I would explain: "This is a new country. We don't need those stories of war from the old one." It all seemed so wrong, so out-of-place, hearing of Napoleon when I could see right through the parlor window the big rolling Minnesota prairie with the tall grass shimmering in the sunlight. But it made him sad, hearing me say that, and he would shake his head and stroke his beard with a hurt look in his eyes, muttering German.

When I joined up and came home with the enlistment paper to show him, he took the watch and chain off the front of his vest and gave it to me, showing me how to wind it in two places, one to make it keep time and the other to make it strike the hours. Two of my brothers

had already signed up and left, but he had not given it to them. "Here," he said. "Wear this, Otto. It was your grandfather's, that he had when he went against the man you don't want I should mention. I hope you will do as well with it against this Jefferson Davis." You would have thought it was a gun or a sword or something.

I hung the watch around my neck. It was safer that way. And as I went back through the woods toward the Landing, feeling it bump against my chest beneath my shirt, I wondered if it ever ticked off any seconds for my granddaddy when he was running from Napoleon. You think strange things when something has happened to you that you know is going to change your life.

As I got nearer the place where the roads came together to lead down to the steamboat landing, I saw more and more men making for the rear. Some had been hurt, carrying an arm buttoned into the front of their blouses or crippling along with a musket for a crutch, or wearing a bloody shirtsleeve for a bandage wrapped like a turban around their heads. Every now and then there would be a well man helping a hurt one.

Roads led from all corners of the battlefield to a place on top of the bluff where they came together to form one road giving down to the Landing. We could see the water from there, steamboats at the wharf and two gunboats anchored upstream with their cannons run out and sailors loafing on deck to watch the fun.

It was lower across the river. I could see a great mass of men drawn up in columns, waiting while some of their number—engineers, I suppose—cut a road down the low overhang so they could board the steamers. The Michigander said they were Buell's army, come on from Columbia to save the day.

By the time the first boatload of them got across, it was past sundown. The sound of firing had drawn in until it seemed directly above us on the bluff. Through the fading light I watched as Buell's men came off the steamboat and onto the wharf, picking their way among the rows of wounded laid there to be taken across to safety when the chance came.

They had had a hard time of it, these wounded. It made me sick at my stomach, just looking at them.

NIGHT was closing in, first a blue dusk darkening, then just blackness with the big stretch of sky across the river sprinkled with stars winking at us through rifts in the smoke blown back from the battlefield. The firing had died to occasional sputters, sounding dull in the darkness, but every ten or fifteen minutes the gunboats would throw two shells up over the bluff. They went past us with a noise like freight-cars in the night, their fuses drawing long curved lines across the sky, and the explosions sounded faint and far in the woods above, the way it is back home when a farmer two fields off is blowing stumps.

Torches were burning down by the Landing where Buell's men were still unloading. They came up the bluff in a steady column, cheering hoarsely. Their faces looked strange in the torchlight, eyes glinting out of the hollow sockets, teeth flashing white against mouths like deep black holes when they cheered. From sundown until the stars burned clear with no smoke to fog them, Buell's men went on unloading and marching up that steep road to the woods above. When they reached the overlook, they would put their caps on the tips of their bayonets and raise them, cheering. Out over the water we heard the voices of the sailors as they took the steamboats across again, going back for more.

Then the stars went out and the sky across the river was only blackness. There began to be a sound of sighing in the air as the wind arose. Then the rain came. First it was only a patter, just little gusts of it as if somebody up on the bluff was dropping handfuls of buckshot down on us, but then the wind died and the rain turned

to a steady, fine drizzle almost like mist. You could see it against the torches, falling slantwise on the marching men coming up the slope.

Sitting there, getting wetter and wetter, I began to think about the day that had passed. I saw it from then to now; I went back over it, beginning with three o'clock in the morning when I laid warm in my blankets and heard the infantry going out, then back to sleep again, and the long roll sounding and we stood at the guns anxious for the Johnnies to come on, because we still did not know what it was going to be like. I saw Captain Munch getting bowled over by that cannonball. I looked at myself in my mind, watching myself as if I was another person—God, maybe—looking down and seeing Otto Flickner fighting the Rebels on Shiloh battlefield.

HE did all right, considering. He was scared from time to time, no different from the others, but he did all right until word came down to retreat from the sunken road. That broke it; that was when the spark went out of him. I could hear again Lieutenant Pfaender calling "Flickner! Flickner!" and saw myself going back through the blackjack scrubs without even looking round. And finally I saw myself the way I was now, sitting in the rain and telling myself that Buterbaugh was wrong. I was not demoralized back there at the sunken road: I had not even lost confidence. I was plain scared, scared as a man could be; that was why I walked away from the fight.

Just thinking it, I was panting like a dog. And soon as I thought it ("You were just plain scared," I thought) I wished I had let it alone. Because being demoralized or losing confidence was all right. Like Buterbaugh said, it was a thing that closed in on you, a thing you could not help. But being scared was different: it was inside you, just you yourself. That was a horse of a different color. That meant I would have to do something about it, or live with it for the rest of my life. So I went up the bluff.

I did not say anything to the others, and only the Michigander looked up as I walked away. I thought maybe it would be a good idea to take a poke at him before I left, but after all, what was the use? Bango was sleeping, I think; anyway, he had not moved. The rain was coming down harder now, and when I cleared the top of the bluff, it came against me in sheets, driven by the wind, and there was a steady moaning sound in the limbs of the trees. Then I saw campfires. They followed a ridge and overlooked a gully, drawing a wide low half-mile semicircle against the night.

Siege guns, big ones long and black against the firelight, were ranged along that ridge with their muzzles out toward the enemy lines. Later I heard that a colonel by the name of Webster, an officer on Grant's staff, had placed them there, and with the help of some of the light artillery and rallied infantry, they had formed the line that broke the final Rebel charge that afternoon. But I did not know this now; I just saw the siege guns against the campfires strung out along the ridge.

Then I passed a log house with lanterns burning and wounded men lying half naked on sawhorse tables, being held down by attendants while the surgeons worked on them. The surgeons wore their sleeves rolled up, their arms bloody past the elbows, and from time to time one of them would stop and take a pull at a bottle. The wounded screamed like women, high and trembly, and the attendants had to hold onto them tight to keep them from jumping off the tables.

Believe me, I went past there in a hurry, picking my way among those laid out to wait their turn in the house. It was pitch-black dark, and the rain was coming down harder, blowing up for a storm. Everywhere I went there were men on the ground, singly or in groups, and most of them sleeping. But no matter who I asked, not a one of them could tell me how to find my outfit.

"Where will I find the First Minnesota Battery?"
"Never heard of them."

Once I saw a man huddled in a poncho and leaning back against the trunk of a big oak. But when I went over to ask him, I saw his face and backed away. He could have told me, maybe, but I did not ask him. It was General Grant. He had that same worried look on his face, only more so. Earlier he had tried to get some sleep in the log house where I saw the surgeons, but the screams of the wounded and the singing of the bone-saws drove him out into the rain. Remembering all I saw when I went past, the surgeons with their sleeves rolled up, and the bloody arms and legs thrown into a pile beneath an open window, I cannot say I blame him.

It went on that way—"Never heard of them"—until finally I gave up trying to locate the battery. I thought I had better find the division first; then maybe I could find the battery. But that was no better, because no one could tell me about the division either, until at last I came on a fellow leaned back in a fence corner with a blanket pulled over his head like a cowl.

"The Sixth?" he said, gathering the edges of the blanket closer under his chin. "Hell, man, that's Prentiss' division. They surrendered before sundown, the whole kit and caboodle of them. By now you'll find them marching down the Corinth road under a Rebel guard."

So that was that. There was no use beating around the wet woods any more, looking for an outfit ten miles away on the opposite side of the lines by now. It sort of took the wind out of me, knowing that now I had no chance to get back to the ones I had walked away from, no chance to make it up to them at all the way I had planned. Then for a minute I had a crazy notion to go back to that big oak tree near the log house and report to Grant: "General, here's an unattached cannoner, got his nerve back at last and wants a share in the fighting tomorrow." It was just a notion, though, because of course I would not do a thing like that.

Then I remembered the siege guns, the ones that were strung out on the ridge where the campfires were. I had never served any piece larger than a twelve-pounder, but I thought I might be of some use swabbing the bore or carrying ammunition or something. This six-foot-six of mine always came in handy when heavy work was called for. I went back the way I came, past the sleeping men and the log hospital where they were still hard at work (the amputation pile reached the window ledge by now; it was beginning to spread out into the yard) and up to where the line of campfires began. That was when I saw for the first time that all the cannons were not big ones; there were some light pieces mixed in with them, looking like toys alongside the siege guns.

I was making my way up to one of the light pieces, thinking maybe I could have my old job again—Number Four, back on the handspike—when I tripped over someone rolled in his blanket. My shoe must have hit him in the chest, for he gave a grunt and a groan and raised himself on one elbow. Then the firelight flickered on his face, showing his mouth all set to start cussing, and I could hardly believe my eyes. It was Lieutenant Pfaender.

I said: "Excuse me, Lieutenant."

"Why don't you go where you're looking?" he said, and he rolled back over and went to sleep again. He was so tired he had not even recognized me.

What had happened, they had got away from the sunken road just before the surrender, bringing off two guns, and when Lieutenant Pfaender reported to Colonel Webster back at the overlook, the Colonel put what was left of the battery in line with the siege guns. They had a share in breaking the final charge that came just before dark. I did not know that now, though, and I was certainly surprised to find them here after being told they had surrendered.

I went on to the gun. The members of the crew, those that were left, together with some of the men from guns that had been lost, were sleeping on both sides of the trail. Sergeant Buterbaugh sat with his back against a caisson wheel, smoking his pipe. Corporal Keller was asleep beside him; he had a bandage round his head. The Sergeant watched me come up. He took the pipe out of his mouth and looked at me.

"What happened to you?"

"I was scared, and I ran," I said. "You want to make something out of it?" That made me mad, having him ask a thing like that when he already knew the answer.

He put the pipe back in his mouth. "Go on and bed down," he said. "We've got a rough day tomorrow."

JEFFERSON POLLY: SCOUT, FORREST'S CAVALRY.



EARLY midnight the storm broke over us. It had been raining since sundown, a steady drizzle with occasional gusts of wind to drive it, but now there was thunder, rolling and rumbling like an artillery fight, and great yellow flashes of lightning brighter than noonday. The wind rose, howling in the underbrush and whipping against our faces, even through the upturned collars of our captured blue overcoats, and by the flashes of lightning we saw the trees bent forward like keening women and trembling along their boughs. We made our way down a ravine, one of those deep gulches which were supposed to drain the tableland into the Tennessee, but which were thigh-deep with backwater now, all of them, because of the rising river.

There were Indian mounds in the woods beyond the rim of the gully. Earlier in the day, soon after the surrender of Prentiss, I had stood on the tallest of these, right at the bluff overlooking the Landing, and watched troops come ashore off the steamboats. When I had been there long enough to make certain they were reinforcements from Buell's army, finally marching in from Columbia, I went back the way I had come, located the Colonel, and reported what I had seen. He never had any reason to doubt anything I had told him so far, but this was too big to pass on as hearsay, and as usual he wanted to see for himself.

He chose six troopers, dressed us all eight in the blue Federal overcoats we had picked up in the captured camp that afternoon on the chance they might come in handy, and told me to strike out, guiding the way, and he would have a look-see. I was really worried for fear I would lose the path because things were so different with the storm brewing, but I picked my way from stone to tree as I recognized them by lightning flashes, and at last came to the base of the mound. That was a relief, as you would well know if you had ever seen Forrest with his dander up. There were about a dozen mounds in this corner of the tableland, put up by Indians in the old days before the white men—I suppose for tribal purposes: burial, maybe—and they varied in size from just little dirt packs six or eight feet high, to real hills maybe forty feet up in the air. Mine was the largest and not really hard to find; I had no real cause for all that worry. It stood out directly above the lower end of the bluff, overlooking the landing.

Forrest told the others to stand guard at the base, and he and I began to climb the mound. This was easier said than done. The rain had made it slippery, and we had to hold onto each other and onto bushes and small trees, pulling ourselves up hand over hand, slipping and sliding in the mud and catching our spurs against roots and blackberry bushes.

Just before we reached the top, there was an explosion on the other side, and a great flash of red outlining the mound. At first I thought one of the steamboats had

blown her boiler, but then there was a sound of rushing wind, *whoosh!* past our ears, and a long red line of sparks against the night. Almost immediately there was a second explosion, the same flash of red followed by another rush of wind, *whoosh!* and the red arc of the fuse along the sky. Forrest had his face turned toward me when the second one went off, and his chin beard was black against his face.

"It's the gunboats," I said. "We'll see them directly."

From the eastern slope we saw them anchored not far from bank, near where a branch ran out of the gully and into the river. There were two of them, and we were looking almost straight down onto their decks. The gunners had rolled back the big naval cannon, and now they were busy swabbing them, getting ready for the next shots ten minutes later. Their shells had been falling out on the battlefield, among the wounded and sleeping men, Union and Confederate, ever since dusk-dark, coming down on schedule, two every fifteen minutes. They were so big and they made such a God-awful racket going off, the men called them lamp-posts and wash-pots.

Not more than a quarter of a mile downstream and about a hundred feet below, we could see Buell's men coming ashore. They came off the steamboats onto a wharf where torches were burning.

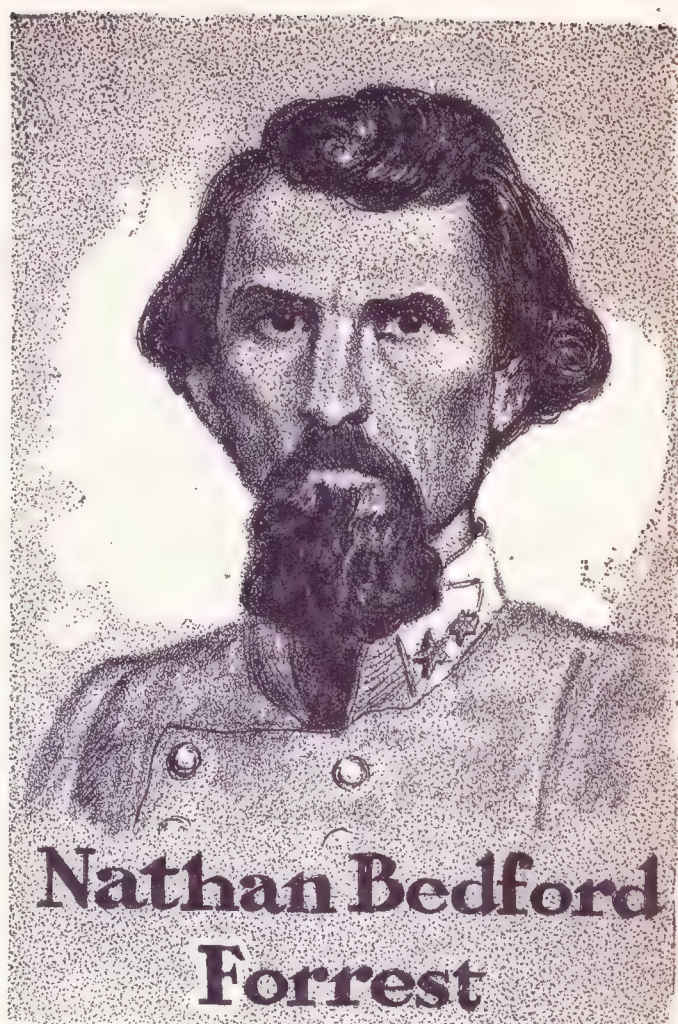
Steamboats moved back and forth across the river, their wheels beating a white foamy wake in the black water, and drops shining like diamonds as they dripped from the paddles in the torchlight beside the wharf. Men came off the boats six deep, marching up the bluff road to the wooded tableland above, joining the line of battle where the fighting had stopped before dark.

"There they are," I said. "Buell's men come on from Columbia—more men than we've got left after the all-day fight, and ready to hit us first thing in the morning."

Forrest did not say anything. We watched them come off, regiment after regiment, as fast as the boats could make it down to Savannah for a fresh load. Crouched there in the mud, looking down on them, he did not *have* to say anything for me to know what he was thinking, because having been with him for nine months now, I could the same as hear him saying it out loud. He knew something had to be done before daylight. We had to hit them in a night attack, by coming up the way I had brought him, or get off that tableland before they charged us in the morning.

WHEN Beauregard called off the fight at sundown, he had every reason to think the next day would be spent picking up the spoils of battle. He had Grant's army pushed back within shooting distance of the river, and he had received a dispatch telling him that Buell's army had reversed its route of march and was moving toward Decatur. But now Forrest had seen with his own eyes how-wrong the dispatch was. For a quarter of an hour he watched the reinforcements coming ashore, the thick blue columns going up the bluff. Then the gunboats fired again, both shells screeching past with their breath in our hair. Forrest got up, still without saying anything, and went back down the mound.

The six troopers were there (they gave me a start for a moment, wearing those dark overcoats, until I remembered I was wearing one too) but he did not even stop to tell them what he had seen. I knew where he was headed. The nearest troops were Chalmers' brigade, camped on the ground where Prentiss had surrendered. Forrest was going to Chalmers, tell him what he had seen, and persuade him to use his brigade in a night attack on the Landing, or at least bring them down the ravine to a position from which they could fire into the stragglers and the reinforcements coming in. Or if it was too late for that—which it well might be—he was going to Beauregard, wherever *he* was, and tell him it was a question of clear out or be whipped.



When the battle opened Sunday morning, we were posted with the First Tennessee Infantry on the south side of Lick Creek, guarding the fords. From sunup until almost noon we stayed there, hearing the guns roaring and the men cheering as they charged through camp after camp. About midmorning the infantry crossed over, marching toward the sound of firing, but we stayed there under orders, patrolling the creek with no sign of a bluecoat in sight and the battle racket getting fainter. Finally the Colonel had enough of that, so he assembled the regiment and gave us a speech. (Forrest enjoyed putting on a little show every now and then, conditions permitting.) He stood in the stirrups and addressed us:

"Boys, do you hear that musketry and that artillery?"

"Yair! Yair!" It came in a roar.

"Do you know what it means?" But he was not asking; he was telling us: "It means our friends are falling by hundreds at the hands of the enemy, and here we are, guarding a damned creek! We didn't enter the service for such work while we're needed elsewhere. Let's go help them! What do you say?"

It came in a roar: "Yair! Yair!"

So he led the way across that creek, and we followed, still cheering, over ground that had already been taken. There was a litter of canteens and haversacks and discarded rifles, and the wounded looked up at us with fever-hot eyes, Union and Confederate, from back in the bushes where they had crawled to be out of the way. After we had ridden about a mile, looking for a place where we could do the most good, Forrest put us into line on a road in rear of Cheatham's division, which had just been thrown back from an attack. The infantry lay on the grass, blown and angry because their charge had failed.

While we were lined up there, waiting to support the infantry when they went forward again, enemy artillery opened on us. This was not as bad as you might think, for at that distance, by careful watching, we could see the balls coming and clear a path for them. It was no fun, though. When they had given us a couple of volleys and were coming in on the range, Forrest rode over to General Cheatham, who was sitting his horse with his staff around him. It had begun to get hot now, the sun high and bright as hammered gold, and Forrest was in his shirt-sleeves, his coat folded across the pommel of his saddle. He saluted, and Cheatham returned the salute.

"General, I can't let my men stay here under this fire. I must either move forward or fall back again."

Cheatham looked at him. We were no part of his command. "I cannot give you the order," he said. "If you make the charge, it will be under your own orders."

"Then I'll do it," Forrest said. "I'll charge under my own orders."

FORREST came jingling back to where we were dodging cannonballs, wheeling our horses with the intent precision of men dancing a mounted minuet. The Colonel's color had risen, the way it always did in a fight, and his eyes had that battle glint in them already.

Beyond the road, where the infantry had formed, there was a field which was skirted with timber along its flanks and rear—blackjack, mostly, thick with underbrush—and in the opposite far corner there was a peach orchard in full bloom with blossoms like pink icing on a cake. Here were two Union batteries and a heavy line of troops lying beneath the peach trees, firing, and the smoke lazed up through the bright pink blossoms. Another battery was in position to the left of the orchard, across the field and at the edge of the timber. When they saw we were forming for attack, the gunners changed direction and began to range in on us.

Before they found the range we rode forward, advancing four deep on a wide front. When the battery pulled its shots in, sending them close again, Forrest signaled the bugler and we changed front, moving by the left flank into fours. The gunners shifted deflection. But by the time they had us lined up, the bugle blared again, and we came back on a regimental front. The horses were beginning to snort now, their hoofs drumming on the turf. It was pretty, I tell you, and we were feeling mighty proud of ourselves. But next time they were too quick for us. As we came back into fours, a ball took out the file behind me, killing three troopers and all four of the horses. We heard their bones crunch; and for fifteen or twenty yards in both directions men and horses were spattered with blood. By this time we had zigzagged to within rushing distance of the battery, and when we came about by the right flank, back on a wide front once more, the bugle sounded the charge. We went forward at a gallop, sabers out.

Forrest was in front. He stood in the stirrups, taller than life in his shirt-sleeves, swinging that long razor-sharp saber of his—anybody within reach got cut, blue or gray, it did not matter—and bellowing "Charge! Charge!" in a voice that rang like brass.

The guns gave us a volley of grape, but when we came through the smoke I saw cannoneers breaking for the blackjack thicket, where it was too dense for us to follow on horses. Then I saw for the first time that the infantry had come on behind. Cheatham's men whooped and hollered round the guns.

We drew back and formed our ranks again. The Colonel was beginning to fret because he could not find anyone with authority to tell him where he was wanted, and I suppose he was feeling a bit guilty too, about leaving the Lick Creek fords unguarded. He told Lieutenant Strange, the adjutant, to report to General Beauregard

for orders. Strange was a topnotch soldier when it came to paper work (he was regimental sergeant major until the reorganization two weeks before) but Forrest was not so sure how well he would do when it came to finding his way around on the battlefield, so he ordered me to go along with him.

Strange and I rode toward the left, following what had been the line of battle an hour or two before. There was worse confusion on this part of the field than any we had seen since we crossed the creek. The wounded were thicker, too, and the captured camps were crowded with men who had stopped to plunder.

Passing one Yankee tent, I saw four Confederate privates sitting in a ring around a tub of whisky. They were drunk already, passing a gourd from hand to hand and wiping their mouths with their cuffs. Off to one side, demonstrating the privilege of rank, a big sandy-haired corporal sat with a demijohn all to himself. At another place, a little farther along, the woods had caught fire. Most of the wounded had crawled clear, or had been dragged out by friends, but I heard others back beyond the flames, squalling.

No one knew where Beauregard's headquarters was, until we lucked up on Colonel Jordan, his chief of staff, who told us we would find the General at Shiloh Meeting-House, a small log cabin over toward the left on the Corinth road. We went the way he said, and sure enough, there it was. I waited at the road fork with the horses while Strange went in to report.

While I was standing there, holding the reins of both horses, a tow-headed boy wearing a homespun shirt under his jacket came up to me. He was about seventeen, just beginning to raise some fuzz on his cheeks. He carried his left arm across his stomach, holding it by the wrist with the other hand. The sleeve of the hurt arm was caked with blood from just below the shoulder all the way down to the cuff.

"Whar is a doctor?" he asked, his voice trembling.

I told him I did not know, but there should be some of them over toward the right, where the sound of the fighting had swelled up again, and he went on. He was sad to see. He had a dazed look around the eyes, as if he had seen things no boy ought to see, and he wobbled as he walked. I thought to myself: "Boy, you better lie down while you can."

Finally Strange came out of the meeting-house and we turned our horses back the way we had come. That seemed the sensible thing to do, though Lord knows there was no telling where the regiment was by now. They might be almost anywhere on the whole wide battlefield, with Forrest leading them.

STRANGE said he had not talked to old Bory himself, but one of the aides told him there was nothing unusual about our not knowing where to go for orders. The battle was being fought that way, he said. It was just a matter of helping whoever needed help most at the time. That seemed to me to be a mighty loose-jointed way to fight a war.

When we got past the place where we had left Forrest, the sun was near the land-line. There was a great yelling in the woods beyond, and just as we rode up, we met what was left of Prentiss' division, surrendered when the other Union outfits fell back, leaving them stranded, and our regiment and most of Chalmers' brigade got between them and the river. They looked glum as glum, but they had no cause for shame. They were the fightingest men in the whole blue-belly army, believe me; and if they had not held that sunken road in the Hornet's Nest for six hours, it would have been all up with Grant before sundown.

Beyond the woods, in the little clearing where Prentiss had surrendered, our troopers and the men of Chalmers' Mississippi brigade were trying to outyell each other.

Their lips were black with the cartridge-bite, and their voices came shrill across the clearing while the sun went down on the other side of the battlefield, big and red through the trees. Forrest sat on his horse, one leg across the pommel, smiling and watching the fun. When Strange told him what Beauregard's aide had said, I suppose he was easier in his mind—knowing he had done right to cross the creek, I mean; but then again maybe it never bothered him at all. Forrest was never one to let orders keep him from doing what he knew was best.

That was when I left to go out and do some scouting on my own. The regiment went on to support Chalmers and Jackson in their attacks against the siege guns drawn in a half-circle along a ridge near the bluff. They charged those guns, up the steep ridge, until Beauregard sent word to call it a day. But I had no share in that. Following the ravine down toward the river in the gathering dusk, I came upon the Indian mound, climbed it, and lay there for nearly an hour, counting troops and hearing them identify themselves as they came ashore.

They were really obliging about that. Every now and then, when the steamboat neared the bank, some rambunctious Yank would lean over the railing and yell at the others: "Never mind, boys. Here's the Sixth Indiana, come to win your damned battle for you!" It was Buell's Army of the Ohio: no doubt about that. I identified them regiment after regiment as they came ashore. Some of the outfits were ones we had badgered during our operation along Green River in January.

By the time I knew all I needed, it was full dark and had begun to rain, first a fine mist like spray, then a slow steady drizzle coming down through the branches with a quiet murmuring sound against the blackberry bushes. I went back. It was no easy job in the dark. Being in a hurry, I stumbled and slipped in the mud. I must have fallen at least a dozen times, getting disoriented every time I fell; and to cap the climax—as if I was not mad enough already—when I got back, I could not locate the Colonel.

I found the camp, all right—just blundered into it; but Forrest was out on the field somewhere, they told me, looking for Willy, his fifteen-year-old son, who had struck out with two other boys that afternoon on a little operation of their own. Long past dark, when they still had not come back, the Colonel went out looking for them. Mrs. Forrest (she was the only person the Colonel was ever really afraid of) had specially charged him to look out for Willy from the day she let Forrest take him with him to enlist.

That was in Memphis, June of '61, a month before his fortieth birthday. He went down to the recruiting office and signed up as a private in a horse company, taking his youngest brother and his son with him. He had voted against secession; but when Tennessee left the Union, he left with her. By the time of Shiloh, he had already made a name for himself—first by bringing his command out of Donelson after the generals had decided to surrender, then by taking charge of Nashville and saving the Government stores during the hubbub that followed General Johnston's retreat—but most of the talk was wild. Because he did not speak the way they did in their parlors, or fight the way it showed in their manuals, they said he was an illiterate cracker who came barefoot out of the hills in overalls, and right away began to show his genius. They meant it well, and it made good listening; but it was just not true.

Nathan Bedford Forrest was born in Middle Tennessee, son of a blacksmith and a pioneer woman named Beck. When he was sixteen his father died and left him head of a family of nine in the backwoods section of North Mississippi where they had moved three years before. He grew up there, working for an uncle in a livery stable.

By the time he was twenty-four he was a partner, and had met the girl he intended to marry. Her guardian was a Presbyterian minister, and when Forrest went to him to ask for her hand, the old man turned him down: "Why, Bedford, I couldn't consent. You cuss and gamble, and Mary Ann is a Christian girl."—"I know it," Forrest said. "That's just why I want her." And he got her, too. The old man officiated at the wedding.

He got most things he went after. Within six years he had outgrown the Mississippi hamlet and moved to Memphis, expanding his livestock trade to include real estate and slaves. Ten years later, when the war began, he was worth well beyond a million dollars and owned five thousand acres of plantation land down in the Delta. What the citizens of Memphis thought of him is shown by the fact that they elected him to the board of aldermen three times straight running. So when people say Forrest came into the war barefoot and in overalls, they are not telling the truth; they are spreading the legend.

Less than a month after he enlisted, he was called back to Memphis by Governor Harris and given authority to recruit a cavalry battalion of his own. That was the real beginning of his military career, and that was the first time I saw him.

I was on the way to Richmond, just passing through from Galveston, when I saw the notice in the *Appeal*:

I desire to enlist five hundred able-bodied men, mounted and equipped with such arms as they can procure (shot-guns and pistols preferable) suitable to the service. Those who cannot entirely equip themselves will be furnished arms by the State.

And I thought: "Well, as well here as there." It had the sound of a man I could work for. I had reached that stage in my life where it did not matter which way the cat jumped, and besides, I was tired of riding the train. It was mid-July of the hottest summer I ever knew. Cigar smoke writhed in long gray tendrils about the hotel room, and the air was like a warm breath against my face. Sitting there beside the high window, with the newspaper folded in my lap, I knew I had ended a six-year chase after nothing.

My father was a Baptist preacher in Houston. He had come to Texas from Georgia (on the call of the Lord, he said), and when he had founded his church and was a pillar of society, he put all the drive that had brought him West into making me all he had hoped to be. I never felt he was doing it for me, though; I always felt he was doing it for himself. He thought he was doing fine, too, until the day he got the letter from the head of the divinity school in Baltimore telling him I had been dismissed for immorality, and all his dreams went bang. I was never cut out to be a preacher anyhow; and honestly, when the proctor came into the room that Saturday night and stood there with his eyes bulged out, looking at the whisky bottles and the girl my roommate and I had picked up on the waterfront, I was almost glad. It meant an end to trying to be something I was never meant to be, and I was glad.

I packed and left. All I knew about making my way in the world was what I had learned from a thousand divinity tracts and a half-hour lecture my father once gave me on the benefits of purity. I sold my clothes and shipped as a seaman on a British bark bound round the Cape with a cargo of hemp for the California coast. I was nineteen at the time, and I had never hit a lick of work in my life.

I jumped ship in Los Angeles, got a berth as driver with a wagon train heading east for Missouri, and left them in Kansas to join another train rolling West. It was like that for six years. I tried everything you could imagine. I was faro dealer in a Monterey gambling hell.

In Utah I sold buffalo meat to Mormons. I panned for gold in the Sacramento River, and was a harvest hand in Minnesota. I worked as a bouncer in a San Francisco saloon. I was a mule-skinner with a pack train out of Denver, and nearly died of thirst after running into trouble with Apaches on the Colorado Desert. Believe me, six years was enough. I shipped round the Cape again, and docked at Galveston in late June of '61. I had intended to go up to Houston then, to see if my father was alive, but when I heard there was a war on, I put it out of my mind completely.

For some men war meant widows' tears and orphans' howls, but for me it meant another delay before time to go to my father and admit I had done as poor a job of making a bad man as I had of making a good one. I decided to go to Richmond to see the lay of the land, then on to Wilmington or maybe Charleston to join the Confederate navy. I preferred fighting on water; it seemed so much cleaner. But when I stopped overnight in Memphis between trains, and saw the notice in the paper, I changed my mind and settled for the cavalry.

THE recruiting office was in the Gayoso House. The Colonel's brother Jeffrey swore me in, and while I was waiting for there to be enough of us to go in a group to our quarters upstairs, Forrest entered from Main Street. He was a tall man, well over six feet, narrow in the hips and broad shouldered, with the flat legs of a natural horseman. His hair was iron gray, worn long and brushed back on both sides of a rounded widow's peak above a high broad forehead. Between a wide mustache and a black chin beard, his lips were full but firm. His nose was straight, the nostrils flared, and his eyes were gray-blue. They looked directly at you when he spoke (I never saw such eyes before or since) and his voice was low—though later I was to hear it rise to a brassy clangor that sounded from one end of the line to the other, above the sound of guns and hoofs. From that first instant, when I saw him walk into the lobby of the Gayoso, I knew I was looking at the most man in the world.

And afterward—in Kentucky rounding up horses and men and equipment, then back in camp at the Memphis Fair Grounds, then fighting gunboats on the Cumberland when no one believed they could be fought, then in the attack at Sacramento when I first saw him stand in the stirrups and beller "Charge!" and then out of the wreck of Donelson across freezing creeks and backwater saddle-skirt deep—I followed him and watched him grow to what he had become by the time of Shiloh, the first cavalryman of his time, though no one realized it that soon except men who had fought under him.

I was a scout by then, operating out beyond the rim of the Army and dropping back from time to time to report. I liked that work. Sometimes it took me far from headquarters, beyond the Union lines, and sometimes it was simpler. At Shiloh it was much simpler: I went to the Indian mound, saw Buell's men coming ashore, and came back to tell Forrest what I had seen. The only trouble was I could not find him.

There was no use floundering around on the battlefield looking for him while he was looking for Willy, so I waited at headquarters. It was a long wait, sitting there while rain drummed on the captured tent-fly. Then, about eleven o'clock—not long before the weather broke in earnest—the Colonel and his son arrived from opposite directions. Willy was his special concern, not only because he was likely to get his head blown off poking it into every corner of the fighting, but also because the boy had begun to pick up soldier talk and soldier manners, and Mrs. Forrest had warned her husband to look out for his deportment as well as his safety. A week before, while we were at Monterey, Forrest rode over to Polk's camp, borrowed the sons of Bishop Otey and General Donelson—they were about Willy's age, fifteen

—and brought them back so Willy would have someone his own age to be with.

Forrest returned first, dripping wet, and angry and worried. I usually steered clear of him at such times, but this could not wait. Just as I was about to report to him, there was a whoop of laughter and catcalls, and through the opening of the tent we saw the three boys marching a batch of prisoners in the rain. They had struck out together soon after the taking of the Peach Orchard, making a tour of the field, and on their way back they came upon a group of about a dozen Yankee stragglers in a ravine near the river. They were a sorry bedraggled lot. The boys threw down on them with their shotguns, put them in column and marched them into camp. Reporting to the Colonel with their prisoners, they were the three proudest boys in the Confederacy that night, and Forrest was so amused he even forgot to scold them.

But he became serious enough when I told him what I had seen from the overlook. As soon as he had found for himself that what I had reported was true, he came back down the mound and made straight for the camp of Chalmers, whose troops were sleeping on the ground where Prentiss had surrendered. The General was asleep when we got to his tent, but Forrest made one of the aides wake him up. Finally he came out to us, still in his fighting clothes, his eyes puffed almost shut with fatigue, and his hair rumbled in a wave on one side from sleeping on it.

His troops had done some of the hardest fighting on the field, and when he bedded them down for the night, he did not doubt that tomorrow would complete the victory. Hearing that Buell had come up with the Army of the Ohio, he shook his head (he could not believe it); and when Forrest made it clear that he himself had seen them arriving off the steamboats from down the river, it jarred him completely awake. But he would not agree to a night attack. His men were too weary, he said. Besides, he could not make an attack without orders from Corps or Army headquarters. Johnston was dead; he did not know where to find either Bragg or Beauregard. So that was that.

All through the scene Forrest's face had been getting redder and redder, a sure sign his anger was mounting—I have seen his face as red as brick dust—and at last he stood up from the camp stool and shook his finger in Chalmers' face.

"If the enemy comes on us in the morning, we'll be whipped like hell," he said, and stomped out.

IT was the same everywhere we went. No brigadier was willing to make the attack without orders from above, not even those who realized that waiting for the Federals to complete their reorganization meant sure defeat for us after daylight. The main difference between Chalmers and the other brigade commanders we managed to stumble on was that he knew where his men were bivouacked; most of them did not have any idea. They were waiting for morning, they said, when they would get their troops into line and renew the attack. And every time they said this, Forrest got a little redder in the face and began to tremble a little and told them the same thing he had told Chalmers—"We'll be whipped like hell"—and then would go on to another camp, trying to persuade another general, and always it was the same: no attack without orders and the men were too tired to advance. Over and over again we heard it. It was enough to make an angel cuss, let alone Forrest.

I left him about one o'clock, dead on my feet, but he kept right on going from camp to camp, blundering around in the wet and the dark, trying to locate someone with enough rank and gumption to move against the Landing. He finally found General Breckinridge, who was a corps commander, but the old man said that as

head of the army reserve he did not have the authority to order an attack. He did not know where Beauregard was sleeping—nor Polk, he said, nor Bragg—but he told him where to find Hardee.

There it was even worse. The Colonel could not so much as get past the staff, though at length he managed to see the AAG, a tall thin man with a lisp and a mustache bandage, who heard what Forrest had to say and then dismissed him by telling him the information was sure to be known at Headquarters already. He yawned as he spoke, the words sounding hollow:

"You can rest assured they know what is best up there. We have already received orders to attack at day dawn." He tapped his teeth with his fingertips, yawning. "So go back to your troops, Colonel, and keep up a strong and vigilant picket line all along your front."

This was the brand of talk that made Forrest maddest, and nine times out of ten he would have exploded right there in the staff officer's face, would have reached out and grabbed him, mustache bandage and all, but I suppose he knew it was too late already, even if he could have got Hardee to order an advance. Buell's army was mostly ashore by now, probably, and our men needed all the rest they could get for the fight against his fresh troops tomorrow morning.

I took one of the blankets off a Yankee colonel's bed (it would be Forrest's bed tonight: there was enough cover on it to wrap a regiment) and spread it on the ground in one corner of the tent. But before I even had time to tuck it round me, I fell asleep. I knew I was tired, but I had not known *how* tired: the minute my head came level with my feet, every muscle in my body turned to jelly. I took a deep breath, intending to heave a sigh, but I do not know to this good day whether I did or not, because before I could let it out again, I was gone from this world, gone to what my old nurse back in Texas used to call Snooze Land.

NEXT thing I knew there was a thumping and a groaning, mixed with a jingling and the sound of someone cussing a blue streak. I raised myself on one elbow, pulled the blanket round me at last, and looked across the tent, and it was Forrest, sitting on the edge of the Yankee colonel's bed and wrangling his boots off. The jingling was the spurs, but the rest of it was just Forrest being angry. He was talking to himself, muttering something about a vigilant picket line and a mustache bandage. None of it made sense to me then. The lightning had stopped and so had the thunder. The wind had fallen, but the rain drummed steadily against the tent.

Finally—just as I was about to get up and help him, tired as I was—he got the boots off and lay back on the bed, still mumbling. Suddenly the tent was filled with snoring. I began to drift back to sleep myself, thinking how much I had lived through today and how different tonight was from last night, when we had bivouacked on the south bank of Lick Creek and lain there listening to the Federal bands serenading us unbeknownst to themselves. For a second there flicked across my mind a picture of the boy who had come up to me that afternoon by the chapel and asked where a doctor was. I wondered if he made it—but only for a second: I was asleep by then.

It was the sound of firing that woke me. Dawn had come, and when I looked around, I saw I was alone in the tent. When Forrest let a man sleep that way, it meant he was pleased with his work.

By the time I got myself unwrapped from the blanket and out in front of the tent, the firing had swelled to a steady clatter like the sound of a wagon crossing a cane-field, stalks popping against the axletree, and the Union infantry was roaring to the attack. When they charged, they made a different sound from us. Ours was a high yipping series of yells, like foxhunters coursing, but theirs



was a deep roar, like surf on a stormy night, and it was somehow more organized, more concerted, as if they had practiced it beforehand. It came from deep down in their chests instead of their throats.

Now, they will tell you Shiloh was no cavalry battle, because the field was too cut-up with ravines and choked with timber for the usual mounted work. But none of Forrest's men realized this, and we had our moments. By that time he had developed us to the point where we were more horse-infantry than cavalry. We used our horses more to get there on than to fight on. That was his tactics: "Get there first with the most men." Only, he did not call it tactics; he called it bulge: "Fifteen minutes of bulge is worth a week of tactics." And his orders to us were always direct and in language a man could understand: "Shoot at everything blue and keep up the scare," or: "Hit them on the end," where a West Pointer would have said: "Be aggressive," or: "Engage them on the flank."

ALL through the long day's fight, while the battle went against us, we were not downhearted, and we never failed to do whatever was required of us as long as the Colonel was out front in his shirtsleeves, swinging that terrible sword. That was his way. He had tried the night before to get them to do what he knew was right, and if the generals had not seen it his way, he was not going to sit down and sulk about it. We fought them mounted and dismounted, standing and running, all over that blasted field where the dead lay as thick as leaves at harvest time. There was never a let-up until the thing was done.

Just to show you how much bulge there was to Forrest, look at this notice he put in the *Memphis Appeal* while he was up there recovering from his Fallen Timbers wound:

200 RECRUITS WANTED!

I will receive 200 able-bodied men if they will present themselves at my headquarters by the first of June with good horse and gun. I wish none but those who desire to be actively engaged. — Come on, boys, if you want a heap of fun and to kill some Yankees.

N. B. FORREST
Colonel Commanding
Forrest's Regiment.

SQUAD: 23D INDIANA.



USED to think how strange it was that the twelve of us had been brought together by an event which separated brothers and divided the nation. Each of us had his history, and each of the histories was filled with accidental happenings.

Myself, for instance. I was born in New England, and was taken to Indiana by the people who adopted me out of the orphanage. I was six at the time. "Your name is Robert," they said, "Robert Winter." It was my first ride on a train. "You are our son. We are taking you home, Robert." Then we ate sandwiches out of a paper bag. For years I thought all children came from Boston.

See what I mean by accidental? I had to be adopted out of a New England orphanage to become part of an Indiana squad. It was the same all down the line. Every one of the twelve had his own particular story.

This tied in with what Corporal Blake said during one of the halts Sunday while we were marching toward the sound of guns across the creek. He said books about war were written to be read by God Almighty, because no one but God ever saw war that way. A book about war, to be read by men, ought to tell what each of the twelve of us saw in our own little corner. Then it would be the way it was: not to God, but to us.

I saw what he meant, but it was useless talking. Nobody would do it that way. It would be too jumbled. People when they read, and people when they write, want to be looking out of that big Eye in the sky, playing God.

But the strange thing was that I should think of it now, lying before sunup on the edge of the battlefield. Then again, tired and wrought-up as we were from all the waiting and the bungled march the day before, I suppose almost anything could have come into my mind. We had marched onto the field after dark. The first I saw of it was when daylight filtered through, and we were lying there waiting for the shooting to get started again. We were not green—we had seen our share of killing; but this was different to begin with. We had heard so many tales the night before. The army had been wrecked, they told us; we were marching in for the surrender.

II

OUR division, Lew Wallace commanding, was in position on the east side of a wide hollow. There were woods thick on both sides, and a creek in the draw. Across it, half a mile away, where the opposite slope rose up in a bluff, the Rebels were lined up and waiting for us. We could see their battle flags, and sunlight sparkling on a battery of guns near the center of their line.

We were the flank division of Grant's army. Snake Creek, which we had crossed the night before, was off to our right. When dawn broke and the sun came through the haze, I lay there on the grass, watching it glint on those fieldpieces, and I thought: "Oh, oh! If Wallace sends us across that hollow in the face of those guns, he's going to have considerably fewer 'of us when we reach the other side."

There was a long quiet period, nearly an hour, while the two armies lay there looking across the vacant space like two dogs sizing each other up. Then firing began to

sputter over on the left, nothing much at first, but finally a steady clatter, growing louder and louder, swelling along the front toward where we lay.

"Hey, Sergeant," Winter said, "if they marched up here looking for a fight, why don't they come on?"

I did not answer. Then Klein said: "Maybe they know Buell got in last night." Klein was always ready with some kind of remark.

"Let the generals plan the war," I said. "All you have to do is fight it."

I really thought our time had come. But no: Wallace had more sense than to send us naked across that draw against those guns. He called two of his batteries up, one in front of where we were and the other away down the line. They tuned up, ranging in on the brassy glints on the bluff. We enjoyed watching them work. Thompson's battery, which was directly to our front, did especially well. We watched the balls rise like black dots, getting smaller, then come down on the Rebel guns across the hollow. The cannoneers were lively, proud to be putting on a show, and every now and then we cheered them. It did not last long. As soon as one of the Secesh guns was dismounted by a direct hit, the whole battery limbered and got out. This was what we had been waiting for.

It is not often you see war the way a civilian thinks it is, but it was that way now. We were center brigade, and since our company—G—was just to the right of the brigade center, we saw the whole show. Wallace was directly in our rear, standing beside his horse and watching the artillery duel through his field-glasses. Grant rode up with Rawlins and dismounted within six feet of Wallace; but Wallace was so busy with his glasses that he did not know he was there until one of the staff officers coughed nervously and said: "General—" Then Wallace turned and saw Grant.

THERE was bad blood between them, and our poor showing yesterday had not helped matters. Wallace saluted, and Grant returned it, touching the brim of his hat with the tips of his fingers. He had the drawn look of a man who had missed his sleep. His uniform was rumpled even worse than usual, and he stood so as to keep his weight off his left ankle, which he had sprained two days before when his horse fell on him.

I could not hear what they were saying (both batteries were going full blast by then) but I saw Grant motion with his arm as he talked, and Wallace kept nodding his head in quick, positive jerks. It was clear that Grant was indicating the direction of attack—he even pointed toward the bluff, stabbing the air with his forefinger—but it seemed foolish to me, seeing we already had been given our orders.

When the Rebel battery fell back, their infantry went with it. Grant mounted, still talking and motioning with his arm. Wallace kept nodding—"Yes, I understand. Yes"—and Grant rode away, Rawlins jogging beside him.

Wallace passed between us and Company F, went about a hundred yards out front, then turned his horse and faced us. This must have been some sort of signal to the brigade commanders, for all the battle flags tilted forward at once and the whole division stepped out, advancing with brigades in echelon and not even being fired on. It was pretty as a picture.

Until we struck the scrub oaks, halfway down the slope, we could see from flank to flank, the blue flags snapping in the breeze, and the rifles of the skirmishers catching sunlight. Wallace sat there on his horse, waiting for us to come past. As we opened ranks and flowed around him, we put our caps on the ends of our gun-barrels and gave him a cheer. He raised himself in the saddle and lifted his hat to us as we went by. His mustache was black against his high-colored face, and his teeth showed

white beneath it. He was thirty-four, the youngest major general in the army.

We went on, tramping through underbrush and walking with our rifles held crossways in front to keep from getting slapped in the face by the scrub oak limbs. As we crossed the creek, I saw the line again for a couple of hundred yards right and left, the yellow water splashing calf-deep as the men passed over. Then we were climbing. We went on up—the bluff was not as steep as it had looked from across the draw; it was not really a bluff at all—then reached the flat where the Rebel cannon lay wrecked. Its bronze tube had been thrown sideways, with a big dent at the breech where the cannonball had come down, and both wheels were canted inward toward the broken splinter-bar. Off to one side lay a pinch-faced cannoneer. He was dead as dead could be. With his long front teeth and his pooched-out cheeks, he looked a little like a chipmunk. The men stood there gawking at him.

"All right," I said. "All right, let it go."

The ground here was higher and leveler, without so many trees, and we could see toward the left, where the supporting division was supposed to have kept up. That was Sherman. But there were no men out there, either Union or Confederate, so we got orders from Captain Tubbs to form a defensive line until the front was restored.

I got the squad organized. So far, so good, I thought. But I was beginning to feel a little jumpy. It was too easy: just a walk in the woods on a sunny Monday morning, with nothing to bother us but wet socks from crossing the creek. There were bound to be hard things coming.

III

TALK about lucky, I never knew what it was. Just when everything was going so good and I had organized myself a nice grassy spot to take it easy while the outfit on our left came even with us, I looked up, and, *spat!* a big fat raindrop hit me square in the eye. At first they were few and far between, dropping one by one and plumping against the dead leaves with a sound like a leaky tap, then faster and faster, pattering, a regular summer shower. It had been bad enough trying to sleep in it the night before, with our oilcloths left back at Stony Lonesome. Now we were going to have to fight in it as well. For a while it was raining in sunshine, the devil beating his wife, but soon that passed too, and there was only the gray rain falling slantwise, shrouding the woods.

We waited and waited, hunched over our cartridge boxes, trying to keep the rain out. Sergeant Bonner was next to me, still wearing that eager coon-dog look on his face. I never knew a man so stripe-conscious.

"Rebel weather," I said, just to be saying something.

He said: "I reckon they don't like it any better than we do, Klein. It wets their powder just as damp as ours."

He was like that. Either he would not answer you at all, or he would say something to catch you up short. Holliday, on my other flank, grinned at me through the rain, winking and jerking his head toward the sergeant. Grissom was on the other side of Holliday; he had the breech of his rifle under his coatfront and held the palm of his hand over the muzzle to keep out the rain. Dffenbuch was farther down the line, squatting with his collar hunched up and not paying any mind to anyone.

On the far side of the sergeant, Joyner began to holler: "Come on down, Raymond. More rain, more rest." He always called the rain Raymond; I never knew why. Joyner was a card. Once at Donelson, where we nearly froze to death, he kept us warm just laughing at him until his face went numb with the cold and he could not talk.

After a while the rain slacked up, and Thompson's battery began to bang away at a column of Johnnies coming

along a road to the right. That started the trouble. Somewhere out beyond the curtain of rain—it was thinner now, but we still could not see more than a couple of hundred yards in any direction—there began to be a series of muffled booming sounds, sort of like slapping a mattress with a stick, and right behind the booms came some whistling sounds arching toward us through the trees, and we lay there and hugged the ground, never minding the wet. Every now and then one was low, bopping around and banking against the tree trunks. It was nothing new to us, but it was no fun either.

IV

THE rain stopped dead still during the cannonade, almost as quick as it started, and the sun came out again. We were at the edge of a big field. Beyond a strip of woods on the right there was another field even bigger. In the trees at the other end of the far field, just as the sun came clear, we saw a host of grayback cavalry bearing down on the third brigade with their sabers flashing. They rode through the skirmishers, and on toward the main line. There they met a volley from massed rifles. It was as if they had run into a trip-wire. Men and horses went down in a scramble, all confused, and the column turned and went back toward the woods. It all happened in a hurry. Except for the wounded skirmishers, walking back toward us with blood running down their faces from the saber cuts, they had not hurt us at all.

Lavery said: "Wasn't that pretty, Diff?"

I did not see anything pretty about it, God forgive him!

V

SHERMAN finally caught up, and we went forward together, across the first field, through the fringe of trees, and into the second, toward the woods where the cavalry charge had begun. When we were within a hundred yards, still holding our fire, a long deep line of men in gray jackets and wide-brim hats stood up from the brush and fired directly in our faces. It was the loudest noise I ever heard, and the brightest flash. There was artillery mixed up in it too.

I fired one round, not even taking aim, and wheeled off at a run for the rear. Half the secret of being a good soldier is knowing when to stand and when to run. The trouble was so many got killed before they learned it. But there was no doubt about which to do now.

We stopped in the woods between the two fields. Sergeant Bonner began to count heads. Klein and Winter were missing. "All right," Bonner said. "Let's form. Let's form."

Then Klein came walking up. He had stayed out there with the skirmishers for a while. He said: "I waited to give them a chance to shoot at you fellows before I came back across that field. I'm no fool."

"Let's form," Sergeant Bonner said. "Let's form."

Before too long all three brigades were in line in that fringe of trees between the two fields. The skirmishers—Nebraska boys—stayed out in the open, lying behind hill-ocks and brush clumps, firing into the woods where the Rebels had stood up to blast us. When we went forward, passing the skirmishers, we knew what we would meet. That made a difference. Crossing, we stopped from time to time to fall on one knee, fire and reload, and worked our way ahead like that. Fifty yards short of the woods we gave them a final volley and went in with the bayonet. This time it was the Johnnies who ran.

We took some prisoners there, our first for the day. They were a scraggly lot. Their uniforms were like something out of a ragbag, and they needed haircuts worse than any men I ever saw. They had beards of all kinds, done up to make them look mean, those who were old

enough to grow them, and they had a way of talking—jabber jabber—that I could not follow. They were from Louisiana, Frenchmen off the New Orleans wharfs. They called themselves the Crescent Regiment, and were supposed to be one of the best the Confederates had in the field. They did not look so capable to me.

That was the first hard fighting of the day. We ran into plenty just like it, and some more that was worse; but generally speaking, it was nothing like as bad as we expected. To hear the stragglers tell about it when we came over Snake Creek the previous night, we were going to be cut to pieces before sunup. As it turned out, there was plenty of cutting-up done, but we were the ones who were doing it, not the Rebels. Maybe they were fought to a frazzle from the day before, or maybe the news that Buell had come up took the wind out of their sails so that they had already decided to retreat. Anyway, every time we really pushed them, they gave.

So if Wallace was worried about his reputation because of our poor showing on the Sunday march, he could stop fretting now. We had more than redeemed ourselves in the Monday fight.

VI

SUNDAY morning we had waked up hearing firing from the direction of Pittsburg five miles south. It began like a picket clash but it grew to a regular roar, the heavy booming of cannon coming dull over the rattle of musketry. I confess it may have been our imagination, but we thought we felt the ground tremble beneath our feet. The three brigades of our division were strung out two miles apart on the road running west—the first at Crump's Landing on the Tennessee, the second (ours) at Stony Lonesome, and the third at Adamsville, a little over four miles from end to end.

Soon after the sound of battle grew truly heavy, we got orders to send our baggage to Crump's for safekeeping. The other brigades marched in from east and west, joining us at our camp. Wallace did not know whether he was going to have to defend himself against an attack on his present position, or be prepared to march to the tableland back of Pittsburg. In either case he had to concentrate, and Stony Lonesome was the place for that. If there was an attack here, it was best not to receive it with our backs too close to the river. If we were to march to the Pittsburg battlefield, there were two roads we could take. They ran from our camp like a V, both crossing Snake Creek on the right flank of the army.

I went to Crump's as corporal in charge of the baggage detail. When I got there, I saw Grant's dispatch steamer, the *Tigress*, putting in for the bank. Grant was standing on the texas deck. He had pulled his hat down over his eyes, against the morning sun; his hands were on the railing. Wallace waited on another steamer tied to the wharf. Grant's headquarters were at Savannah in a big brick house overlooking the river. Every morning he made the nine-mile trip to Pittsburg to inspect the training. The way they told it to me later, he had just sat down to the breakfast table this Sunday morning and was lifting his coffee cup when he heard cannon booming from up the river. He put the cup down without taking a sip, went down and boarded the *Tigress*, and ordered the captain to make full steam for Pittsburg.

The pilot warped in toward bank, and Grant leaned over the railing and shouted to Wallace: "General, get your troops under arms and have them ready to move at a moment's notice."

Wallace shouted back that he had already done this. Grant nodded approval, and the pilot brought the *Tigress* about in a wide swing (she had not even slowed) and took her on up the river.

When I came back to Stony Lonesome, all three brigades were there, the troops resting by the side of

the road with their packs on the grass and their rifles across their knees. The colonels, expecting march orders any minute, had not even allowed them to stack arms. I reported to the first sergeant, and he sent me back to the squad.

Sergeant Bonner was arguing with Klein about whether Klein could take his pack off (all the other squads had shed theirs long ago), and Klein was telling him he was torturing his men just to impress the officers; he was stripe-struck, Klein said, working for a dome on his chevrons. Bonner was angry about the whole thing. He was just bull-headed enough to make us keep them on, now that Klein had made an issue of it. But finally he saw it was no use. "All right," he said. "Drop them." He did not look at Klein as he said it. Klein took his pack off and leaned back, smiling to himself.

You would think that twelve men who had been through as much as we had—and who expected to go through even worse, perhaps within a very short time—would make it a point to get along among ourselves. Most of us hated the army anyhow, shoved as we were away down here in this Southern wilderness. You would think we would try to make up for it by finding some sort of enjoyment in our squad relationships. But no indeed: not a waking hour passed that some one of us was not bickering or nursing a grudge. I blamed it all on Bonner, at one time, because morale was one of his responsibilities; but then I saw it would not be a lot different under anyone else. We hated the army; we hated the war (except when we were actually fighting it)—and we took it out on each other.

We lounged there beside the road, chewing grass-stems and sweating. The sun rose higher. From time to time the guns would swell and die down. Occasionally they faded to almost nothing, and we would think perhaps it was over, but then it would come up louder than ever. Some said the sound moved toward the left (which would mean Grant was retreating), and others that it moved toward the right (which would mean he was advancing); but I could not tell which way it moved.

WALLACE and his staff, with orderlies holding their horses, were across the road from our company. That was about the center of the column, the point at which the road branched off toward the fighting. Whenever the fighting swelled louder, Wallace would raise his head and stare in that direction, then take out his watch, look at it hard for a moment, then put it back in his pocket and shake his head. He was fretting under Grant's orders to hold his troops in position until orders came. He did not like it.

We stayed there three hours, and it seemed longer. At eleven-thirty a quartermaster captain galloped up on a lathered horse, dismounted, and handed Wallace a folded piece of paper. The General read it hurriedly, then slowly. He asked the captain something, and when the captain answered, Wallace put the dispatch in his pocket and turned to his staff. Within two minutes the couriers passed us on their horses, going fast.

At that time the cooks were passing out grub. It was beans, as usual. The orders were to finish eating within half an hour, fall in on the road, and be prepared to march hard. By noon we were under way toward the sound of the firing.

That was where all the trouble began. From Stony Lonesome two roads ran south to the battlefields, both crossing Snake Creek, which was the right boundary. They formed a V, with its angle at our starting point. The road which was the right arm of the V ran to a bridge connecting us with Sherman's line of camps. Wallace had had this bridge strengthened and the road corduroyed (I was on the detail myself, and a nasty detail it was, too)—not only for an emergency such as this, in which Sherman needed us, but also for an emer-



While I was watching, it came: "Charge! Charge!" The line sprang forward.

gency in which we would need Sherman; it worked both ways, you see. So when Wallace got orders to join the right flank of Grant's army, he naturally took this road.

It was five miles to the bridge. We were within a mile of it when a major from Grant's staff passed us with his horse in a lope. Shortly afterward we were halted. It was hot and the dust was thick. We stood there. Soon we were surprised to see the head of the column coming toward us, walking off to one side of the road. They had countermarched.

Finally the company ahead peeled off and fell in at the tail and we followed. All the way back, men in ranks on the road yelled at the column as it came alongside, asking what had happened—"Did you forget to remember something?"—but by the time we came abreast (we were center brigade) they had had enough of shouting and they were quiet, standing in the road and breathing the dust we raised as we passed.

What had happened: Grant had got impatient waiting for us, and at two o'clock, when we still had not come up, he sent this major to see what was the delay. The major, surprised at not finding us on the road nearest the river—the left arm of the V—had spurred his horse and caught up with Wallace just in time to prevent our marching directly into the arms of the Rebels. That was the first we knew of Grant being pushed back toward the Landing.

When we got to the turn-around point, within sight of Stony Lonesome again, the sun had dropped almost level with the treetops and we were beginning to fog from the ten-mile march. But there were six miles left to travel, and we went hard, marching up the left arm of the V. Two more of Grant's staff officers were with us by then, Coloney Birdseye McPherson and Captain John Rawlins. I saw them when they doubled back down the column with Wallace. They were egging him, and he was chafing under it.

The approach to Snake Creek bridge was through a swamp. By then the sun was all the way gone, and we

marched in a blue dusk in which the boles of trees were pale and the backwater glistened like jelly. Crossing the bridge, we saw stragglers wading the creek. They were in too big a panic to wait for us to clear the bridge, and when we shouted down at them, calling them cowards and skulkers, they yelled back: "You'll see! You'll find out!" They said Grant was whipped, and we were marching in for the surrender.

It could have been true. The firing had died for the past hour, and now it was no more than an occasional sputter. We looked at each other, wondering. But when we were across the bridge, onto the flank of the battlefield itself, we saw that the army was still there (what was left of it) and Buell's men were coming up from the Landing.

Then the rain began. We were put in line on the right of Sherman along the road we had marched in on. Sherman's men had some tales to tell. Most of these were descriptions of how the Johnnies had overrun them, but they told some brave ones too. They told how a boy in an Ohio regiment had been wounded and sent to the rear, but came back a few minutes later and said to his company commander: "Captain, give me a gun. This damned fight ain't got any rear."

The rain came down harder, and lightning flashed. It seemed like a year since we first left Stony Lonesome.

VII

WHEN we had run that Crescent outfit back, taking a bunch of them prisoners, we stopped to re-form and then went forward again. It was that way from then on. They would not stand; they would just wait to ambush us, and every now and then they would come in a rush, screaming and yelling that crazy way they had. Sometimes it would scatter us a bit, but generally not, and they never really pushed it.

The squad worked in two sections: Sergeant Bonner with Klein and Diffenbuch, Amory, Pope and Holliday,

and Corporal Blake with myself and Pettigrew, Grissom and Lavery. About four o'clock Diffenbuch got hit in the shoulder. We left him leaned against a tree. Diffenbuch was always a quiet one, and he did not have much to say even then.

Raymond was coming and going, but it was not like in training, where you could knock off when he came down. Right after Diff got hit it faired off and the sun came through. We were walking in sunlight then, dead men all over the place, twisted in ugly positions, but washed clean by the rain. At one point I saw a Reb and a Union man lying on opposite sides of the road, both in the standard prone position for firing. Their rifles were level and they each had one eye shot. They had the same wound, a hole in the forehead, and they were stone dead, still lying there with the sights lined up. They must have fired at the same time. Standing there looking at them, I thought of the terrible urgency they both must have felt in the half-second before they pulled trigger.

We were approaching the camp where Sherman's tents were standing. They had run from here yesterday morning, and now we were back where it started. The Rebels had formed a line along the ridge. We charged them, bayonets fixed.

That was where Pettigrew got his.

VIII

I HAD seen my share of men get hit (at Donelson we were caught in a tight, and lost five out of twelve in less than ten minutes); but I never saw one catch it as pretty as Pettigrew did. It was quick and hard and not messy.

We had formed in this draw, down the slope from the hogback where the tents were pitched. The Johnnies had formed in front of the tents, advanced down to what is called the military crest, and we got set to go up after them. Corporal Blake was on the right, then myself, then Pettigrew, then Lavery. Sergeant Bonner, with the other five men left in the squad, was beyond Lavery.

Captain Tubbs walked up and down, checking the platoons. Lieutenant McAfee stood there fiddling with his sword. Warning came down from the right to get set, and we passed it along. Then we heard Colonel Sanderson belling, and the company officers picking it up all down the line: *Charge! Charge!* and we went forward. The underbrush was thick here, creepers and briery vines twined around the trees. They made a crashing sound as we tramped through.

Toward the crest they thinned and the going was easier. That was where they opened on us. The minies came our way, singing that song they sing, and that stopped us. We hugged the ground. "All right, men!" the officers called to us. "All right!" We crouched in the bushes, waiting for the word.

Corporal Blake looked straight ahead. Pettigrew, on my left, was half turned in my direction, the expression on his face no different from usual. When he saw me looking at him, he grinned and said something I could not hear because of the bullets singing and plopping into tree-trunks and the rifles banging away across the draw.

While I was watching him, it came: *Charge! Charge!* The whole line sprang up and started forward. I was still watching Pettigrew. I do not know why; I certainly did not have a premonition. As he went into it, bent forward and holding his rifle across his chest, the minie struck him low in the throat (I heard it hit, above all that racket; it was like when you thump a watermelon) and he pitched forward with his arms flung out like a crucified man.

When I stopped and leaned over him, I saw that he was almost gone already. He knew it, too. He tried to tell me something, but all that came out was a bubble of blood that swelled and broke.

IX

"TELL my wife—"

X

GRISSOM was wounded just as they fell back. We had taken the ridge and they were retreating across the swampy hollow, almost out of rifle range, when one of them stopped and kneeled and pinked Grissom in the thigh. He sat down with his hands over the bullet hole and began to laugh and cry at the same time, like a crazy man. I think he was unnerved from seeing Pettigrew get it the way he did back there in the swale. They came from the same home town. Pettigrew saved Grissom's life once by getting the drop on a sniper at Donelson. He sat there with blood oozing between his fingers, laughing and crying and saying he had got himself a furlough, and now he could go home to Indiana and tell Pettigrew's wife how her husband had caught one quick and easy.

As it turned out, that was the last attack of the day. Wallace sent word to hold it up. That was enough, he told us. And if anyone thinks we were not glad to hear it, just let him try pushing an army of Rebels through three miles of scrub oak and briers. The Johnnies had formed a line about a mile farther on, but probably they were no more anxious to receive a charge than we were to deliver one. The way it looked to me, they were willing to call it a day if we were.

We sat on the ground along the ridge where Sherman's camp was. There was a creek and a bog in the draw, and all across the valley, both sides of the creek, there were dead Rebs so thick you could cross it without touching your feet to the ground. Most of them had been there since yesterday, and they were plenty high.

We were shifted around some then, being put in a defensive line, but there was no more fighting that day. While we were resting, the burial details went to work. They loaded the Union dead onto wagons and carted them back to the burying ground near the Landing, but they buried the Johnnies in groups near where they fell. It was interesting to watch, to see the way they did it. One of these burial trenches was near where we halted, and we watched them at work.

They dug a trench about a hundred feet long, and so deep that when they were finishing, all we could see was flying dirt and the bright tips of their shovels. As fast as the wagons brought the Rebel bodies, they laid them face-up, head to foot the full length of the trench, each corpse resting its head between the feet of the corpse behind. It was not nearly as neat as it sounds, because most of them had stiffened in awkward positions. I noticed that many of them out on the field lay on their backs with their knees drawn up like women in labor. The next row they laid in the opposite direction, still face-up but with their heads pointing the other way.

There was a big Irishman doing most of the shovel work. He seemed to enjoy it, and we got a laugh out of watching him. Throwing in dirt and smoothing it over, he would say in a voice like a preacher: "Now lay there, me b'y. Lay there quiet till the Doomsday trump. And don't ye be fomenting no more rebellions."

XI

WINTER and Pettigrew were dead, Diffenbuch and Grissom wounded. Thirty-three and a third per cent is high casualties in anybody's battle. But as usual Squad Three had caught the brunt end. Some squads had not lost a man. Out of one dozen hurt in Company G, four were ours, all from one squad. That just goes to show.

Bonner was a glory hunter. Any time he could make himself look good by pushing us in a hot place, that was just what he did, and the hotter the better. Most squads

like to share the glory work, but not ours; we hogged it. Or Bonner did, which amounts to the same thing. I was talking to Klein and told him I had made up my mind to put in for a transfer.

"What ails you, Amory?" he said. "Ain't you happy here?"

I said: "It's not fair. That's what." I know that it sounded foolish because I could not express myself very well. But I still wanted that transfer.

Watching the way they buried those Rebels did not help matters any. I kept thinking maybe some day it might work out the other way round, so that it would be the Johnnies doing the burying, and I certainly did not want to be stuffed into a trench like that, all packed in together without a marker or anything, no one to say a prayer when they let me down, and no one to tell my friends back home how I died for my country.

When a man gives his life for his country he wants to get the worth of it.

XII

JUST before sundown they marched us away. Sherman's men moved into their camps (without even a thank-you to us for winning them back), and we went over to the far right and bivouacked near Owl Creek for the night. The mess crew came down from Stony Lonesome with our supper. It was beans again. Night closed in while we ate. We sat in a big huddle, dirty and dog tired. The moon, in its first quarter, came up early in a cloudy sky. We bedded down.

I was so tired my legs were twitching and I could not even relax to go to sleep.

I thought about Winter and Pettigrew, lying out there dead in the woods unless one of the burial squads got to them before nightfall. I thought for a minute: "What did those two die for?" And the answer came back: "Nothing." It was like a voice in the night: "*They died for nothing.*"

This war was so much easier for the Confederates. I could see how they would feel different about the whole thing, thinking they were fighting to form a new nation, the way our great-grandfathers did back in '76, and believing they would go down among the heroes in the books. That was why they were so frantic in their charges, coming against our lines with those wild yells and not minding their losses. With us, it was not that way at all. They had dared us to fight, and we fought. I thought it must be lots easier to fight *for* something than it was to fight *against* something.

But that was what the voice said. I also remembered what Corporal Blake once said. It was back in February, right after Donelson. We lost six men in that fight, including one who froze to death. Blake said the Rebels were really on our side. It sounded crazy, but he explained it. He said they wanted the same things we wanted, the right kind of life and the right kind of government and everything, but they had been misled by bad men. He said that when they learned the truth they would stop fighting.

LIEUTENANT PALMER METCALFE: UNATTACHED.



HAD lost my horse in the charge at the Fallen Timbers, and now with one hand I held onto the tailgate of a wagon filled with wounded and let it pull me along, because my boots had not been made for walking. Rain fell in slanted steely pencil-ings against the gray sky. As the long slow agonized column wound between weeping trees and wet brown fields, there was a constant murmur, the groans of the wounded, and just ahead I could hear their teeth grind-

ing, and even the faint scrabbling sound of their fingernails against the planks of the springless wagon-bed. It was the same road we had followed into battle, only now we were going in the opposite direction, and there was no reappearing sun to cause the troops to quicken the step.

Country people, the men in gallused jeans and the women in calico, stood on their porches or came out into the rain and stood beside the road to watch us pass. They had been there Friday and Saturday, while we were going in, and now it was Tuesday, and we were coming out. We half expected them to look at us reproachfully, who had passed their way so recently with such high promises, but they did not. Their faces showed nothing at all, as far as I could see—perhaps there was sorrow but certainly there was no reproach—though truth to tell, my boots were hurting me to an extent that did not encourage physiognomy.

The only face I was really conscious of was that of a boy in the rear of the wagon. He looked out over the tailgate, our heads on a line and less than a yard apart. He wore a checkered homespun shirt which was half gone because of the way the surgeons had slit it when they took off his left arm. The skin of his face was the color of parchment, with deep azure circles under the eyes; and when the jolts of the wagon were especially violent, I could hear his teeth grind and see the shape of them behind his lips. He looked at once young and old, like the boy in the tale they tell who aged suddenly because of some unspeakable overnight experience in a haunted house. His head bobbed and weaved in time to the motion of the wagon, and he muttered to himself, saying the same thing over and over: "It don't hurt much, Captain. I just can't lift it." The stump, which was boneless, extended about four inches below his armpit. Wrapped in a rag, it swung—a little sack of bloody meat.

There were many like him in that column, men who had been wounded and lain in the woods sometimes for twenty-four hours, under the pelting rain and the shells from the gunboats, until they found strength to crawl to a collecting center or were discovered by the aid men and carried to one. From hilltops I could look forward and back and see the long column strung out for miles in both directions, twisting and squirming like a crippled snake. In almost every wagon there was a man begging to be taken out and laid on the ground at the side of the road to die in peace, without the jolting. Their eyes were either hot and bright with fever or dulled with shock. Whenever a wagon did stop, it was only for a moment, to take out the man and go on again.

THAT was the first time I ever knew what it was to have to keep walking when everything in me said stop. About midafternoon I fell out beside the road and slit both boots at the instep with a pocket knife, and that helped some but not much. Wagons kept passing me, the mules in a slow walk, and finally I caught hold of one and let it tow me along. That way, without having to bother to do more than lift my feet and let them swing forward with the pull of the wagon, I found my mind went idle, and I saw again General Johnston the way I had seen him at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, the last time I saw him alive.

One of Breckinridge's brigades had recoiled from a charge against a crest in the Hornet's Nest, and the officers were having trouble getting them back into line to go forward again. They did not want any more of it right then. General Johnston watched this for a while, then rode out front. He had taken his hat off, holding it with his left hand against his thigh, and in his right hand he held the small tin cup which he had picked up in the captured camp earlier in the day. As he passed down the line, he leaned sideways in the saddle and touched the points of the bayonets with the cup. It made a little clink each time. "These must do the work," he said.



When the line had formed, he rode to the center and turned his horse—Fire-eater his name was, a thoroughbred bay—toward the crest where the Union troops were waiting. “I will lead you!” he cried, and the men sent up a shout. General Johnston set spurs in his horse and the brigade went forward at a run, cheering.

Charging through the thickest fire I ever saw, they took the crest, halted to re-form, and stood there waving their flags and yelling so loud that the leaves on the trees seemed to tremble. The General came riding back with a smile on his face. His battle blood was up, and his eyes had a shine on them like bright glass. Fire-eater was hit in four places. There were rips and tears in the General’s uniform, and his left bootsole had been cut nearly in half by a minie ball. He shook his foot, and said laughing: “They didn’t trip me up that time!”

This was the charge that began to break the Hornet’s Nest. I was sent with a message for Beauregard on the other flank, telling him that we were moving forward again; and when I came back, General Johnston’s body was already stretched out for removal from the field. They told me how he had died from a wound in the right leg, a hurt so slight that anyone with the simplest knowledge of tourniquets could have saved him. Doctor Yandell, his surgeon, had been with him all through the battle; but shortly before the final attack near the Peach Orchard, the General ordered him to establish an aid station for a group of Federal wounded whom he saw at one point on the field. When the Doctor protested, General Johnston cut him off: “These men were our enemies a moment ago. They are our prisoners now. Take care of them.”

When I heard this, that the General had died because of his consideration for men who a short time before had been shooting at him and doing all in their power to wreck his cause, I remembered what my father had said about the South bearing within itself the seeds of defeat, and the Confederacy being conceived already moribund. We were sick from an old malady, he said: incurable romanticism and misplaced chivalry, too much Walter Scott and Dumas read too seriously. We were in love with the past, he said; we were in love with death.

He enjoyed posing as a realist and straight thinker—war was more shovelry than chivalry, he said; but he was a highly romantic figure of a man himself, and he knew it, he with his creased forehead and his tales of the war in Texas, he with his empty sleeve and his midnight drinking beneath the portrait of his dead wife in that big empty house in New Orleans. He talked that way because of some urge for self-destruction, some compulsion to hate what he had become: an old man with a tragic life, who sent his son off to a war which he was too maimed to take part in himself. It was regret; it was regret of a particular regional form.

I thought of these things as we rode beside the ambulance carrying General Johnston’s body back to the

headquarters where we had slept the night before, and where we had crawled out of our blankets at dawn to hear him say that by dark we would water our horses in the Tennessee River. Beauregard had ordered the fighting stopped, intending to reorganize and complete the victory tomorrow morning. Colonel Preston and the rest of the staff, believing they could be of small service since all that remained to be done was show Grant a solid front and receive his surrender, decided to accompany the body to Corinth, and then by rail to Saint Louis cemetery in New Orleans, where my own people had their tombs.

So I told them good-by and watched them ride off beside the ambulance in the twilight, the sound of the guns dying with a growl and a rumble back toward the river. The rain began to fall, first with a series of minute ticking sounds like a watch running down, then with a steady patter. I had come up here to fight the battle; and it did not seem proper, by my own lights, to leave before it was finished. Certainly, however, I would not imply that the others did anything but right when they chose to go with the General’s body. I just thought there would be enough without me.

Soon after dark, shells from the Federal gunboats began landing in the woods. Our army was scattered all over the tableland, commands mingled past identification, and strayed soldiers roaming around asking for their outfits until finally they realized they would never find them in the darkness, and they might as well bed down wherever they happened to be. I slept under a tree near Beauregard’s tent, not far from Shiloh Chapel; it had been Sherman’s tent the night before. Every fifteen minutes (I timed them) two of the big shells came down with a terrible crash, fragments singing through the trees, and each of them seemed near enough to touch it with my hand. After a while, like all the other men on that field, I became accustomed to them. I was dog-tired; I really slept.

At dawn I reported to Colonel Jordan for duty with the staff. He told me to stand by. I had breakfast with him and the captured Union general Benjamin Prentiss. They had shared a bed in one corner of Sherman’s tent the night before, and Prentiss had said: “You gentlemen have had your way today, but it will be very different tomorrow. You’ll see. Buell will effect a junction with Grant tonight, and we’ll turn the tables on you in the morning.” No such thing, Colonel Jordan said, and showed him the telegram from a cavalry commander in North Alabama reporting that Buell’s army was marching on Decatur. But Prentiss shook his head: “You’ll see.”

Dawn had come through clearly now, and the sun was pushing up through the misty trees behind us. As we moved toward the breakfast table (it was done in style by Beauregard’s bodyservant, linen tablecloth and every-



thing), the sound of musketry broke out in a sudden clatter toward the Landing. It swelled and was sustained, the rumble of cannon joining in. We stood listening.

"There is Buell!" Prentiss cried. "Didn't I tell you so?"

He was right. The fighting was very different from that of the day before. It was clear from the first that Grant had been reinforced, and Beauregard tried to do nothing more than hold him back to gain time. He was hoping that Van Dorn had come with his twenty thousand troops from the Transmississippi. All that morning he watched for them, hoping against hope, and holding his army back from a general attack against a fresh force larger than his own.

About noontime he thought he saw them. Through the trees and across a field on the right there was a body of men dressed in white coats and firing into the advancing line of Federals. Beauregard thought surely they were Van Dorn's men; no troops in the Army of the Mississippi wore any such outlandish get-up, and men from Van Dorn's Western army would be apt to wear almost anything. But when he sent me through the woods and across the field to discover who they were, I saw they were troops of the Orleans Guard battalion, many of them friends of mine from back home. They had come into the battle wearing their parade uniforms of dressy blue, which drew the fire of their fellow Confederates. Promptly they returned it, and when a staff officer galloped up and told them they were shooting at their friends, the colonel said angrily: "I know it, sir. But dammit, we fire on everybody who fires on us!" Finally, however, they turned their coats inside-out, showing the white silk linings, and continued the battle that way.

I rode back and reported to the General, who took it well enough; at least, he gave up hoping for Van Dorn. About two o'clock, when the army had fallen back to a position near Sherman's camps, Colonel Jordan said to him: "General, don't you think our troops are very much in the condition of a lump of sugar thoroughly soaked in water—yet preserving its original shape, though ready to dissolve? Wouldn't it be judicious to get away with what we have?"

Beauregard felt the same way about it, but he was in no hurry. He sat calmly on his horse, watching the fighting, his red cap pulled down low on his forehead. "I intend to withdraw in a few minutes," he said.

And sure enough, soon afterward he sent couriers to the corps commanders to prepare for the withdrawal. By four o'clock the action had been broken off. The three brigades of Breckinridge—or what was left of them—were posted along a stretch of high ground just south of Shiloh Chapel. There was no pursuit. I camped that night on the same site we had used two nights ago, when we were set to launch the attack. I was back where I started.

I staked my horse in the little clearing, wrapped the blanket around me and used the saddle for a pillow. Signs of the old campfire were still there, a few charred sticks and a neat circle of ashes turned dark gray by the rain. It was quiet, as quiet as the first night I slept there. The blanket had a strong smell of ammonia, more pleasant than otherwise. Soon after dark there was a let-up in the rain and a few stars came through. The moon rose, faint and far and yellow as old gold, riding a bank of clouds which scurried past it, ragged as ill-sheared sheep.

Lying there under that big tattered sky and looking back over the two days of battle, I saw that it had gone wrong for the very reason I had previously thought it most apt to go right. The main fault lay in the battle order which I had helped to prepare, thinking myself a latter-day Shakespeare because I had supplied the commas and semicolons, and ranking Colonel Jordan with Napoleon because it seemed so beautiful. Attacking the way it directed—three corps in line from creek to creek, one behind another, with the successive lines feeding reinforcements piecemeal into the line ahead—divisions and regiments and even companies had become so intermingled that commanding officers lost touch with their troops and found themselves leading strangers who never before had heard the sound of their voices. Coördination was lost all down the line. By midafternoon of that first day it was no longer an army of corps and divisions: it was a mass of men crowded into an approximate battle formation. The one strong, concerted push—left and center and right together—which would have ended the battle Sunday evening, forcing the Federal army into the Tennessee, could not be made because coöperation had been lost. At that stage it was no longer even a battle: it was a hundred furious little skirmishes, strung out in a crooked line.

We but teach

*Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'inventor.*

There you go, I told myself, reincarnating Shakespeare.

I SLID into unconsciousness so smoothly I could not tell where the spilt-milk thinking left off and the dreaming began. The pleasant pungent odor of ammonia was all around me. The last thing I remember, unless indeed it was something in the dream, was the sound of my horse cropping grass. Next thing I knew, Tuesday was dawning.

Breckinridge held his troops in position, the rest of the army taking the road for Corinth. I stayed behind, completely unattached until I joined a body of about two hundred Tennessee cavalry under Colonel N. B. Forrest, a tall swarthy man with a black chin beard and a positive manner. He was much admired for having brought his regiment out of Donelson instead of sur-

rendering, but I knew men who, believing that an officer in our army should be a gentleman as well as a soldier, would have refused to serve under him because he had been a slave dealer in Memphis before the war. They also objected to a habit he had of using his fists and even the flat of his sword on his men when he became aroused. I was surprised to find him soft-spoken.

When the other corps had got a start, Breckinridge commenced his withdrawal, leaving the cavalry to discourage pursuit. As a matter of fact there was no pursuit for us to discourage, yet. We stayed there an hour, Forrest's regiment and a few scattered troopers from Mississippi and Kentucky and Texas. Then we drew off, following in the rear of Breckinridge. So far, we had not seen a single Federal soldier. Perhaps it could be called a retreat—doubtless Grant would call it that; but it was a retreat without pressure. We fell back when we got good and ready.

Two hours south of the battlefield, on the road to Monterey, we crossed a wide swampy hollow rising to a crest at the far side with a notch in it where the road went through. A branch of Lick Creek flowed through this boggy swale, and trees had been felled on both sides of the stream, doubtless a logging project begun by some of the natives and then abandoned when the war began. They had finished the cutting, but had not got started on the clearing and hauling. It was known as the Fallen Timbers, a mean-looking stretch of ground, nearly a mile across, with jagged stumps and felled trees crisscrossed and interlaced with vines and knee-high weeds.

Forrest had been watching for just such a position ever since we had begun to move. From time to time he would rein-in his horse and look at the terrain, seeking a place to make a stand in case of attack. We could not believe that Grant, reinforced by fresh troops equal in numbers to his retiring enemy, would let us get away without some sort of pursuit, or at least the show of one, if for no other reason than to be able to report that he had chased us. The crest beyond the swale afforded an excellent defensive position. I could see that Forrest had already decided to form a line there (his eyes lit up the minute it came into sight) even before one of his scouts with the rear point, a man they called Polly, rode up and reported a heavy column of cavalry and infantry coming hard down the road behind us.

Forrest gave his horse its head, riding fast for the notch where the road rose out of the slough to pass over the crest, and we followed. There were between three and four hundred of us, all told, half his own Tennessee troops, and the rest gathered from three commands assigned to him for rear-guard duty. In one group there were Texas rangers; they had lost their colonel in yesterday's fight and now were under Major Tom Harrison, lanky men wearing high-heeled boots, the rowels of their spurs as big and bright as silver dollars. Colonel Wirt Adams was there with half a hundred Mississippians, wild-looking in checkered shirts and a crazy assortment of floppy wide-brimmed hats; they appeared to have been engaged in a six-month contest to see who could grow the fiercest beard. Captain John Morgan led a handful of Kentuckians, soberly dressed and riding superior horses, the Captain himself tall and fair-faced; with his delicate hands and waxed mustache, he looked as neat and cool as if he had seen no fighting. We went through the notch at a gallop, and Forrest soon had us spread out in a position along the crest.

Then we saw the Federals, a brigade of them with a regiment of cavalry attached, strung out in approach-march formation on the road beyond the Fallen Timbers. They must have seen us almost as soon as we saw them, for the point signaled danger, and the whole mass pulled up in a halt on the slope leading down to the creek. There was a delay while an officer on a big gray horse

rode forward—he was probably a ranker; he had his staff in tow—and sat there studying us with his field glasses.

It did not take long. He soon put the glasses back into their case, gave some sort of instructions, and the brigade began to deploy for action. One regiment was thrown forward as a skirmish line, the calvary backing them up and guarding their flanks, and the remainder of the brigade was massed in attack formation two or three hundred yards in the rear. The blare of the bugle reached us across the swale, and they came on, looking good.

That was when Forrest gave me my first lesson in his kind of tactics. I had heard something about his unorthodox methods of fighting and had even been told that boldness was the basis of his success. But nothing I had heard had led me to expect him to accept battle with a whole brigade of Yank infantry when all he had to oppose them was three hundred and fifty unorganized cavalymen, most of them frazzled from seven days on the go, including two days of steady fighting.

I thought to myself: "Surely he's not going to have us stay here. Surely he doesn't expect us to hold them."

They appeared small and automaton-like as they picked their way over and around the fallen tree-trunks, lifting their knees high to keep their feet from getting tangled in the vines. By the time they were halfway across, some this side of the stream and some yet on the other, their line had lost all semblance of order. They could hardly have been more disorganized if we had opened on them with artillery. I looked over toward the notch and saw Forrest giving orders to his bugler. The sound of the horn rang out. Just as I was thinking: "Surely he can't expect us to defend this ridge against a whole brigade," the bugle was blaring the charge, and Forrest put spurs in his horse, leading the way. He was obeying his instinct for never standing to receive an attack when he had a chance to deliver one.

ONE minute I was expecting we would soon be told to retire, and the next the bugle was blaring the charge. It caught me so unprepared that I was still sitting there with my mouth dropped open, the reins lax in my hands, when the line of horsemen surged forward and began galloping down the slope. I finally caught up, the hoofs drumming like thunder and the men all yelling and screaming. The Texans had dropped the reins onto their horses' necks and were going into the charge with both hands free, one for the saber and the other for the revolver. The checkered-shirt Mississippians carried shotguns across their laps, their whiskers blowing wild in the wind. Forrest was a hundred yards out front, standing in the stirrups and swinging a saber.

Most of the skirmishers had begun to run before we hit them, scrambling among the fallen trees and tripping over the vines. Those who stood were knocked sprawling by a blast from revolvers and shotguns let off at twenty paces. I caught a glimpse of Forrest hacking and slashing as he rode them down: his saber looked ten feet long, flashing and glinting. All around me horses were tripping and falling, crashing and thrashing in the underbrush, and snorting and whinnying with terror. We had scattered the skirmishers, but Forrest did not stop. He rode on, still standing and brandishing that saber, charging the Federal cavalry directly behind the skirmishers. They were in complete disorder even before we struck them, some wheeling their mounts toward the rear, others pressing toward the front, all panicky, firing their carbines into the air. It was the craziest wildest mêlée a man could imagine, one of those things you would have to see to believe. But it was true, all right.

That was when my horse went down, struck in the knee of the right foreleg by a wild shot—Union or Confederate, Lord knows which; and before I even had time to think what was happening, the whole front end of

him broke down, and I went sailing over his head. I landed on my chest, spread eagle, and the wind went out of me with a rush. I got on my hands and knees, trying to breathe and trying to breathe, but no breath would come. My breathing apparatus had been knocked out of action. I was hoping for someone to give me a whack on the back—Rebel or Yank, I did not care—when I looked up and saw something that made me forget that breathing had anything to do with living.

Forrest was still out front, and he was still charging. He had broken the skirmish line, scattered the cavalry, and how he was going after the main body, the remainder of the brigade, which stood in solid ranks to receive the charge. The trouble was, he was charging by himself. Everyone else had reined-in when the cavalry had scattered; they saw the steady brigade front and turned back to gather prisoners. But not Forrest: he was two hundred yards beyond the farthest horseman, still waving that saber and crying "Charge! Charge!" when he struck the blue infantry line, breaking into it and plunging through the ranks. They closed the gap behind him. He was one gray uniform, high on his horse above a sea of blue. I could hear the soldiers shouting.

"Kill him!"

"Kill the goddam Rebel!"

"Knock him off his horse!"

Then Forrest saw what had happened and began to haul on the reins, trying to turn back toward his own men. But as the horse wheeled, lashing out with its hoofs while Forrest slashed with his saber, I saw one of the soldiers shove the muzzle of a rifle into the Colonel's hip and pull the trigger. The force of the ball lifted him sideways and clear of the saddle, but he regained his seat and held onto the reins, the horse still kicking and plunging, and Forrest still hacking and slashing.

He was facing our lines by then, clearing a path with his saber, and as he came out of the mass of blue, he reached down and grabbed one of the soldiers by the nape of the neck, swung him onto the crupper of his horse, and galloped back to our lines, using the Federal as a shield against the bullets fired after him. When he was out of range he flung the soldier off, the man's head striking one of the jagged stumps with a loud crack, and rode up to where we were waiting. I discovered that my breath had come back; I was breathing short and shallow from the excitement.

THAT was the end of the fighting. The ball that wounded Forrest was the last one that drew blood in the battle of Shiloh. The repulse at the Fallen Timbers put an end to whatever desire the Union army may have had for pursuit. From the crest where we had begun our charge we watched them collect their dead and wounded and turn back the way they had come, and that was the last we saw of them.

Out of the group of about fifty prisoners taken here, I heard one tell a questioner that he was from Sherman's division, and that the officer we had watched as he studied the field with his glasses was Sherman himself. I was afoot then, and one of the Tennessee troopers let me ride behind him. We caught up with the column on the Corinth road, and doubled it a ways until the horse began to fag and I got down. It was shank's mare for me then.

Having seen Sherman face to face that way, even if I had not recognized him at the time, I kept remembering the crazy notion I had had, while going to sleep the night before the battle, about capturing him and making him admit he was wrong about what he had said that Christmas Eve a year and three months ago, at the Louisiana State Military Academy.

That year I had the measles and could not go home for the holidays. It was gloomy in the big infirmary with all the other cadets away enjoying turkey and fireworks, so as soon as I got better—though I still was not allowed

to get up—Sherman had me moved into the spare bedroom in his quarters. The place had a strong odor of niter paper, which he burned for his asthma. I would come awake in the night, hearing him cough. He was about twenty pounds underweight, and we all thought he was in consumption.

This Christmas Eve he had supper in his sitting-room with Professor Boyd, a Virginian who taught Latin and Greek. The door was ajar, and I could see them sitting in front of the fire and enjoying their after-supper cigars. Presently a servant came in with a newspaper which had arrived from town. Sherman had his back to me, less than a dozen feet away, and as he spread the paper I saw the headline. South Carolina had seceded, voted herself out of the Union.

He read it rapidly, then tossed the paper into Mr. Boyd's lap and walked up and down the room while the Professor read it. Finally he stopped pacing and stood in front of Mr. Boyd, shaking a bony finger in his face and addressing him as if he had the whole South there in the room. "You people of the South don't know what you are doing," he said. "This country will be drenched in blood, and God only knows how it will end. It is all folly, madness, a crime against civilization."

HE resumed his pacing, still talking. "You people speak so lightly of war. You don't know what you are talking about. War is a terrible thing!" He reached the end of the room and came back, still talking. "You mistake, too, the people of the North. They are a peaceable people but an earnest people, and they will fight too. They are not going to let this country be destroyed without a mighty effort to save it. Besides, where are your men and appliances of war to contend against them? The North can make a steam engine, locomotive or railway car; hardly a yard of cloth or a pair of shoes can you make. You are rushing into war with one of the most powerful, ingeniously mechanical and determined people on earth—right at your doors.

"You are bound to fail. Only in your spirit and determination are you prepared for war. In all else you are totally unprepared, with a bad cause to start with. At first you will make headway, but as your limited resources begin to fail—shut out from the markets of Europe as you will be—your cause will begin to wane. . . . If your people will but stop and think, they must see that in the end you'll surely fail."

Sherman made another turn at the end of the room, his hands clasped beneath his coattail; and as he came back, I saw the firelight glisten on the tears in his beard; they sparkled like jewels hung in the russet whiskers. And the memory of him, pacing the floor and saying we were bound to fail, stayed with me constantly through the first year of the war. It rose in my mind while I was joining up, during the heartbreaking attempt to hold the shaky line that snapped at Fort Donelson, during the long retreat from Kentucky into Mississippi, and during the march to battle between the two creeks on the tableland above the Tennessee. He was the first American I ever heard refer to the cause of constitutional liberty as a bad one: I knew he was wrong there, and I could discountenance that. But some of the other things—the threat of blockade, for instance, and the comparison of our mechanical powers and resources—were not so easily set aside.

It was not until the charge at the Fallen Timbers that I found the answer, the oversight in his argument. He had not mentioned Forrest or men like Forrest, men who did not fight as if odds made the winner, who did not necessarily believe that God was on the side of the big battalions, who would charge a brigade with half a regiment of weary men and send that brigade stumbling back to its tents demoralized and glad to be let alone. The army that had Forrest—and would use him—could

afford to put its trust in something besides mechanical aptitude or numbers.

This was the answer to all he had said, and it made my future certain. I said good-by to staff work, the placing of words on paper where they looked good and played you false, and determined that when I got back to Corinth, I would get myself another horse and enlist under Forrest, commissioned or not. Or if it turned out that Forrest did not recover from the wound he had received that day, which seemed likely, I would enlist under someone as much like him as possible—Wirt Adams, say, or John Morgan. I was through with visions of facing Sherman in his tent and forcing him at pistol-point to admit that he was wrong. The time to face him down would be after the war, when no pistol would be needed, and the fact could speak for itself.

It was a load lifted from my brain. I was like a man long troubled by a bad dream and then discovering he could sleep without its return. Instead of being a prophecy, as I had feared, the things Sherman said that Christmas Eve were a goad, a gauntlet thrown down at my feet for me to pick up. I hoped he would last the war so I could tell him.

These things were in my mind as I traveled south on the Corinth road, first on horseback behind the Tennessee trooper, then trudging along in boots which got tighter and tighter across the instep. They had been made for me by Jeanpris Brothers in New Orleans, and they were strictly for riding. When I had slit them and rejoined the column, they felt fine at first, but soon the rain began. I started to fag. The boots were worse than ever; it was like walking on pinpoints. Latching onto the tailgate of the wagon was a help. My feet did not touch the ground as long that way, it seemed, and they no longer had to propel my body forward. All they had to do was swing one-two, one-two with the pull of the mules, the rhythm of it washing all else out of my mind until I began to remember General Johnston and the way he had died at the high tide of the battle.

"It don't hurt much, Captain," the boy said. "I just can't lift it."

Then it was late afternoon, the rain coming slow and steady and not really unpleasant, once you were all the way wet, provided you were tired enough not to complain—which I was—or had something else hurting you enough to keep your mind off the rain—which I had. Both sides of the road were littered with equipment thrown away by soldiers and by teamsters to lighten their loads: extra caissons abandoned by the artillerymen when their horses were too weak to haul them, bowie knives and Bibles and playing cards which some of the men had managed to hold onto all the way through the fighting, and occasional stragglers who sat beside the road with their heads on their knees, taking a breather.

As twilight drew in, the wind veered around until it came directly out of the north, whistling along the bare

boughs of the trees beside the road. Thunder rumbled, and the rain was like icy spray driven in scuds along the ground. It grew dark suddenly, not with the darkness of night but with the gathering of clouds. Thunder pealed, and long zigzags of lightning forked down, bright yellow against the sky. The air had a smell of electricity; and when I breathed, it came against my tongue with a taste like brass. The rain turned to sleet, first powdery, almost as fine as snow, then larger and larger until it was hail, the individual stones as large as partridge eggs, plopping against the mud and rattling against the wagon-beds with a clattering sound like a stick being raked along a picket fence. Within half an hour it was two inches deep everywhere, in the fields and on the roofs of houses, and in the wagons where the wounded lay.

We crossed the State line, entering Mississippi again. The storm had passed by then, the worst of it, and what was left of daylight filtered through. The countryside was strange and new, all white and clean except for the muddy puddles. On a rail fence beside the road a brown thrasher sat watching the column go past; and for some reason he singled me out, the steady yellow bead of his eye following me, the long bill turning slowly in profile until I came abreast: whereupon he sprang away from the rail with a single quick motion, his wings and narrow tail the color of dusty cinnamon, and was gone.

IN the wagon the wounded were mostly too sore to brush the sleet and hail away, or perhaps they had reached a stage where they did not care. They lay with it piled between their legs and in their laps. It filled the wrinkles in their uniforms so that the angry red of their wounds stood out sharply against its whiteness. Up front, sitting with his back to the driver's seat, there was a man whose face I avoided. His jaw had been shot away, but his tongue was still there; it hung down his throat like a four-in-hand tie.

The boy who had lost an arm was better now, as if the gusts of cold rain and sleet and hail had cleared his mind. Above the deep circles of pain and fatigue, his eyes were bright. He had begun to look around, first at the ones in the wagon with him, then at the others walking alongside. Facing me over the tailgate he seemed to realize where he was, that the column was heading for Corinth. He wet his lips and looked at me, and for the first time, except for the raving, he spoke: "Lieutenant—" His voice was weak, and he tried again: "Lieutenant—"

"Yes?"

"Lieutenant—did we get whupped?"

I said I supposed they would call it that. He sort of sank back into himself, as if this was what he had expected, and did not speak again. It was night now, and the stars were out, though the moon had not risen. My boots made a crunching sound in the sleet. Soon the lamps of Corinth came in sight, and along the roadside there were women with hot coffee.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

HISTORICAL characters in this book speak the words they spoke and do the things they did at Shiloh. Many of the minor incidents also occurred, even when they are here assigned to fictional persons. This was made possible by the records left by men who were there: in the remembrances of Grant and Sherman, in the series of studies collected under the title "*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*," and particularly in the reports of officers, forwarded through channels and collected in Volume X of "*The War of the Rebellion: a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*."

General Johnston's biography, written by his son William Preston Johnston and published by Appleton in 1878, remains the consummate study of Shiloh. It was this book which first drew my interest to the battle, and it was this book to which I returned most often for information.

Section Five is based on a paper, "Forrest at Shiloh," read by Major G. V. Rambaut before the Confederate Historical Society of Memphis and published in the 19 Jan 1896 *Commercial Appeal*. Robert Selph Henry's biography of Forrest, published by Bobbs Merrill in 1944, contributed much to this section.

The two best modern studies of the battle are found in Lloyd Lewis' "*Sher-*

man: Fighting Prophet" (Harcourt, Brace 1932) and Stanley F. Horn's "*The Army of Tennessee*" (Bobbs Merrill 1941). I have drawn on them extensively, for material ranging from the shape of a musket to the general discussions of complicated strategic situations.

AUTHORITIES at Shiloh National Park gave me the run of the battlefield—one of the best preserved in the world—and were invaluable in locating the scenes of action.

I think no one who studies our Civil War can make a list of acknowledgments without mentioning the photographs of Mathew Brady and the writings of Douglas Southall Freeman. S. F.

Who's Who *in this Issue*



Sandy Stuart

MY parents came over from Scotland and settled in the West, and I was born and raised on an Arizona ranch too long ago. Mexican and Indian kids were my playmates until I was taken to Scotland for a visit when I was seven. There, my brother and I were regarded as being pretty gamey and likely to scalp any of our little Highland playmates at the drop of a kilt. (I've never been able to impress anybody so much since.)

Back in the West, but this time with a Scottish accent, I impressed the Mexican and Indian kids as a foreigner. By the time I got through school my accent was gone, but not all the scars I collected in defense of it.

Before I was twenty, the sea in my blood (my grandfather was a sea-captain) asserted itself, and I made my first trip on a salmon run to Alaska. Following that I went to sea in the black-

gang for twenty years, as oiler, wiper, water-tender, and eventually as chief engineer. (Mr. Stuart had a fairly rugged wartime experience in the Merchant Marine, for his ship was torpedoed.)

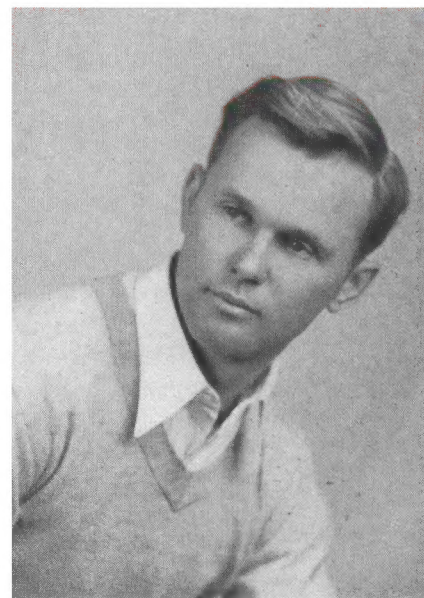
My "higher" education, apart from reading done at sea, was "caught" ashore in courses I needed or particularly wanted at Columbia, Cornell and the University of California. Also ashore, I collected some scars during various periods of being in turn, lumberjack, writer and ironworker.

At sea, I didn't see any monsters, and it finally got boring. So I hied me to a Catskill mountain farm and took to writing, which has now become an addiction.

*Anthony
Fon Eisen*

THE author of "Roman Sea Wall" in this issue and of "Voice of the Wilderness" and "The Cross and the Crescent" in earlier numbers, writes us:

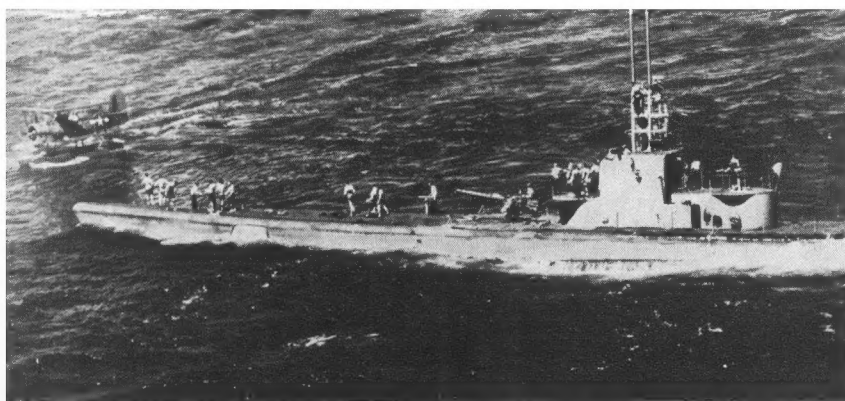
"I'm thirty years old, and seem to be pretty much settling down as a writer, after having tried a number of jobs for varying lengths of time in my life. I've been clerk, alcohol distiller, tree surgeon (helper), electrician journeyman, electronics technician, poultry-raiser, small truck farmer, and something of a fisherman. (This last was when I spent a summer on a fishing boat out of Eastport, and where I got much of the background for my



Anthony Fon Eisen

book, 'Storm, Dog of Newfoundland.'

"So now, having in due process decided that I wasn't intended to be clerk, alcohol distiller, or tree surgeon, etc., I seem to be finding my spot in writing. Like many other deluded people, I was foolish enough to think that writing was an easy way of making a living (frankly, I'm lazy), and so I went for it. But now even though I find that it's work, I'm actually beginning to like it in spite of its trials. So I hope I'm stuck for life as a writer."



An episode in the valiant career of the submarine *Harder* (see pages 14 to 30): During the rescue of Ensign Galvin, who had been shot down off Woleai Atoll, a float plane coming in to help cut the line to the life raft, and Commander Dealey had to run the nose of his ship aground to complete the rescue—under heavy fire from enemy snipers.



Commander Dealey of the *Harder*, who did not live to receive the Congressional Medal awarded him, for he was lost with his ship in a subsequent engagement . . . Official photographs, U. S. Navy.

BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE FOR ADVENTUROUS READING ★ JUNE, 1949



Eleven Short Stories, including **LOST RIVER** by *Harold Lamb*; **CRASH PILOT** by *Arch Whitehouse*; **GAME RESERVE** by *Laurence Kirk*; **PITCHFORK MARINES** by *Ruhama Jans*; **SIGN** by *William Brandon*; **PATSY FIGHTS AGAIN** by *Joel Reeve* . . . Many articles and features